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CHRONICLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

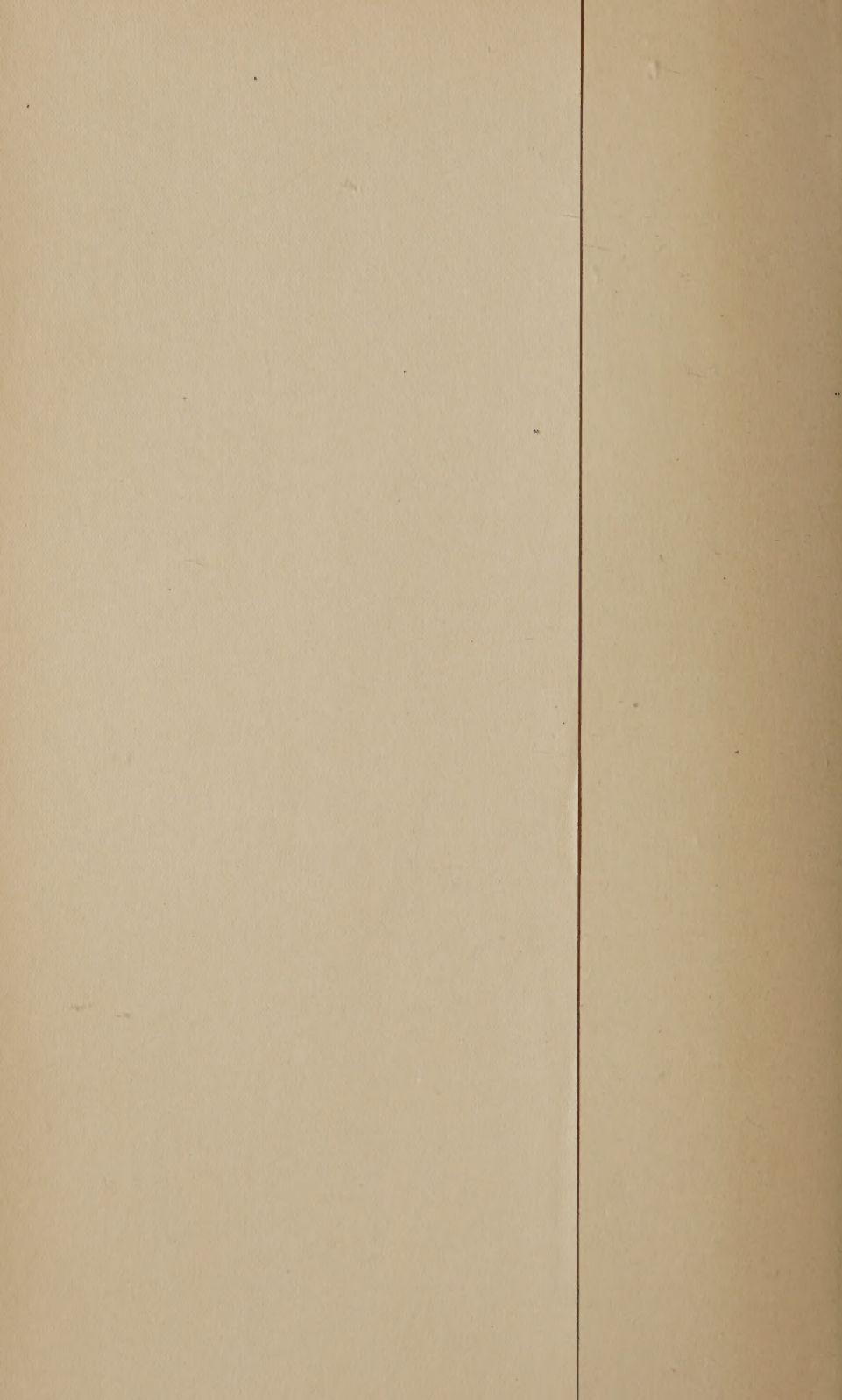
By Maud Wyndham



THESE extraordinary chronicles are primarily concerned with the members of the Lyttelton family, of which Sir Thomas was for many years the head. With him and his friends and immediate family the history of the times is closely interwoven. These times were marked by wars, political upheavals, expansion of empire, the making and destruction of certain prime ministers. Associated with these days is a long list of great literary names.

“Poorly equipped in worldly goods, most of the Lytteltons were forced to earn their living, which took them into wider spheres than perhaps their natural proclivities would have led them; and they had powerful connections through whom they rose higher in those spheres than they might have done by their abilities alone. Thus they came into touch with many great men of their time and with many of the great events; their correspondence tells of these, and depicts as well the everyday life of ordinary people. These chronicles give, therefore, a picture of the life of those days from many points of view.”

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CHRONICLES OF
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CHRONICLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

*Founded on the Correspondence of
Sir Thomas Lyttelton and his Family*

BY
MAUD WYNDHAM

Vol. I

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO
MY FATHER

PREFACE

THESE chronicles are based on the manuscripts at Hagley, of which a certain number have already been published, but the great majority now see the light for the first time. The well-known memoirs and letters of the time have of course been largely drawn upon, as well as modern histories, and they have been supplemented by unpublished MSS. from other sources, for which I am indebted to the kindness of their owners. Mr. Bevill Fortescue has allowed me to use Lord Camelford's manuscript account of his own time at Dropmore, which largely contributes to the interest of the book. Mrs. Shaw-Hellier, of the Wombourne Woodhouse, Wolverhampton, gave me the loan of papers concerning Samuel Hellier; while Mrs. Becher, of Southwell, and Mr. W. R. Moodie of Capetown, gave me details concerning the Becher and Moodie families, respectively.

A most valuable contribution has been Mrs. Montagu's correspondence with or concerning the Lytteltons, which formed part of the collection belonging to Mrs. Montagu's great-niece, the late Mrs. Climenson, who published some years ago the first two volumes of her great-aunt's correspondence. With the exception of Mrs. Montagu's letters to Dean Lyttelton, which are at Hagley, practically all the letters, to or from her quoted herein, come from those in Mrs. Climenson's possession. For permission to use these I am greatly indebted to Mr. Reginald Blunt, Mrs. Climenson's literary executor, who has

generously left out of his book, the last two volumes of the "*Queen of the Blues*" correspondence, many letters which, while they would have contributed little to the interest of his book, such is the richness of his store, add greatly to the interest of mine. Comparatively few of the letters come into the present volumes, but they will be copiously used in the last.

There are letters among the Hagley MSS. from countless people besides the Lytteltons. As far as possible I have sought permission for their publication from the present representatives of the writers, and I am grateful for the kind consent which has in all cases been granted. My thanks are also due to friends who have helped with candid criticism, proof correction, and in other ways.

The following are some of the books which have been used in writing this book :

Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*.

Lord Marchmont's *Diary*.

Horace Walpole's *Letters and Memoirs*.

Lord Waldegrave's *Memoirs*.

Lives of the Poets (Dr. Johnson).

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century (Nicholls).

History of England (Smollett).

The Grenville Papers.

The Chatham Correspondence.

Works of George, Lord Lyttelton.

Dropmore Papers, Hist. MSS. Series.

Charnock's *Biographica Navalis*.

History of England (Stanhope).

Schomberg's *Naval Chronology*.

Life of George, Lord Lyttelton (Phillimore).

Life of Shelburne (Lord Fitzmaurice).

Life of Chatham (Williams).

Early Years of Chatham (Lord Rosebery).

An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence (Dickins and Stanton).

Life of Walpole (John Morley).

Frederick the Great (Carlyle).

History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century (Leslie Stephen).

History of the British Navy (Laird Clowes).

History of the British Army (Fortescue).

British History in the Nineteenth Century (Trevelyan).

Dictionary of National Biography, and other works of reference.

Of these perhaps the ones most used are Walpole's works, Stanhope's *History*, and Professor Basil Williams' *Life of Chatham*.

INTRODUCTION

THESE chronicles primarily concern the members of one family, but it is thought they may be of general interest for other men's lives, and the history of the times are closely woven in ; and also because the Lyttelton family, from the time anything is known of it down to the period covered by these volumes, may be taken as a typical example of that section of the community which for so long governed England. The landed gentry's right to govern was unquestioned, for there was then no one else, under the King, to govern. The more land they possessed the greater was their might; it was both fact and symbol of their stake in the well-being of England. The aggrandisement of their families, by marriage with heiresses and the acquisition of posts of profit and honour, however immediately self-seeking its aim, had in it the consciousness that they were responsible for the State, and that the stronger they grew the stronger England grew too. Their power long has waned and to-day seems on the eve of extinction, but the eighteenth century saw its heyday.

Years of peace and agricultural prosperity had strengthened the landowner's still unquestioned sway. Many a squire blossomed into a peer. In every county vast palaces arose, in the Gothic or Italian style, for which was sacrificed many a lovely old English manor-house no longer deemed worthy of the proud family it sheltered. Of old, the squires had fought in the wars and brought their henchmen to

the fray, but in the eighteenth century their activities were chiefly confined to Parliament and sport, the management of their estates, and to election contests through which they fought and caroused with a zest that to-day would find other means of expression.

They delighted in being patrons of literature and art. They sent their sons on the Grand Tour through France and Italy to finish their education and polish their manners. No foreign young gentlemen crossed the Channel for this purpose; from a barbaric country of fogs and foxhunters what could they learn? The travelled English fully endorsed this opinion, and looked upon those of their fellow-squires who never went abroad as bores and country bumpkins. Many of the touring youths of course revelled only in the gay life of the Continent, and derived from their travels more harm than good; but there were many who returned with enlightened views on politics and literature, laden, if their finances allowed, with artistic treasures, and upon the whole more fitted to take their part in the management of men and of affairs. If they also returned with enhanced ideas of the greatness and prosperity of England, a survey of European history at that time will prove them to have been not far wrong. In comparison with most other countries England was happy indeed. George Lyttelton in a letter from abroad in 1729, describing the miserable state of the French and the supreme power of Louis XV and his minister Cardinal Fleury, says :

The Parliament is hardly the shadow of what it was. The princes of the blood and the nobility are all pensioners and dependants of the Court, from the dukes and marshals to the lowest officer in the service. Their interest, once so formidable to the power of the Ministry, is reduced to such a degree of

weakness that none of them, if he had the courage to rebel, is able to raise fifty men against the King.

The interest of this comment lies in the peaceable young Whig's instinctive deduction. His family had fought for Charles I, and were now staunch supporters of the Hanoverian dynasty, but that they should not be free to choose between king and country, if needful, was unthinkable. In France and other countries the aristocracy had their great estates, their serfs, and their countless quarterings, but they lived a close community among themselves and were never welded into the State; the people and they had nothing in common. Whereas in England, a duke, starred and gartered, going by in his coach and six, aroused in a fellow-countryman something of the same feeling as would the sight of the Channel Fleet or the thought of being a free-born Briton. All were part of the natural order of things; each in their way symbolic of the glory and stability of England.¹ The feeling for the aristocracy was the stronger because at this time there was none for the king. The first two Georges were foreigners, and disliked England as much as England disliked them. No divinity hedged them; loyalty in that sense lingered only among the Jacobites. Neither of them stood as the father of their people; for this the nation turned to the great landowners.

Nothing was heard of the rights of the people, for no one realised they had any. There was much

¹ The "alliance between the spirit of aristocracy and the spirit of popular rights, each taking the other entirely for granted, was native of the soil of England. . . . The political spirit of the eighteenth century was based not on the equality but on the harmony of classes. . . . Poor and rich together took a patriotic pride on our 'free constitution,' which they continually contrasted with the slavery of continental countries" (*British History in the Nineteenth Century*: Trevelyan).

individual charity; schools and hospitals were endowed, and from time to time other attempts at social reform were made; but any wide scheme for the betterment of the people would have been condemned as an attempt to tamper with the dictates of Providence, who had placed rich and poor where they were. At the same time, though practically voteless and taking little part in public affairs as a rule, the people were by no means dumb, and on several great occasions they joined with the Opposition and overrode both King and Government.

In the eighteenth century the Lytteltons were in a fortunate position. Poorly equipped in worldly goods, most of them were forced to earn their own livings which took them into wider spheres than perhaps their natural proclivities would have led them; and they had powerful connections through whom they rose higher in those spheres than they might have done by their abilities alone. Thus they came into touch with many great men of their time and with many of the great events; their correspondence tells of these, and depicts as well the everyday life of ordinary people.

These chronicles give therefore a picture of the life of those days from many points of view. Much of it now seems strange and far away—the turn of thought, the way of living, the very language used; but, these differences allowed, there is no great change; for the timeless things are there—kindliness and cruelty, weakness and strength, wisdom and folly—all the same as to-day.

It is perhaps necessary to give a short account of the more salient facts about the Lyttelton family down to the eighteenth century. They came from the village of Littleton, near Evesham, in Worcestershire. Their name, which for centuries was spelt haphazard,

in many varied ways, first occurs in deeds of the time of Henry II; but nothing authentic is known about them till early in the fifteenth century, when Thomas Lyttelton won the estate of Frankley as the result of a lawsuit which had gone on for some years. He was much helped in this by an able and wealthy lawyer, Thomas Hewster of Lichfield, who married his only child, Elizabeth. It is not known whether Mr. Hewster's efforts were in consequence of his marriage, or whether the hand of the heiress was his reward for them; but as a concession, doubtless, to his wife's family, he afterwards veiled his somewhat plebeian name under the more melodious one of Westcote. In this name their children were brought up; but Mrs. Westcote, "being," as the great lawyer Lord Coke described her, "fair and of a noble spirit," insisted that the eldest son should take the name of Lyttelton.

This son, Thomas, went to the Bar and in 1464 was made a judge. He was the author of the *Treatise on Tenures*, of which Lord Coke (who wrote the famous commentary on it, known as *Coke upon Lyttelton*) said, "It is the ornament of the common law, and the most perfect and absolute work that ever was wrote in any human science." Judge Lyttelton was a member of the Inner Temple, where his memory was held in such respect that when in 1639 Thomas Lyttelton, a collateral descendant, applied for admission, "the whole company of the bench, with one voice, allowed him to be entered free without any fine, as a mark of that great respect the whole society doth owe to the name and family of Lyttelton."

The Judge married Joan Burley, an heiress who brought with her the manor of Arley in Staffordshire. Of their three sons, who all married heiresses, William

succeeded to the family estates; Richard, a lawyer, founded the family of which Lord Hatherton is the head, and Thomas was ancestor of Lord Keeper Littleton, Baron of Mounslow in Shropshire, temp. Charles I. This branch is now extinct in England, but one of the family went to America in the seventeenth century, and his descendants live there still.

The Judge's great-grandson, John, married Bridget Pakington, daughter of Sir John Pakington, "by which match Mr. Lyttelton greatly increased his fortune." He rebuilt "in a magnificent manner" his house at Frankley, and purchased, among other estates, Hagley and Prestwood for hunting seats. He was knighted in 1556 by Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle. John's grandson, another John, was knight of the shire for Worcestershire, "a man much respected for his wit and valour," says Bacon in his account of Essex's rebellion. In 1601 he was tried as an accomplice in Essex's plot against Queen Elizabeth, and was condemned to death, though he asserted his innocence and the evidence against him was not strong. He was reprieved, but died in prison in 1601. His wife Meriel, a daughter of Lord Chancellor Bromley, was a notable woman. On the accession of James I she obtained a grant of her husband's estates, which had been sequestrated as a punishment, and a reversal of the attainder upon her children. She pulled round the estates, and brought up her children in the Protestant religion, the family till then having adhered to the Church of Rome.

In 1605 Sir Everard Digby planned a rebellion in the Midlands in connection with the Gunpowder Plot, in which Humphrey Lyttelton, a brother of John, was concerned; while a cousin, Stephen Lyttelton, was one of the chief conspirators. The rising failed, and the leaders scattered and were hunted

down. Stephen and a fellow conspirator, Robert Winter, after hiding in many places, including a barn belonging to one Perkes at Hagley,¹ were allowed by Humphrey to take refuge at the Hall, in the absence and without the knowledge of his sister-in-law. Their presence was betrayed by the man cook, and eventually Winter and the two Lytteltons were hanged, drawn and quartered. Mrs. Lyttelton easily proved that she knew nothing of the affair, but as a mark of reproach on the family, barrels were ordered to be quartered on the arms, which remained on the house till it was rebuilt by George Lord Lyttelton one hundred and fifty years later; when "he was allowed by His Majesty to remove the barrels which the family were ordered to bear in memory of their share in the Popish Plot."²

Dame Meriel's eldest son, Thomas, was made a baronet in 1618, was knight of the shire in four Parliaments, and on the outbreak of the Civil War was made by King Charles colonel of the Worcestershire militia. He was taken prisoner at Bewdley in 1643 and sent to the Tower, where he remained some years. His estates were sequestrated, and he was fined £1,000. During the war the house at Frankley was burnt by Prince Rupert, who had made it his quarters till forced to quit, and destroyed it to prevent the Round-heads getting possession. Sir Thomas died in 1650, soon after his release. He married Catherine Crompton, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Crompton, and had twelve sons and several daughters. The sons had varied careers. The two eldest sons were drowned at Oxford, where there is a tomb to their memory in Magdalen Chapel; three others died young. Edward

¹ Perkes's house is the one now known as the Court.

² Chambers' *Biographical Illustrations of Worcestershire*.

was killed in a duel at Worcester; Constantine settled in Jamaica and there died; William became Captain of the Horse and gentleman usher to the Queen of Bohemia; Ferdinando was groom of the chamber to the Duke of York, and afterwards took service under Louis XIV, commanded a regiment of horse and was killed on the Rhine; George, the youngest, married a daughter of Sir Thomas Browne, author of the *Religio Medici*, and became a member of the Poor Knights of Windsor. The fifth son, Henry, who succeeded his father, was imprisoned by Cromwell on suspicion of plotting against the Government, "a large quantity of arms being discovered in a private chamber at Hagley," and was kept in the Tower for seventeen months. His estates were again sequestrated and the then expensive office of High Sheriff of Worcester was put upon him whilst in prison. Shortly before the Restoration Charles II wrote to him from Brussels :

I am well informed how much and how often you have suffered for me, and how much I am beholden to all your relations, and you may be very sure I have the sense of it that I ought to have, of which you shall one day have evidence. In the meantime cherish your health and prepare for better times which we shall enjoy together. Commend me to all your friends, and be confident you shall always find me to be your affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.

The family fortunes and estates had greatly diminished during these stormy years.

Sir Henry married twice but had no children. He died in 1693 and was succeeded by his brother Charles, who had gone into the army early in youth. He was in Colchester when it was besieged by the Roundheads, and on its surrender escaped into France. He

returned to England in 1659, and that year took part in Sir George Booth's rising in Cheshire for the King. It was said that in this affair "no person appeared more considerable (Sir George Booth only excepted) than he; and he had undoubtedly taken Shrewsbury but that one misfortune on another happened." He was taken prisoner there and put into the Gate House at Westminster, but soon escaped back to France, where he was employed on many secret missions between King Charles and his friends in England. Clarendon commends him to Ormonde as a "very worthy young man." In 1662 he was knighted and went as Lieutenant Governor to Jamaica, with the Governor, Lord Windsor, whose health soon obliged him to leave, and Lyttelton remained in sole charge for some years. After his return to England he was made Governor of Sheerness and Landguard Forts. His first wife, Katherine Fairfax, died in Jamaica, and he married secondly Anne Temple, who is described in Grammont's *Memoirs* as one of the Duchess of York's prettiest maids of honour when "le serieux Lyttelton" fell in love with her. When the Revolution of 1688 broke out Sir Charles kept with James II, but his eldest son, Henry, joined William of Orange. There is a letter from Sir Charles to his wife on this occasion :

I told the King I could not see His Majestie without some confusion that so much of my blood had forfeited his duty in my son's defection; which he was pleased very graciously to return, "he could not wonder that my son had done so, since his own children were so disobedient." But I said withall as he went without my leave so he should never have my blessing till he had returned to his duty, and the King was pleased to say he was satisfyed. . . . I was with the King last night at his couchee, and he told us my Lord

Churchill¹ waited 4 hours after he came to the Prince of Orange's quarters before he was admitted to see him, and then had no quarters assigned to him, so was fain to goe 5 or 6 miles off to get any. Indeed they say there is very little regard to those that are gone, and the Prince pays nobody a penny but those he brought with him and those that have been raised by his own commission; so that I believe our spark will grow wearie quickly of his adventure.

The poor King is mightilie broken; a great heart can't so easily bend. . . . I have not time to say more and the room is full of officers, so, dear, Good Morrow.

When James II abdicated Sir Charles refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns; he resigned all his employments and lived in retirement for the rest of his life, dying in 1716 at Hagley, aged eighty-seven.²

¹ John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough.

² In Collins' *Peerage* there is an account of the Lyttelton family, but much of what is stated there has been in recent years proved to be untrue. Various well-sounding names in the remote ancestry have been swept away, and the lawsuit through which Thomas Lyttelton obtained the lands of Frankley, and Thomas Hewster's share in the achievement has been brought to light. It has also been discovered that Hewster and Westcote were one and the same, through legal documents signed "T. Hewster *alias* Westcote." Till then it was thought that Hewster had been Elizabeth Lyttelton's second husband; that Thomas Westcote of Devonshire was her first, and the father of her children. How the errors first crept in is not known, but they were doubtless concocted by someone jealous for the honour of the family tree.

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CHAPTER I

SIR THOMAS LYTTTELTON AND HIS FAMILY

SIR CHARLES LYTTTELTON was succeeded by his only surviving son Thomas, who was born in 1686, and married a cousin, Christian Temple, daughter of Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, and a maid of honour to Queen Anne. The only portrait of her at Hagley shows her as a small, flaxen-haired child, in shepherdess attire, with a crook and a lamb; but she grew up to be an attractive young lady, judging from some "Lines Written at Tunbridge Wells on Miss Temple, afterwards Lady of Sir Thomas Lyttelton," by Congreve in 1706. The first two verses run :

Leave, leave the drawing-room,
Where nymphs of beauty used to bloom;
The nymph that's fated to overcome
Now triumphs at the Wells.

Her shape and hair and eyes,
Her face, the gay, the grave, the wise,
The beau in spite of box and dice,
Acknowledge all excels.

This period of triumph ended with her marriage two years later. It was one of perfect happiness, as is testified by a letter from her to her husband, dated May 8, 1738 :

MY DEAR,

Yesterday I remembered I was thirty years agoe happy in marrying a man whom I prefer to all ye world, and I must say I am vain of ye choice I made.

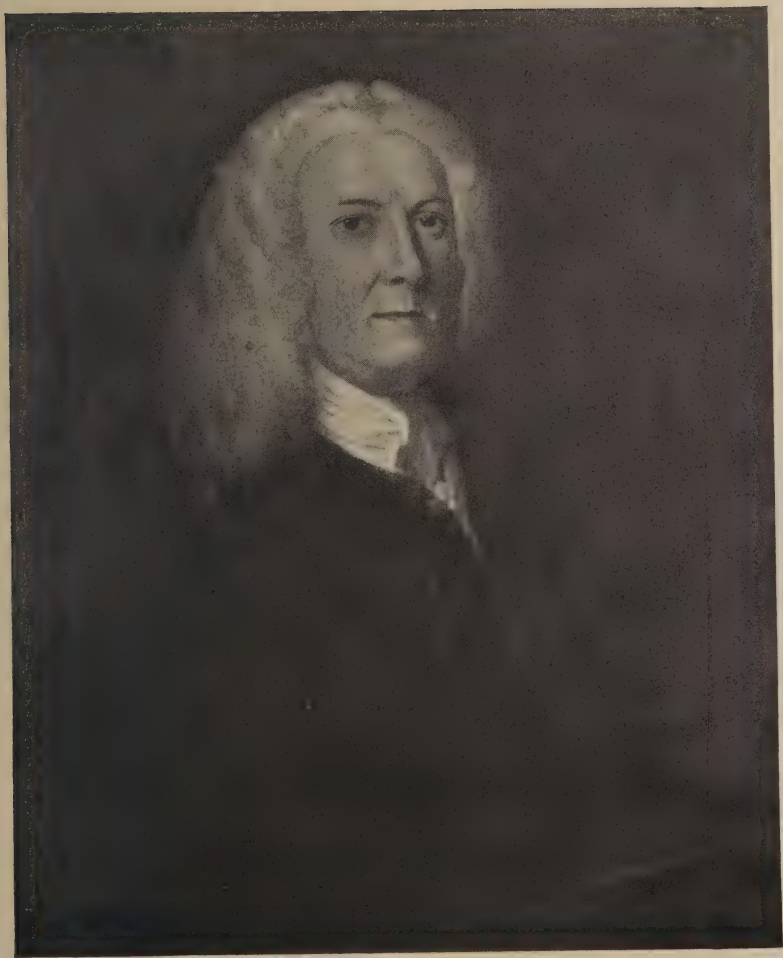
My late dangerous illness had like to have dissolved ye union, but God was pleased to spare me to live and give you every proof of affection and gratitude you can wish. We drank your health and many happy years to you.

She was "a lady of excellent piety and of a most gentle and sweet disposition," as her eldest son wrote in her memory, absorbed in her family, loving and timorous, and usually in rather poor health. Sir Thomas was a far more forcible character, and ruled his family and his household, though by no means with a rod of iron.¹ His son George described him in his *Persian Letters* :

He is possessed of a considerable estate which his friends are as much masters of as he. His children love him out of a principle of gratitude, by far more endearing than that of duty; and his servants consider him as a father whom it would be unnatural for them not to obey. His tenants are never hurt by drought or rain, because the goodness of their lord makes amends for the inclemency of the sky. The whole country looks gay about his dwelling and you may trace all his footsteps by his bounties. "Is it not strange," I have often heard him say, "that men should be so delicate as not to bear a disagreeable picture in their houses, and yet force every face they see about them to wear a cloud of uneasiness and discontent?" He has also a deep sense of religion, which is so far from casting a gloom over his mind that it is to that chiefly he owes his constant serenity.

The poet Shenstone said of him, "He had good natural parts, well improved by reading modern

¹ One of his daughters writes from London about a cook she is to interview the following day. "By what I hear of her she will do extreamly well for you, and when I have seen her you shall have a particular account of her. She won't come under £16 a year to any body." Lady Lyttelton seemingly had no voice in the matter.



[From the portrait at Hagley by Richard Wilson.]
SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON.

writers and by the knowledge of the world; extremely prudent, considerate, humane, polite and charitable."

Sir Thomas and his family lived in an old black-and-white house at Hagley which had been condemned as unfit for habitation about the year 1690, but continued to be the principal family residence till seventy years more had passed. Horace Walpole described it in 1753 as "immeasurably bad and old, with a room at the top of the house which was reckoned a conceit in those days, projecting a vast way into the air." It may have been partly due to the insanitary state of the house that five of Sir Thomas's twelve children died young, and those that remained were continually suffering from sore throats, agues, and fevers, and a yearly flight to take the waters at some health-giving well or other was almost imperative; but these disorders were the common lot of mankind at that time, and were looked upon as a dispensation of Providence. In spite of these drawbacks, therefore, family life at Hagley was peaceful and happy, if not very exciting. Molly Lyttelton wrote to her brother George in 1729 :

We should pass our time but ill if the good humour of Mama did not make us all cheerful and make us amends for the loss of those diversions which London would afford us. My dear, the oftener I converse with her the more I love her, and every one of her actions shews me a virtue I wish to imitate. This you must be sensible of as well as I, but there is such a pleasure in praising those we love that I must a little dwell upon the subject. How happy are we, blest with such parents! When I see my Papa quite spent with the cares of his family, Mama confined here for the good of her children, I am overpowered with gratitude and love.

They were not always buried at Hagley, as Sir Thomas was for many years member of Parliament

for Worcestershire and one of the Lords of the Admiralty. When in London they lived at the Admiralty and had a pleasant time. "I have not bin at Court yet, nor any diversions of the town," Lady Lyttelton told her son Charles in an undated letter, "but have good company and quadrille [a card game]. Nanny and Pen was kist by his Majesty yesterday; poor Molly has a little fever, but Hollins I hope will soon set her up that she may get a lover."¹ This was the poor mother's constant refrain, varied when lovers did appear with fears lest they should be too poor to marry.

George Lyttelton, the eldest son, was born January 17, 1709. He was contemporary at Eton with his cousins Richard and George Grenville,² and with Thomas and William Pitt, with all of whom he made great friends. In after years they were to form a noted political alliance, but when first they grew up they spent their time falling in love, more or less, with each other's sisters. Lyttelton at the age of nineteen was desperately smitten with the lovely Harriot Pitt, and confided his plight to her brother William, who told his mother: "I am in pain for poor Lyttelton; I wish there were many leagues of sea between him and the charms of Miss Harriot. If he dies I shall sue her for the murder of my friend."³ George soon after went abroad and returned quite heart-whole, while Harriot married another. Thomas Pitt married Christian Lyttelton, and William in his turn was attracted by her sister Molly. "Would to God Billy Pitt had a fortune equal to his brother's," wrote

¹ Anne Lyttelton married Francis Ayscough, D.D., and Penelope died young.

² Sons of Lady Lyttelton's sister Hester, who married Richard Grenville of Wotton.

³ Pitt's letters to his mother and sister are quoted from the letters at Dropmore.

George to his father, "that he might make a present of it to my pretty little Molly. But unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world would not think them much the richer for."

An early item of Pitt family news is to be found in one of George Lyttelton's letters to his father. "I am glad Billy and Nanny Pitt are well of their inoculation, and could wish you would think a little of it for Molly and Nanny Lyttelton." But the effect on poor Nanny Pitt was disastrous, at any rate for the moment, and George wrote later in French (being abroad he wished to show his improvement in that tongue): "*J'ay grand pitié de la pauvre Nanny Pitt. Elle n'était pass belle auparavant, mais à présent elle deviendra effroyable.*"

Molly and her sister must have been lively girls. There is a letter from William Pitt to his sister Anne in 1731, describing how he was at that moment "locked into George's room, the girls thundering at the door as if Heaven and earth would come together," and wondered at himself for being able "to suffer the gentle impertinences, the sportly solicitations of two girls not quite despicable, without emotion, and bestow my time and spirits upon a sister." Pitt spoke casually enough of both sisters, but he certainly appreciated Molly's charm in particular, though lack of money on either side put marriage out of the question. Two years later he went abroad, and fell in love with a lady at Besançon, but after he left the place she faded from his memory, and at the end of a letter to Anne Pitt explaining that it had been only "*une de ces flammes passagères,*" he added: "If Miss Molly Lyttelton is in town, I wish you may see one another often and make a friendship."

He wrote on November 22, 1733; but before Anne could have got the message Molly Lyttelton was dead.

She was suddenly seized with a violent pain "which we took to be the cholick," her father told his son Charles. They thought she was getting better, when "to our great surprise she fell into a shortness of breath, and in half an hour left this world for a better." "I know your affection for her was great," Sir Thomas went on, "and the tenderness of your nature no less, which must make you bear your part in our common loss of so valuable a creature, but at the same time you won't forget that you are to submit with patience and resignation to the will of God." All the letters about her show how much she was loved. "Pray, Sir, love Molly the better for being so good as to write to me," George had written to his father from abroad. "She is worth a thousand of her sisters in that respect." And when she died he wrote in great grief to some lady unknown :

This is the first time that I ever sat down to write to you with pain. My dear sister Molly is dead. . . . God Almighty permitted her to dye as she always wished, without any sense of her condition, and spared her the pain of taking leave, which, to one so good and kind as she was, is much the bitterest part of death. . . . She was a miracle of virtue and sweetness; such a *friend* as no man ever had.

The only personal relic of Molly known to exist is her signature on a pane of glass, dated the April before she died. It was doubtless a memento of a ballroom flirtation, for a man's name, "Claudius Maldweon," is scratched beneath hers. The glass came from the window of a house in Stourbridge, which at that time belonged to North Foley, who married a cousin of the Lytteltons.¹ The letter of hers quoted above was copied by her brother.

¹ This relic is now in the possession of Mr. W. R. Selleck of Stourbridge.

Among Sir Thomas's children was a son named after him, who must have been a jolly boy, from the glimpse of him in a letter from George to his father, July 21, 1728.

I am glad to hear Tom is come from Eton; no doubt he will make more improvement under the care of M. Le Place than under the rod of Dr. Bland. He writes a very cavalier letter, in which he tells me that Charles is gone to school to learn to petifogg, but that for his part he is putting on the sword to get honour as well as fortune. I am sorry these fine things can't be done without expence to you, but I am sure you don't complain of what you bestow on us to so good an end.

Tom had just been made page to the Princess Royal, and for this reason probably had been removed from Eton, where Dr. Bland was then headmaster, to the care of M. Le Place, who kept a noted school at Marylebone. The Royal family lived at St. James's Palace, Hampton Court or Kensington, and never went to Windsor. Charles Lyttelton was now at Eton and intended for the Bar.

Poor Tom's sword was soon laid aside, for less than a year later his father wrote from London to Charles telling him of

the affliction it has pleased God to lay upon me in the loss of your brother Tom, who died yesterday of a violent fever. He was seized with strong convulsions on Saturday night, and continued in a miserable condition, having eight blisters laid upon him, which were very grievous to him. He is to be buried to-morrow night at St. James's Church. Don't mention a word of it in your letters to Hagley, for it must be kept a secret if possible from your poor mother, who is not in a condition to bear such news, for which reason I can't put any of my family there into mourning. . . .

George Lyttelton showed early promise both for literary ability and as a classical scholar. At Eton, according to Dr. Johnson, he was "so much distinguished that his exercises were recommended as models to his schoolfellows"; and both he and William Pitt "in different ways were looked up to as prodigies." While there he wrote a poem called "Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country," which is as good as anything he wrote in after life. He went on to Christchurch, Oxford, where "he retained the same reputation of superiority," but left when only nineteen without taking his degree. At Oxford he wrote a long poem on Blenheim, where "In the calm shades of honourable ease, Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt," and "indulgent Heaven gave a companion to his softer hours," in whose mind he "Found greatness equal to his own, and loved himself in her." This effusion he presented to great Marlborough's widow, who was pleased with it. "I am proud," wrote the young poet, "that the Duchess approves my verses, for her judgment does great honour to those that please her." On the strength of his literary talent he was introduced to the great Mr. Pope, and at his villa met many celebrities in the literary world. All these tributes sowed the seeds of an amiable vanity which might have spoilt a less sensible and good-hearted youth.

In April, 1728, he set off abroad to make the "Grand Tour." The sons of rich men went with tutors, the poor ones, among whom was George Lyttelton, went without; and their letters describing their travels were read by proud parents, envious younger brothers, and uncomplaining sisters whose turn for such joys would never come. George arrived at Calais "after a passage of sixteen hours without anything to eat or drink." He told his father in his first letter :

I can't recollect the tenderness you shewed to me at parting without the warmest sentiments of gratitude and duty to you. In reply to our long discourse I only beg leave to say there is a certain degree of folly excusable in youth which I have never yet exceeded, and beyond which I desire no pardon. I hope my mother has dried her tears. My duty to her.

At Calais he bought a "mighty good Italian post chaise" for twelve guineas, and proceeded to Luneville in Lorraine, armed with a letter of introduction from Sir Robert Walpole to Prince Craon, Minister to Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. On receiving this the Prince wrote to assure "Milord Valpol" that he would procure for Mr. Lyttelton "*auprès de son Altesse Royale, les agrémens dus à sa naissance et à votre recommandation.*" "The Duke himself was pleased to tell me," wrote George to his father, "that he would endeavour to render my stay here as agreeable to me as possible." This Duke, "a man about whom even Voltaire gets into enthusiasm," according to Carlyle, "found his land in desolation and signalised himself by unwearied efforts in every direction to put new life into it." But his endeavours to make Luneville a city of learning and culture met with scant response from his subjects; and in spite of his auspicious beginning, the studious Lyttelton soon felt much out of his element. At first he wrote contentedly enough :

I thank my dear Papa for so kindly complying with my inclinations to board out of the Academy. I shall eat as you direct, though I don't know any settled ordinary in the town; but there are taverns where gentlemen eat together, and where I generally dine. As for my way of living here it is agreeable enough. I see the best company in the place, am regular at my exercises, and read and pray by stealth. . . . Adieu,

my dear Papa. I am extream dull here, but I should be merry as a bird at Hagley.

By July his content had turned to aversion :

Dansel [his servant] tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards, but it is none the less certain that without them I should soon be weary of Lorrain. The spirit of codrill [quadrille], has possest the land; from morning to night there is nothing else in every house in town. This Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love codrill. Would you win the hearts of the maids of honour? You must lose your money at codrill. Would you be thought a well-bred man? You must play genteelly at codrill. Would you get a reputation of good sense? Shew judgment at codrill. However, in summer one may continue to pass a day without codrill because there are agreeable promenades and little parties out of doors; but in winter you are reduced to play codrill or sleep like a fly till the return of spring. Indeed in a morning the Duke hunts, but my malicious stars have so contrived it that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. Men of learning there are none in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me t'other day reading a Latin author, and askt me with an air of contempt whether I was designed for the Church? All this would be tolerable if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French, and from whom with my utmost endeavours I can't be absent six hours in the day. My Lord Hermitage¹ is the only one among them who has common sense, and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles as well as practice that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason. My only improvement here is in the company of the Duke and Prince Craon, and in the exercises of the Academy.

¹ No mention of this reprobate nobleman is to be found in Collins's Peerage.

George must have indeed been miserable; for besides his love of books, his long ungainly figure and awkward, absent-minded manners brought upon him the relentless mockery of the gay young bloods of Lorraine, which hurt him even while he despised them. This can be gathered from a letter after he had left Luneville, written to satisfy his father, who demanded further reasons than those already given for his wishing never to return there.

Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was therefore more unavoidably subject à *quelques bévues d'écolier*, as that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere. The memory of these mistakes, though lost perhaps to others, hangs upon my mind when I am there and depresses my spirits to a degree that I am not like myself. One is never agreeable in company where one fears too much to be disapproved.

In the matter of dress he did his best to keep in the fashion, and wrote to ask for more money to pay for the clothes he had had to buy.

I am obliged to lay before you the account of my chief expence at Luneville; I mean the article of cloaths. They amount to a great sum, but in a Court it is absolutely necessary to be well drest. I have bought five suits since I am here. The first a green hunting suit with a border of gold lace; everybody wears them so trimmed because they appear at Court in them on hunting days. A handsome summer suit which cost about eighteen English £, for the Princess's birthday and jours de fête; another for everyday of a light silver stuff, the waistcoat lined blue silk, laced with silver. I have since been obliged to make a fine cloath suit for the Duke's birthday, which cost about thirty-four pounds English, and a black suit of mourning for the Queen of Sardinia, the Duchess's sister. I must make another winter suit for every day; all which, with my footman's livery,

will come to above 100 pounds sterling. I believe you will think the last birthday suit a little too extravagant, but I assure you all the English here were finer than me. You see, Sir, it will be necessary to allow me credit for something if you intend I should pass the winter here. Besides the addition of firing, I must keep a chair at thirty pounds a month;¹ the lowest price. As for my pocket expences, I play as little as I can and seldom drink but at my meals; and yet with fees to grooms and waiters, doctors and apothecaries, little rides about the country and chair hire in foul weather, my money runs away very fast. Lorrain is a dearer place than it is thought to be; the tradesmen are the greatest villains in the universe, and make us pay double for all we have; the Court obliges us to fine cloaths; the Academy requires a good sum; and yet people fancy one can live for nothing. Mr. Fitzwilliam's governor told me that he found himself so mistaken in the notion he had of expence here, that he was determined to persuade my Lord either to remove his son or to allow him more.

Sir Thomas, before getting this formidable account, had sent his son a gloomy dissertation upon the state of his affairs and the expense his son was causing him. George wrote back :

Alas, Sir, what pain must it give me to think that my improvement puts you to any degree of inconvenience? And perhaps after all I may return and not answer your expectations. This thought gives me so much uneasiness that I am ready to wish you would recall me and save the charge of travelling; but no, the world would judge perversely and blame you for it. I must go on and you must support me like your son.

¹ Doubtless thirty pounds *French* is meant—a much less sum than £30 sterling; which would seem an impossible price to pay for a Sedan chair.

He went on in a strain of warm sympathy, and tried to cheer his father up by pointing out his many blessings. "I have observed with extreme affliction how much your temper is altered of late, and your cheerfulness of mind impaired. My heart has ached within me when I have seen you giving way to a melancholy diffidence which makes you fear the worst in every thing, and seldom indulge those pleasing hopes which support and nourish us." He reminded Sir Thomas of his ten children, "among whom there seems to be but one soul of love and obedience to you"; and urged him to "consider the reputation you have acquired, the glorious reputation of integrity so uncommon in this age." "Are you not happy in my dear mother?" he pursued. "Was ever wife so virtuous, so dutiful, so fond?" "What can I do then, my dear Papa, to make you easy?" he said finally, and put the solution in a more concrete form in another letter. "I can only assure you, and call God to witness what I say, that if it pleases him to let me live and return to England, I will marry the first advantageous match you offer me."

As so often happens when days and weeks elapse before the writer of a letter can receive an answer, this outpouring found Sir Thomas recovered from his "melancholy diffidence" and in no way disposed to be talked to like a father by his son. He evidently returned a sound parental snub, for George hastened to explain:

My spirits were very low when I writ you my last letter, and I had not judgment enough then to consider that the way to relieve your melancholy was to appear cheerful myself. However, I beg you to believe that what I said was the language of my heart, though it need not have been said with so much warmth. I most sincerely love you and cannot help being deeply

affected by your least complaint; but don't let this deprive me of your confidence, for I have no greater pleasure in life than seeing myself honoured by it.

Their relationship was in truth a very happy one. "Of all my advantages," wrote George another time, "there is none of which I have so deep a sense as the trust and amiable harmony between the best of fathers and myself."

In a former letter George had begged leave to go to Soissons, where he had been invited by Stephen Poyntz,¹ British Envoy to the Congress then sitting; that Congress which Carlyle described a century later as "now fallen mythical to mankind and as inane as that of Cambrai, on June 14th met, opened itself, declared itself as a Corporeal Entity in this World, sat above a year—and did nothing."² The Congress had been called together at the close of war between England and Spain, to settle the terms of peace on a broad and lasting basis. Representatives from the great Powers and the various States of Germany came to it with their demands, and the future of Europe seemed to depend upon their deliberations. No wonder that to young Lyttelton Soissons appeared the hub of the universe, and upon receiving his father's consent, together with a caution to look after his health, he wrote on September 18, in high delight :

I thank my dear Papa for letting me go to Soissons; as for my health, I have always found that what

¹ Stephen Poyntz (1685–1750), went into the Diplomatic Service after being Secretary to Lord Townshend, to whose sons he had been tutor. When the Congress of Soissons ended he became Governor to the Duke of Cumberland, and remained till he died the Duke's trusted adviser.

² Carlyle quotes two of Lyttelton's letters in *Frederick the Great*, introducing him as "a serious, rather long-nosed English gentleman, not without intelligence, and of a wholesome and honest nature . . . a man of real worth, who attained to some note in the world."

pleases me does me good. You will laugh at this regimen, but I appeal to dear Mama, whether the sight of Stowe gardens had not a better effect upon her than all the drugs in Burges' shop?

He found life at Soissons quite as enchanting as he had expected :

Me voici, mon cher Papa, fort a mes souhaits; charmé du bonté de Monsieur Poyntz et profitant tous les jours du commerce agréable des Anglais qui sont auprès de luy. Tous les jours bals, festins, partis de plaisir, enfin tous les agrémens qu'on peut désirer; et tout cela avec moins du dépense que je n'ay fait a Lorain pour entretenir une vie triste et ennuyeuse. (He begged that he might never go back there.) Qu'est-ce que je perdrai en restant ici? Je ne monterai pas à cheval, voila tout! Car pour la danse j'ai pris un maitre ici qui vaut autant de cent fois celui de Luneville. Je suis assez bien placé à cheval pour monter hardiment, et j'aurai assez de temps pour bien apprendre le manège. C'est ici l'endroit du monde ou j'apprendrai le mieux a vivre. . . . La bonne compagnie me façonnera de toutes manières, et étant toujours dans le grand monde, j'en attraperai l'air plus facilement. Mon esprit se formera en même temps.

Sir Thomas sent the desired permission, but before it arrived Mr. Poyntz was suddenly ordered to Paris, and invited George to go with him, "and live there *en famille*, at least till I hear from you," wrote the young man, explaining that "as the expence will not be great, having the convenience of his table, and as a winter journey to Lorrain is impracticable, I have ventured to take this step without your orders."

He wrote next from Paris, January 23, 1729, after futher comments from his father on extravagance :

You tell me in your last that I have spent a great deal of money considering my business here is

improvement and not shew, but without shew abroad there is not improvement. . . . You express a great uneasiness for fear I should grow fond of games of chance. I have sometimes risked a little at them, but without any passion or delight.” (He promised never to “addict myself to this destructive passion.”) It is true I have been a sufferer at codrill, and must even suffer on, for *point de société sans cela ; c’est un article préliminaire à tout commerce avec le beau monde*. . . . The Court being still in second mourning, I was obliged to make me a new suit upon coming here, and to buy new wigs and stockings, being but ill furnished with both. . . . I sent Dansel to Lorrain not only to pay my debts but to take care of cloaths and other articles of value ; besides, as I writ to Prince Craon and other people of quality, I thought it a more respectful way of sending my letters than by the post. They are wonderfully ceremonious at that Court, and take notice of such little points as these.

George’s expenses did not diminish in Paris. “I am guilty of no extravagance,” he wailed, “but do not know how to save as some people do.” On February 15, 1729, he wrote from the Hotel de Treville, Paris :

I must entreat you, dear Papa, to allow me extraordinarily the time I stay at Paris, which will be about six weeks longer. . . . I must buy a new suit here, it will cost me about fifteen pounds, and a nightgown, my old one being so dirty that it is not fit to wear. Of all expence abroad that of cloaths is the most necessary and the worst saved, especially to a gentleman as I am, in the suite of an ambassador. . . . I equip myself here throughout because an ordinary suit made at Paris will do me more honour than a fine one made by a country tailor. I have drawn for forty pounds since my last remittances were paid and expect by the beginning of April to make it up a hundred. That cursed article of coach hire undoes me here. I fence and dance at a great price, but ’tis better than

learning of bad masters, who are dearer tho' they ask you less.

You will be applied to upon my recommendation and my Lord Kintor's, by a dependant of his, for a surgeon's place in some ship of any of the squadrons that we send out this spring. You will much oblige me to do him this service, my Lord Kintor being my particular friend. He is of a great Jacobite family in Scotland, but being wiser than his relations has a mind to reconcile himself to the Government, and desires me to obtain him your protection to introduce him to Sir Robert. I dare say you won't be sorry for the office, the rather that he may perhaps have a mind to one of your pretty girls. He is sober and a man of good understanding, but bashfull and somewhat awkward.

It was an interesting time to be in Paris, and as he acted as a sort of unofficial secretary to Mr. Poytnz, George saw and heard much that went on behind the scenes, every whisper at the moment teeming with importance. From time to time, with pardonable pomp, he entrusted Sir Thomas with items such as these: "The only news I have to tell you is a secret intelligence from Vienna that Count Zinzendorff is going out of favour; this is of consequence to the negotiations, but you must not mention it. While I am not treated with affairs you shall know what I hear, but afterwards *ne patri quidem*." ¹

"I am very proud of the honour you did me in approving of the reasoning in my last," George wrote another time, adding modestly that "it was founded upon Mr. Poytnz's discourse and the papers he had the goodness to let me see."

While the envoys of the various Powers were doing their best to draw up a treaty that would satisfy

¹ Count Zinzendorff was Minister to the Emperor of Austria, and later founded the sect known as Moravians.

everybody, their efforts were continually thwarted by the crowned heads, sane or insane, who ruled over them. In August 1729, George wrote in great excitement over an extraordinary piece of news just arrived from the north—that Prussia was on the point of war with Hanover. King Frederic William, of Prussia, one of whose crazes was to obtain tall recruits for his army by fair means or foul, had seized upon some huge Hanoverians and kept them, in spite of their protests and those of King George the Elector.¹ His British Majesty retaliated by arresting all Prussians who happened to be in Hanover, telling Frederic William that they should be released when the Hanoverians were. The King of Prussia replied that if he did not receive satisfaction before a certain date, he should come and obtain it at the head of eighty thousand men. The date passed, and he despatched fifty thousand men to the frontier, “so that,” says Lyttelton, “we are on the verge of war in the middle of our negotiations for peace, and upon a matter that has no connection with the differences we are trying to settle.” “*Nous ne doutons pas,*” he continued, speaking for the distracted envoys, “*que l’Empereur ne fomenté sous main la querelle, et qu’il ne tache d’allumer un feu de cette étincelle qui embraseroit toute l’Allemagne. On travaille pourtant à l’étouffer avant qu’elle éclate.*”²

A fortnight later this storm had blown over, but another mad monarch was giving trouble. In September George wrote :

¹ This was only a small detail in the lifelong “ thrice famous and extremely obscure ” quarrel between the kingly cousins. Carlyle unravels some of them in his *Frederick the Great*.

² Charles VI, Emperor of Austria, cared only about the recognition of the Pragmatic Sanction, by which his daughter Maria Theresa would be allowed to succeed him. The other Powers were not unanimous, and in the end this question killed the Congress.

Mr. Stanhope¹ is on his way to Spain. The caprice and stubbornness of the King of Spain (which is not always to be governed even by his wife) made it necessary to send a Minister to that Court of too much weight and authority to be trifled with. . . . How low is the servitude of mankind when they are reduced to respect and court the pride of a senseless creature who has no other character of royalty than power to do mischief! However, I hope all will turn out well, and that his Catholic Majesty will behave himself a little like a King, since the Queen will have him be one in spite of his teeth. About three months ago she caught him going downstairs at midnight, to abdicate, in his dressing-gown. He was so incensed at the surprize and disappointment that he beat her cruelly, and would have strangled her if she had not called for help.

The melancholy Philip V of Spain had already abdicated once, in favour of his eldest son, but resumed the crown on that prince's death. This Queen was his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese, a clever, ambitious woman, called by Carlyle "the Termagant of Spain."

During these months George Lyttelton had formed a great affection for Stephen Poyntz, declaring with boyish ardour that, after his father, "there is no body whom I more love and honour, and to serve whom I would sacrifice life and fortune so willingly as Mr. Poyntz. It is not so much the liveliness of his wit and uncommon strength of his judgment that charms me in him, as those great and noble sentiments which would have been admired by ancient Rome and have done honour to the most virtuous ages." Mr. Poyntz in his turn wrote about George to Sir Thomas, thanking him "for making me so long happy in his good

¹ Brigadier-General Stanhope, afterwards first Earl of Harrington.

company, which has contributed more than anything else to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impression which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind." He had written a description of the young man in the January before, on arriving at Paris :

He is now in the same house with me, and by that means more constantly under my eye than even at Soissons; but I should be very unjust to him if I left you under the imagination that his inclinations stand in the least need of any such ungenerous restraint. Depend upon it, Sir, from the observation of one who would abhor to deceive a father in so tender a point, that he retains the same virtuous and studious disposition which nature and your care implanted in him, only strengthened and improved by age and experience; so that I dare promise you, the bad examples of Paris or any other place will never have any other effect upon him but to confirm him in the right choice he has made. Under these happy circumstances he can't fail of making you and himself happy, and of being a great ornament to our country, if, with that refined taste and delicacy of genius he can but recall his mind from the pleasures of learning and gay scenes of imagination, to the dull road and fatigues of business. This I have sometimes taken the liberty to hint to him, tho' his own good judgment made it very unnecessary.

In September, 1729, Louis XV's only son ¹ was born, and George described the excitement it caused in Paris :

Sunday ye 4th of September by four o'clock we had the good news of a Dauphin, and since that time I have thought myself in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is so much improved on this occasion that they are all stark mad with joy, and do

¹ The Dauphin, Louis, father of Louis XVI, died in the life-time of his father.

nothing but dance and sing about the streets by hundreds and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable; one fellow gives notice to the public that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf gratis. The King is as proud of what he has done as if he had gained a kingdom, and tells everybody "*qu'il sçaura faire des fils tant qu'il voudra.*" We are to have a fine firework to-morrow, his Majesty being to sup in town. The Duke of Orleans was sincerely, and without any suspicion of affectation, transported at the birth of a Dauphin. The succession was a burden too heavy for his indolence to support, and he piously sings halleluja for his happy delivery from it. The good old Cardinal cried for joy. It is very late and I have not slept these three nights for the squibs and crackers and other noises that the people make in the streets, so must beg leave to conclude.

A few days later George wrote that "the tumult of the people for the Dauphin is a little over, and the nation are returning to their senses." He went on to desire "immediate leave" to go to Italy, as later the Alps would become impassable; "I hope I have given you no reasons to alter your first intentions of sending me to Italy," he said anxiously, "a country I long to see, and where I may expect to improve myself considerably." Permission duly came, and on the 7th October George set off, armed with letters to the Italian courts from their ministers in Paris, and a warning from his father against "grapes, new wine, and pretty women." From Lyons he wrote an immense letter on the state of France, her laws and commerce, and the character of Louis XV, in later years one of the most horrible of kings, but then young and still harmless.

Lions (*sic*), Oct. 16, 1729. . . . I cannot take leave of France without sending you a few observations

upon the present state of it; but I do it upon condition that you shall shew them to nobody, though they should have the good fortune to please you.

The present King is so little known, either to his subjects or foreigners, that the first have not much to say in his praise, and the latter are at full liberty to suppose what they please to his disadvantage. For this reason, and perhaps from a little pleasure we take in mortifying the French, we have generally a worse opinion of him than he really deserves. We represent him as ill-natured, brutal, and incapable of business; but this character does not justly belong to him in any one particular. He has shewn great marks of good nature, particularly to the Queen, in being the only man in France that did not hate her for not bringing him a son. His behaviour to those about him is perfectly affable and easy; I think more than is consistent with majesty. There is no one act of violence or injustice that can be laid to his charge; nothing vicious or irregular in his conduct. As to his incapacity for business, they are much mistaken who suppose that he does nothing but hunt and sleep. I know for certain that there is no affair of moment, either foreign or domestick, that the Cardinal¹ does not communicate to him. I believe, indeed, he always acquiesces in his minister's opinion but he is constantly consulted, and let into all the secrets of affairs, before anybody else is trusted with it, even the *Garde des Sceaux* himself. Nor is this confidence ever prejudicial, for he is master of an impenetrable secrecy which is a good deal owing to the natural phlegm and reservedness of his temper.

It is hard to say whether he has courage or not, but the Cardinal thinks he has, and dreads to engage him in a war, for fear he should grow too fond of it. He is cold, inactive and insensible to all kind of pleasures; his very hunting does not delight him, and

¹ Cardinal de Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus, 1653–1743, had been tutor to Louis XV and was Prime Minister of France from 1726 to 1743.

this is what the French are angry at. They love that their monarch should be gallant, magnificent and ambitious, and do not care what price they pay for it, provided there be great news from Flanders and fine entertainments at Versailles. Louis XIV understood their genius and humoured it in his wars and amours, but the frugality of the present Court and the dulness of a continued peace are things they cannot relish.

In truth His Majesty's worst fault is a kind of bashful timidity, which makes him shun all occasions for shewing himself, and has very much the air of heaviness. He is devout, which may degenerate into bigotry, as it did in his [great] grandfather. It is to be feared, from the eagerness he expresses of winning money at play, that he may grow avaricious; but that is not always a certain sign. His virtues and vices will probably remain as much concealed as they are now, during the lifetime of the Cardinal; but at his death, flattery and love may give him a new turn; or his disposition, being no longer under any check, may exert itself more conspicuously. Upon the whole there appears nothing shining, nothing elevated or commanding, in his character; but such a mediocrity as may make his people easy, and very capable of governing a kingdom where there are no factions to contend with and no disaffection to overcome.

His first minister is the most absolute that ever exercised that authority in France, not even excepting Richelieu. There is not one man in the whole nation dares speak of any business to the King, besides himself and those immediately under his direction. The Parliament is hardly the shadow of what it was. The Princes of the Blood and the nobility are all pensioners and dependants of the Court, from the dukes and marshals of France to the lowest officer in the service. Their interest, once so formidable to the power of the ministry, is reduced to such a degree of weakness that none of them, if he had the courage to rebel, is able to raise fifty soldiers against the King; and what is

of no less moment, the women are quite out of play and are obliged to content themselves with love intrigues instead of cabals against the ministry, to which they have more violent inclination. So that the authority of the Cardinal is without bounds; the disposal of all dignities and employments both at home and abroad is managed by his ministry and orders. The use he has made of this authority has been so just and beneficial to the state that, except the Jansenists, whom he treats with too much rigour, the nation is generally satisfied with his administration.

He found the people almost ruined by the fatal *système* of the Mississippi,¹ the King's finances ill-directed, and his treasures wasted in needless pensions and profuse expences. The principle of his conduct, therefore, was to ease the people, to restore their decaying trade, to save the King all the money he was able, and to retrench all superfluous goings out. But in order to do this he was convinced of the necessity of maintaining peace by all the means that were consistent with the safety and honour of the state. . . . And it is thought if he lives five years longer and the peace continues, the King's revenues will be upon a better footing, and his treasury fuller, than they have been under any minister these fifty years. He is himself a great despiser of wealth, and consequently uncorrupt, living modestly, and without any affectation of wealth or grandeur. The greatest complaint against him is the persecution of the Jansenists, to whom he is a bitter enemy; not, however, out of love to the Jesuits, but because it is a maxim of his policy not to suffer any difference of opinions, but to oblige everybody to hold one faith that he may the easier keep them under one master. As for the Jesuits, they gain no advantage by the severities against their antagonists, except the pleasure of revenge, for their ambition is very much restrained, and though one of

¹ A vast swindling speculation, similar to the South Sea Bubble in England, started in Paris by John Law, a Scotch adventurer, about ten years before.

them be confessor to the King, the Cardinal has denied him the privilege of nominating to benefices, which used to attend that place, and contributed more than any thing to raise the power and credit of the order. . . . Naturally honest and sincere, he hates all artifice in business, and is therefore very much disgusted with the Imperial Ministers, who affect finesse and tricking in their negotiations more than any other Court. Nobody has more sweetness and humanity in his disposition. His conversation is free and agreeable, though without any descending from his dignity; his behaviour very moral and religious, though in his younger days he was suspected of a little gallantry. There is something very insinuating in his wit and very proper for a courtier. Had he come a little earlier to the Ministry he would have been more knowing and made a great figure. He has a paternal affection for the King's person and an ardent zeal for his service; and it is believed that if His Majesty were to die the old gentleman would retire wholly from business and take care of nothing but his salvation. You see by the account I have given you that he is not the weak politician we take him for in England, nor yet so weak as some here are apt to think him; but a man of plain sense that lays down a reasonable scheme and pursues it constantly and fairly. . . .

After all their country is so situated for commerce, so fruitful in productions which others want, and the people are so industrious, that one would imagine, with proper encouragement, they could not fail of gaining the superiority over all their neighbours. But notwithstanding all these natural advantages, the abject slavery they are in, the number of hands employed in the military service, the swarms of idle ecclesiasticks, and above all, the chimerical distinction between a gentleman and a *marchand*, will always keep their traffick low; and the country will continue in the poverty I see it now, which is more miserable than I could ever have imagined. . . . The roguery

and rapine of the intendants of towns and balliages, and the partial execution of their power of raising taxes, is a greater cause of the ruin of the provinces than the severity of the Government. . . . This and the corruption of their Courts of justice. . . . are the constitutional maladies of the nation and grown so habitual to it that they are hardly to be removed.

Thank God we know neither in England, but are blest in an impartial administration of the wisest laws, and secured from concussions and other violences by the noble privileges we enjoy of being taxed by none but our representatives. I am more strongly attached to my own country by what I see of the miseries abroad, and find the spirit of Wiggism grows upon me under the influence of arbitrary power.

The young Englishman was not, however, overweeningly confident, for at the end of a poem comparing the misery of France with the prosperity of his own country, he wrote :

Yet oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
Whispers within and bids me not rejoice ;
Bids me contemplate every State around
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;
Bids their lost rights, their ruined glories see ;
And tells me, These, like England, once were free !

George wrote next in French from Geneva, where he was delighted with the scenery, "*la plus riante et la plus agréable qu'on puisse voir,*" and also with the polite and learned society he found there. On his way he had stopped in the mountains at the monastery of the Grand Chartreuse, where he was courteously received by the silent monks. "*Vous savez qu'ils ne parlent que les dimanches et les jours de fête, et qu'ils mangent maigre toute l'année.*" He was deeply impressed with its remoteness, situated "*dans un desert affreux . . . plus sauvage et plus rude*" than any described in romances, and where "*Don Quixote n'aurait pas manqué de trouver des géans et des*

enchanteurs.” From Geneva he crossed the Alps; a formidable undertaking in those days, particularly in November. “La neige tombait avec beaucoup de violence, et le vent de bise qui nous donna dans le visage, nous causâmes un froid épouvantable.” They rode up on mules, but coming down they had to be carried in “chaises à porteurs” on account of the slippery precipices which “véritablement faisaient peur”; while the mist was so thick the surrounding mountains could not be seen. Needless to say Mr. Lyttelton surveyed the Alps with the distaste characteristic of his time, and admired nothing but a water-fall till he came to the plain of Piedmont, which he found “belle et fort bien cultivée” and charmed him the more after quitting a country “le plus déforme et le plus désert du monde.”

He was accompanied on these travels by Charles Wyndham, a friend from Eton days;¹ “ce qui me fait plaisir, comme ce jeune seigneur a infinitivement d’esprit, et qu’il est bien reçu de tout le monde.” Mr. Wyndham was son of the Jacobite Sir William Wyndham, and George’s father evidently expressed anxiety lest the friendship should lead his son politically astray, for George wrote from Venice in January 1730 :

Mr. Wyndham I assure you is a very good Whig as well as a very pretty gentleman. How far his father’s

¹ Charles Wyndham (1708–1763), afterwards Earl of Egremont and Secretary of State. While at Eton Lyttelton had thus addressed him in a poem called “Good Humour” :

Say, Wyndham, if ’tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good nature is your noblest praise.
Secured by this your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This to Pitt’s genius adds a brighter grace,
And adds to every charm in Celia’s face.

authority may force him to change his principles when he comes to England, I can't tell; but they are now entirely agreeable to the excellent understanding he is master of . . . The caution you give me in relation to the gentlemen of the Pretender's party whom I may chance to meet with there [Rome], is what I constantly observed towards some of the same kidney whom I knew at Paris.

The only letter from Sir Thomas during his son's travels that still exists, is a long rebuke on the subject of extravagance, written in the winter of 1729. He first went over the grounds of his complaint, and then said :

My dearest George, you have many rare and excellent qualities for which I love you from my soul, and have no pleasure equal to that of making you happy. There is nothing you can wish for in my power to gratifie you that an honest man may do, which you may not command; but I have not wherewithal to support you at this rate, nor do I know which way to procure it, for as I told you in my last I am already at the end of my tether, and cannot go a step further without hazard to my honour and good name which you will give me leave to value above all things in the world. I have a numerous family which I am sure you would be as sorry as myself to see unprovided. I must if possible give them a good education because I have very little else to bestow upon them. . . . To conclude this disagreeable subject, which I am sorry to have said so much upon, I expect, since I have shewn you the necessity you are under of doing it, that you put yourself into a less expensive way of living, and don't imagine you are to spend your money for the honour of your country abroad which you will find the want of when you come home.

I long to hear you are safe in Italy. Your account of the present state of France gave me so much pleasure I could not forbear shewing it to some friends,

which you may forgive me when I assure you it has done you great honour. . . . Your mother can't get the better of her disorder, nor is poor Molly mended of her ague. 'Tis no wonder the country should be sickly, for we have not had twenty 4 hours dry weather I am sure in six weeks. Thank God we have at last got our peace with Spain, and Mr. Stanhope has received the reward of his labours, being created Earl of Harrington.

This was probably the last time Sir Thomas had to rebuke his much-loved eldest son, though George was through life proverbial for his helplessness in money matters, and his efforts at economy were never of much avail. He travelled about Italy for some months, and wrote from Rome to his father in April 1730 : " I believe you will have a mind to see me next summer in England, so shall endeavour to get out of Italy by the end of autumn." This crossed a letter bidding him return forthwith, and he answered, dutiful as ever, but evidently much crestfallen :

Your commands shall always be received with an implicit obedience from me, however contrary they may be to my inclinations, or, to speak more justly, I have no inclination so strong as that of doing all I can to convince you of my love and duty to the best of fathers. I shall go from Rome with a strong imperfect knowledge of the great variety of fine antiquities that are in it, more time than I have passed here being requisite to see them as one should do.

CHAPTER II

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

AT the time George Lyttelton returned to England, Sir Robert Walpole for over ten years had held the government of England in his ample grasp. Born and bred in Norfolk, he was the kind of man ever dear to the heart of Englishmen. Burly, genial and tolerant, of a commanding personality and supreme common sense, he had the complete confidence of Queen Caroline, who in her turn ruled the King. His colleagues in office were for the most part figureheads, and he was supported by serried ranks of stout country gentlemen like Sir Thomas Lyttelton, who voted straight and rarely spoke. He was to all intents and purposes sole dictator in the Government. This was as he wished. One by one the able men who had started under him broke away. Pulteney, Chesterfield, Carteret, and many lesser lights joined in with the Tories under Wyndham and Bolingbroke, and awaited the chance to overthrow him. A great source of strength to the Opposition was the power of its pen. Some of its members were able writers, and Pulteney, their brilliant Chief, controlled a magazine called the *Craftsman*, to which they all contributed papers. Walpole, though he subsidised the Press on his side, was totally indifferent to literature; his speeches were illustrated with the incidents of the chase, and he ignored the claims of authors to be rewarded for their efforts with posts and pensions. This had turned them all against him,

from Pope and Swift (who dubbed him "Bob the poet's foe") to the denizens of Grub Street.

The Excise Bill brought forward by Walpole in 1731 gave the Opposition their first real opportunity. It was a sensible measure intended chiefly to adjust existing taxation, not to impose more, but pamphlets and lampoons against it were showered over the country. The nation, seized with panic, thought their all was at stake and chanted, "No slavery, no excise, no wooden shoes." They had been told by the Opposition they would be reduced to wearing wooden shoes. Walpole was burnt in effigy in various places, and he and his followers were assaulted by the populace.

Something of the feeling against the Bill is to be found in a letter from Lord Coventry, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire, to Sir Thomas Lyttelton, who had written to ask for his help in the impending General Election. Lord Coventry was not a supporter of Walpole, but he was a Whig, and in the previous election had supported Sir Thomas. He wrote on March 15th, 1732, to say that he had a "very great regard" for Sir Thomas, "which I expressed when asked for my interest to represent our County," adding :

As my system of acting then and always shall be to maintain the liberties of my Country, I conceive that the scheme of Excise to be laid before the House very soon will be destructive of trade, which is the support of this Island, [and that it will] increase Civil Officers, in my opinion more dangerous than military ones, yet I shall be very happy if your sentiments and mine does concur in the mischief of this project. As was at your request I gave no opposition the last Election, so it will be with the utmost reluctance if my interest should not have the same influence in

the next choice. The freedom of this letter is in perfect friendship.

In his reply Sir Thomas, who was for the Bill, expressed his appreciation of Lord Coventry's "favour and friendship," but added in some perturbation :

It will be the greatest affliction to me if I must now forfeit your good opinion by being for a question which I most solemnly protest I am convinced is calculated for the service of the publick, and in particular of my constituents the Freeholders. [He assured Lord Coventry that if he could see in it] any of the dangerous tendencies you apprehend, I would not only hazard that which some may think a strong tye upon me, but ten times the value of it, rather than assent to it (alluding to his post at the Admiralty). I have gon too far in declaring my sentiments in this affair to go back unless some new lights should occur to make me change my opinion, and hope that your Lordship will not bear so hard with me and carry your resentment so far as to encourage an opposition against me, which must raise a ferment in the Country . . . on account of my voting for a thing for which there is at least so much to be said as does induce many gentlemen, who I am sure your Lordship will allow to be uninfluenced, to concur with me.

Walpole was amazed at the opposition roused in the country, and kept the scheme back for some time, hoping the feeling would subside; but this Pulteney and the rest would not allow. A petition from the City against the Bill was conveyed to the House in a procession that reached from Temple Bar to Westminster Hall. The debate upon it took place on April 3, 1733, and lasted till midnight. It was carried only by seventeen votes, but such was the clamour in the country that Sir Robert smiled "an unpleased smile," and said, "This dance it shall no further go."

He dropped the Bill; but wreaked vengeance as far as he could, on all who had voted against it. Chesterfield and a troop of peers were dismissed from their posts. Lord Cobham, Lady Lyttelton's brother, was removed from the command of the regiment he had raised himself.

The General Election did not take place for another year. In the meantime a formidable adversary was enlisted against Sir Thomas Lyttelton, in the person of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, a deadly enemy of Walpole, and whose "wealth and landed interest were so great that she was able in some degree to control the public loans and affect the rate of interest."¹ She issued her commands to the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, in a letter to Dr. Sandby, one of the prebendaries. He had been an army chaplain and secretary to General Churchill, Marlborough's brother, and through the Duke had been made prebendary.

*Tunbridge Wells,
August 26, 1733.*

SIR,

You may very well wonder at this address from one that has not only received justice, but great civility, and some favour, when I have had occasion to apply to you and the Chapter in my affairs; and yet have never had opportunity of expressing myself as I wish always to do when I am obliged. I am sensible likewise, that what I am going to write may seem impertinent, because my simple sex are not allowed to be judges in such matters. However, I venture to trouble you with this, having been desired by one that I am sure is perfectly honest, to make what interest I can for votes in the choice of the next Parliament, tho' it won't be this twelvemonth. And I own I wondered to see so much application as there is, so long before the time; but I am told 'tis absolutely

¹ Stanhope: *History of England*.

necessary because people are very busy about it that I am sure design no good to the publick. And I say this from being an eye-witness for many years of what has passed. And after the pains which has been taken to prevent looking into frauds, to refuse the publick an account of things which they have a right to be satisfied in, and to raise such vast sums of money for troops that could be of no use to England, if the money had really been paid, as pretended, upon a nation already so overloaded with debt, every man that is capable of reflection must see that we have nothing left to preserve our valuable liberties but the choice of a wise and honest Parliament.

And before I came to the chief reason of my writing to you, I will beg leave to tell you what I have done myself and what I will ever do upon such occasions. Having a very great estate in my own power I have writ to all my tenants and people that I have influence over, to desire that they would not engage to promise anybody their votes till 'tis seen what members will offer. And then I shall desire of them to give all my interest to such as have the best characters and the best estates, without distinction of that odious thing, Party—which I have seen kept up for so many years on each side: by turns, only for the advantage of the leaders, without any honest regard for the good of the nation—and never to be for any man that has an employment, since experience shews us how few there are that have virtue enough to vote on the side of reason and justice when they must lose by it a profitable place or the hopes of a title, and other trifles not necessary to mention.

I acknowledge this caution will not always serve, because 'tis evident that men of great estates have been so weak or so covetous as to do so very wrong things to do more; which in my opinion is like a man that out of fondness for the present gain, will take a false mortgage to have so much more per cent. To preserve the laws of England has cost a great deal of blood and treasure, and has been the occasion of forcing some

things to be done that I believe everybody was sorry to do; and after that it would be a sad thing to give up the rights of England to any Minister whatever. Some people will answer to this that nothing done by Parliament is against law; but I think there is nothing so bad as to make laws void by a corrupt Parliament. And tho' one can't be sure that a man may not be bought after he is in the House, yet certainly a member that has never voted an ill thing and has a good estate, is most likely to serve his country well.

The members that are candidates for Worcestershire are Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Sir Herbert Packington and Mr. Lechmere. I don't know the two latter, but I do know that Sir Thomas Lyttelton has always voted as he is directed; and 'twas for that reason I imagine, he has an employment he can know nothing of. He is my cousin,¹ but he ought not to take what I say ill, because I do solemnly protest if I had a son that would from weakness or any bye-end, be influenced to act anything against the true national interest—if I had a thousand votes I would give them all against him.

And now 'tis high time to beg pardon for so long a letter upon this subject, which I am persuaded you will have the goodness to forgive, because it is the truth, and because I am with the greatest respect imaginable, Sir,

Your most faithful and most obedient servant,
S. MARLBOROUGH.

The trembling prebendary doubtless made known these august commands, with due effect upon the Dean and Chapter. The Election took place in the spring of 1734. Rather than let the Tories in, Lord Coventry finally agreed to support Sir Thomas, but that he did so in no willing spirit is shown in a letter

¹ The Duchess, Sir Thomas, and his wife were descended respectively from the third, second and eldest sons of John Temple, of Stowe, who died 1603.

he sent round to the electors within his sphere of influence.

GENTLEMEN AND NEIGHBOURS,

Sir Herbert Packington and Mr. Lechmere having declared themselves candidates for this county the next election, I am necessitated to expouse Sir Thomas Lyttelton, as I may support the Interest, I flatter myself, my son Lord Viscount Deerhurst may have that favour for the choice after this election; and you will oblige me to accept my recommendation now referring yourself, while some proper person may be thought of to join Sir Thomas Lyttelton.

I am, Gentlemen and Neighbours,
Your friend and Servant,
COVENTRY.

On the back of the copy of this letter are some doggerel lines, entitled "An Epistle from an Irish Peer¹ to his Worcestershire neighbours":

Good honest gentlemen and neighbours,
To you I dedicate my labours.
Poll Packington and Ned Lechmere
Are candidates for Worcestershire;
But since I want a friend at Court
As I my int'rest may support,
Urged by necessity I choose
Sir Thomas Lyttelton to espouse;
Flattering myself, my dear Lord Deerhurst,
Howe'er plebeian wretches sneer us,
A babe polite and debonnair,
As like his Dad as he can stare.
Now when the youth attains his prime,
May have your votes another time.
I recommend, and you'll accept,
I need not doubt, the sweet adept.

In spite of the tepid support of the Lord Lieutenant, Sir Thomas canvassed hard, helped by his son George, who made his first appearance on the hustings. There

¹ Lord Coventry was not an Irish peer—this must be some forgotten joke.

is a letter from Sir Thomas to his niece Molly West ¹ on April 20th :

I have not been idle an hour since I came home, nor shall I till the day is over. I have fresh reason to suspect the weakness of my noble Lord's great interest he assured me of. He is fondling his dear wife at Bath and troubles not himself what becomes of me. I go on Tuesday to Sessions to meet the other candidates to settle preliminaries for the poll. If I had time I could spin this letter out to a much greater length with pleasure, for it is the only one I have writ since we parted, by choice. I would tell you how delightfull the park is, which I only know by hearsay, for I have had hardly time to step into it, and that there will be a vast crop of cherries which I hope you'll have your share of, and many more such pretty things, but must bid you adieu. George was very dull the first day or two, but is now in very good spirits and perfectly easy in appearance.

Lord Coventry not only remained at Bath, but refused to let his nephew represent him "on the pretence that he could not leave his studies at the Temple." ² This, with other marks of Lord Coventry's lack of interest, made Sir Thomas take a step he regretted much afterwards. He suddenly threw up the contest, only a week before the poll, and wrote to his second son Charles, then at Oxford, whom he had desired to notify Worcestershire freeholders there of the election day :

You must let them know that they may save themselves the trouble of a journey, for I have deter-

¹ Daughter of Lady Lyttelton's eldest sister, Maria, who married Dr. West.

² In elections for the county "the rival hosts were marshalled under banners of great families who fought each other for the lead of the county, and who rode to the poll at the head of cavalcades of gentry and yeomen, their hats streaming with ribbons of yellow or blue."—(Trevelyan : *British History in the Nineteenth Century*.)

mined to desist. You may be sure for a very good reason, because I have too plain a conviction that I should not succeed. This is a little vexatious after all the trouble and expence I have been at and put my friends to, but there is no help but by making oneself as easy as one can under disappointments. Had some of my friends who promised largely performed with equal spirit, matters had gone much better. God bless you. Your brother sett out this morning for Old Sarum to vote for Pitt and Needham.

This decision threw Worcestershire to the Tories and raised a storm of indignation in Whig strongholds throughout the county. For years it was an evergreen topic at many a hall and manor, discussed with zest and acrimony over countless bottles of port, till the candles burnt low and dawn crept through the shutters. Sir Thomas was never forgiven in south Worcestershire and the Lord Lieutenant was blamed in the north, where the Lyttelton interest lay. Some six years later when another General Election was impending, Lord Coventry referred to this in a letter to the baronet proposing that their eldest sons should stand for the county together. Sir Thomas agreed to the proposal, but added :

Your Lordship seems to think it hard that you should be comprehended in the blame of my desisting. This must arise from your Lordship's having a different opinion of your conduct than I and everybody else have all along had of it. . . . I am willing to believe your intentions were good and promises sincere, nor have I imputed the contrary to you; but the careless and loose manner of putting them into execution is that which I complain of, and the justness of my complaint, whatever your Lordship may imagine, would undoubtedly have appeared to our great disappointment if the issue had been tried.

I chuse to forbear entering into particulars at this

distance only thus far, that if your interest had been managed as it might have been, or had you not at least denied my request of sending your nephew to head your people, without giving me any reason for it; or if my servant had found your agent prepared with any orders about bringing them in, when I sent to enquire of him upon so important a point just before I gave up, I certainly would not have taken a resolution so disagreeable to my friends and so very prejudicial to myself. Could I be ignorant that what I did was at once parting with the fruits of the chief labours of my life; and can anybody believe I would do this wantonly, without being at least fully persuaded that perseverance would not have been to any good purpose? However, if I had foreseen the uneasiness my friends have expressed, I would have gone on whatever the consequences might have been, for nothing could be worse to me than the anxiety I feel upon that account; tho' I was so ill at that time that I very much question whether I should have been able to have bore the fatigue of the last week's work without sinking under it.

Upon the whole, my Lord, I wish as far as may be that what is past may be forgot, and let us look forward and retrieve if possible the mischief that is don, in which I shall be proud to join my utmost endeavours with your Lordship upon every occasion that offers. . . .

While he admitted his mistake, Sir Thomas did not mean Lord Coventry's part in it to be entirely "forgot." To his copy of the letter he added a note: "Lord Coventry did not spend any thing in any of his mannors; so far from it that his steward sent to me to send Taylor [Sir Thomas's election agent] to treat even at Croomb,¹ and I did so."

After the disaster in Worcestershire, Sir Thomas found refuge in his son-in-law's borough of Camelford,

¹ Lord Coventry lived at Croomb, now spelt Croome.

in Cornwall. Thomas Pitt, rich in pocket boroughs, also secured the election of his brother-in-law Needham for Old Sarum, and George Lyttelton and himself for Oakhampton.¹

Before he went abroad George had made friends with the brilliant Lord Hervey, Vice-Chamberlain to the King, who is described in the pages of Walpole and Pope in no very pleasant terms. Sir Thomas, a better judge of character than his son ever became, did not approve of the friendship, judging from a letter from George written early in 1728 :

The news you tell me of Lord Hervey does not a little please me. Whatever does him honour in your opinion is of advantage to me, as it will render the friendship that is between us more agreeable to you; for my satisfaction in his acquaintance has always been checked by observing you had not that esteem for him as I could wish you had for all my friends, but I hope he will deserve it better every day.”²

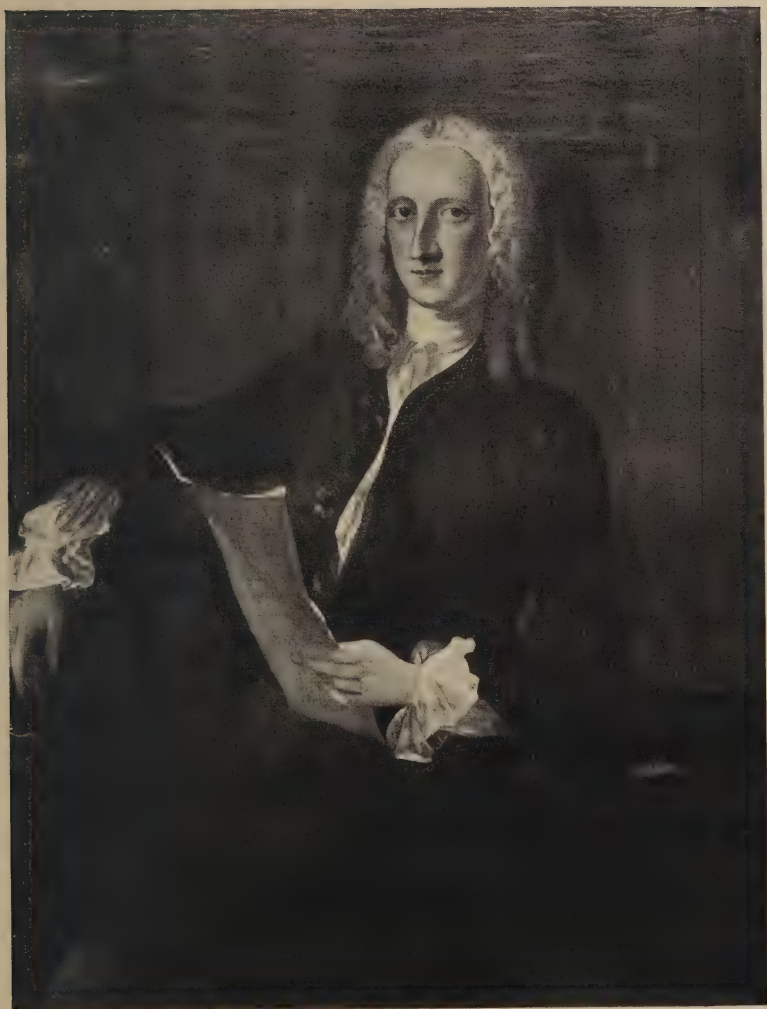
Later on George himself felt some uneasiness on his friend's behalf, and soon after his return thus addressed him :

Favourite of nature and of the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by nature formed in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long absent and forgotten friend.
(Who). . . . Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
Has found the happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine.
'Tis not to view the well proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's or of Raphael's style,
That lulls the tumult of the soul to rest,

.

¹ Okehampton was then so spelt.

² There is one slighting reference to Sir Thomas in Hervey's Memoirs, from which it appears he had an impediment in his speech.



[Vanloo.]

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

By kind permission of General Sir Arthur Lyttelton-Annesley, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

Through various toils to seek content we roam,
Which but with *thinking right* were ours at home.

Happy is he and he alone who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In generous love of others good to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy.

(Here he quotes Horace, who "in the Palace of Augustus" practised philosophy as steadfastly as when "in the Sabine or the Velian shade.")

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the dizzy scene with sober thought.
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind,
In shew, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

Those acquainted with Hervey's Memoirs can imagine how he would take this advice; in them is to be found a scathing picture of his quondam friend.

Mr. Lyttelton was in his figure extremely tall and thin; his face was so ugly, his person so ill made, and his carriage so awkward, that every feature was a blemish, every limb an encumbrance, and every motion a disgrace; but as disagreeable as his figure was, his voice was still more so, and his address more disagreeable than either. He had a great flow of words that were always uttered in a lulling monotony, and the little meaning they had to boast of was generally borrowed from the commonplace maxims of moralists, philosophers, patriots and poets, half digested, ill put together and confusedly refunded.

There was a good deal of truth in this description; even people who liked Lyttelton were irked by his manners. The fastidious Chesterfield declared that while he sincerely esteemed him, "for the soul of me

I cannot love him in company," and held him up as a terrible example to his own awkward son.

You have often seen, and I have as often made you observe, Lyttelton's distinguished inattention and awkwardness. . . . He does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight, or answers them at cross purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his sword in another, and would leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not save them. His head, always hanging upon one or other of his shoulders, seems to have received the first stroke upon a block. . .

"His legs and arms continually committing acts of hostility on the graces," comes in another description, which though unnamed is clearly from the same unhappy model. "He disputes with heat and indiscrimination, mindless with whom he disputes; absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors, and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three." After an unattractive description of Lyttelton's manner of eating—"Is it possible to love such a man?" demands Chesterfield with a shudder. "No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot."¹

Mr. Poyntz, the ambassador, though he did not share

¹ It has sometimes been thought that Dr. Johnson was the original of this description, but Chesterfield would never have expected the great lexicographer to be a model for "the Graces"; besides, he did not know Johnson well. "Lord Chesterfield never saw me eat in his life," Johnson told Boswell; he was certain that Lyttelton was the person described. "In which I could by no means agree," says Boswell, Lyttelton having "nothing of the violence which is a conspicuous feature in the composition." A pertinent comment, as Lyttelton was by nature the mildest of men; but in early life under the influence of Pitt he was more tempestuous and, from Chesterfield's point of view at least, in the wrong place.

Chesterfield's courtly distaste, regretted to Sir Thomas the "sickness of mind" that caused George to fall into "reveries" which he thought partly accounted for his poor digestion, as they

divert his spirits from their proper function even at meals . . . though without the least tincture of melancholy. His mind is always chearful and active, and full of benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country as I verily believe will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind and ill state of bodily health are the two points most necessary to guard against in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

Mr. Lyttelton spent much of his time with his uncle, Lord Cobham, an old soldier who had fought under Marlborough, had married an heiress, and built the vast palace of Stowe. He ornamented the grounds with temples and urns dedicated to the Muses, the virtues and his friends; for though his conversation was more suited to the camp than the drawing-room, Lord Cobham liked to be considered a patron of art and literature. He welcomed at Stowe minor poets such as Glover, Hammond and Mallet, and the poet in chief, Mr. Pope; as well as the leaders of the Opposition, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield and Pulteney. For Cobham hated Walpole too, and stronger than his regard for the Muses was his desire for political power, though he confined this chiefly to pulling the strings in the background. He gathered round him all the promising young men of the day, beginning with his many nephews, Grenvilles, Wests and Lytteltons; and among others, Thomas Pitt and his brother William, who in 1730 obtained a cornetcy in

the Field-Marshal's regiment of horse.¹ It is not surprising that these young men were drawn by the brilliant throng at Stowe to join the Opposition, which in itself, to an ardent youth, opened a more captivating prospect than that of sitting behind Sir Robert and obeying his every nod, and was enhanced by the ideal of patriotism which its leaders wove into their desire to depose Walpole and rule in his stead.

About the year 1732 Lyttelton was presented to the Prince of Wales, who at once took him into high favour and made him equerry. Frederic had come over from Hanover in 1729, aged twenty-one, two years after his father succeeded to the throne. George II's hatred for his eldest son was only equalled by his own father's hatred for him. He kept Frederic out of England till the Ministers remonstrated, and the Prince was then sent for. Though he spoke no English, he made at first a very good impression, being good-natured, lively and easy of access. "The most agreeable young man it is possible to imagine, without being the least handsome," wrote a lady of the Court with enthusiasm; "his person little but very well made and genteel; a liveliness in his eyes that is indescribable, and the most obliging address that can be conceived." She also noted that there seemed to be great affection between the Prince and his parents; but in reality there was none, and they tried to keep him in the background. This was not possible for long. Soon he was surrounded by the Opposition, who glorified him into a hero and talked of the good time coming when he would be King. It was only gradually realised that he was one of the most futile and undependable of mortals. In later years he quarrelled with Lyttelton and demanded

¹ Cobham's Horse, now the 1st Dragoon Guards.

that his letters should be returned. There are therefore no records of their friendship at Hagley except two notes from the Prince, and copies of two or three from Lyttelton which show him to have been an honest and courageous counsellor. The first is endorsed : " Copy of a letter I wrote to the Prince the second year of our acquaintance, before I came into Parliament. N.B.—He then advised with me in all his affairs, for I was his chief favourite " :

SIR,

The extream impatience with which your Royal Highness heard me speak this morning, obliges me to take this method of representing most humbly to you the great difficulty and uneasiness in which I find myself. I desire to be obliged to your R.H. every way that is consistent with your service and my honour. I shall always be proud to receive any mark of your favour, but to put you to expence without necessity is what I never could consent to, though it was as easy for your R.H. to find money as I know it to be difficult. Were my father to object to my staying in town (which I do believe is necessary for your service at this conjuncture) on account of the expence, I would not scruple to remove that objection by accepting such assistance as your goodness would offer me; but as long as my father is not uneasy on that account, I beseech your R.H. to let me serve you without being paid for it.

How can I ever advise you (as is my duty) to economy in other instances when I suffer you to be lavish in this? And what will you think of me when I tell you that if you don't set some bounds to your generosity, it will certainly ruin your affairs? For God's sake, Sir, permit me to keep my actions consistent with my words, and as this is the first petition I have made you, do not answer it with a denial, but give me leave to return again, with a thousand thanks, the bank bill you forced into my hands. I assure

your R.H. by this compliance you will do me the greatest pleasure, and I shall be encouraged to serve you always with that free and disinterested zeal which has hitherto governed all my conduct.

I am with the greatest passion and respect, Sir,
Your Royal Highness's most devoted and
most obliged humble servant,
GEORGE LYTTTELTON.

There would not seem on the face of it to be much in common between the feather-brained Prince and the serious Lyttelton; but Frederic, partly no doubt because his father despised "bainting and boetry," set himself to be a patron of those arts, and through Lyttelton many a needy author was brought to his notice and given rewards.

Pope was the first, and, at this time, the most famous, of George's literary friends. When in Rome the young man had sent a poem to his father, saying, "If you like the enclosed verses, I desire you would give them to Mr. Pope, to whom I have taken the liberty to address them. They contain a good piece of advice, and I hope it is given in a manner that will make it acceptable." The gist of the poem, which is a lengthy one, beginning, "Immortal Bard! The darken'd Age's last remaining light!" was to beg Pope to give up writing satires, and no longer, "when each soft engaging Muse is thine, Address the least attractive of the Nine." This advice George conveyed in the form of a message from Virgil, whom he pretended had appeared to him in a dream. It does not seem to have offended Pope, though the virulence of his satires did not abate one jot. A letter to him from Lyttelton, written in 1738, gives a pleasant notion of their friendship.

I am now so much recovered that I grow very impatient to get away from Bath. You need not

be told that the desire of seeing you is one great cause of that impatience, but to shew you how much I am master of my passions, I will be quiet for a week or ten days longer and then come to you in the most outrageous spirits and upset you like Bounce, when you let her loose after a regimen of physick and confinement.

Bounce was a large brown hound. In a portrait of Pope at Hagley, she is by his side looking lovingly up at him.

That same year Pope wrote to Swift: "at the request of a very particular and deserving friend . . . I mean Mr. Lyttelton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son whom I beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my nurse and so does Lyttelton; he is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependants and acquaintances. He is one who would apply to any person to please me or to serve mine."

The Dean complied with the request, and in the following year, through Pope, sought Lyttelton's aid for a friend of his. "Lyttelton was more prompt to catch, than I to give fire," replied Pope, "and flew to the Prince, who was pleased to please you." Whereupon Swift thanked George in a letter docketed as being "written 3 years after the commencement of his decay."

*Deanery House, Dublin,
July 5, 1739.*

SR,

You treat me very hard by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb, which deserves mine and my Chapter's thanks for recommending so usefull a person to my quire. . . . In one article you are greatly mistaken; for however ignorant we may be in the affairs of

England, your character is as well known among us in every particular as it is in the Prince your Master's Court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politicks. For in a letter I wrot to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. Mac-Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, learned, honest and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the Prince to prevail with the University to chuze him for a member to represent their learned body in Parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill deceased. I have just been now informed that some of the Fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance to the Prince of Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal, and therefore have desired His Royal Highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their Chancellor what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding on this occasion against their Chancellor, Heir of the Crown, is universally condemned here; and seems to be the last effort of such men who, without duly considering, make rash promises not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire that His Royal Highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem and veneration I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light, and the people infallibly reckon upon a Golden Age in both kingdoms when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the libertyes of his people. I ought to accuse you highly for your ill treatment of me by wishing yourself in the number of my friends. But you shall be pardoned if you please to be one of my protectors, and your protection cannot be long; you shall therefore make it up in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude, and you,

Sir, whom I have never seen, will never be forgot by me till I am dead.

Honourable Sr,

With the highest respect,

Your most obedient and most obliged
humble servant,

JONATH : SWIFT.

The election of 1734 had gone in favour of Walpole. Once again he was Prime Minister, heading his phalanx of dumb but faithful squires, and well able to cope with the Opposition, whose leaders were hampered by being, said Hervey : " as ill with one another as with those they opposed. Lord Carteret and Lord Bolingbroke had no correspondence at all ; Mr. Pulteney and Lord Bolingbroke hated one another ; Lord Carteret and Pulteney were jealous of one another ; Sir William Wyndham and Pulteney the same, whilst Lord Chesterfield had a little correspondence with all but was confided in by none of them."

Carteret led the Opposition in the Lords, Pulteney in the Commons, and Wyndham was leader of the Tories. This inharmonious band was strengthened in the new Parliament by an influx of keen young men, who called themselves the " Young Patriots." Among them were Lyttelton, two Pitts and Richard Grenville, who were labelled " Cobham's Cubs," or " the Cousinhood." Sir Robert was so much alarmed by the reputed abilities, of William Pitt and Lyttelton that he made Thomas Pitt " considerable offers " to induce him not to bring them into Parliament.¹ Pitt and Lyttelton had been bracketed together since Eton days, both from their close friendship and as youths of great promise. In the

¹ Camelford MSS. Thomas Pitt, afterwards first Lord Camelford, was son of William's elder brother Thomas. He wrote a memoir of his times, which is in MSS. at Dropmore.

eyes of the world, indeed, through his connection with the Prince and his literary efforts, Lyttelton stood first; for Pitt till he came into Parliament was abroad or quartered in country districts with his regiment, and his outstanding abilities were recognised by a comparatively small circle. But he soon made his name.

On April 27, 1736, the Prince of Wales was married to Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. The King, to mark his disapproval of his son, allowed no festivities, and made no settlements on the bride. Two days later a motion for an address to be presented to the King on the happy event was made by Pulteney. No one on the Court side dared allude to it, as the King had made it known he would take it as an insult. "Upon this occasion," says Hervey, "Mr. Grenville, Mr. Lyttelton and Cornet Pitt got up one after the other, ostensibly to support the measure, and in terms of excessive loyalty to praise the Prince at the expense of the King and Queen." Lyttelton's speech attracted most public attention,¹ but the Court was far more alarmed by Pitt's speech, which with covert satire enlarged upon the devotion of the King and Queen for their son and the joy they must feel in the marriage.

"We must muzzle this terrible young Cornet of Horse," said Walpole, and at the end of the session Pitt was dismissed from his regiment. His friends were more concerned than he was. "I was surprised at billy Pitt's disgrace, which I am sorry for," wrote the gentle Lady Lyttelton to her son Charles. "I hear he seems easy about it; I hope he has reason to be so." Pitt certainly had reason to be easy, for he had sprung into fame in a day. He drove about the country in a one-horse chaise, everywhere

¹ The French Envoy sent a full report of Lyttelton's speech to Paris, but did not mention Pitt.

acclaimed as an injured hero. Lyttelton wrote a poem on the occasion,¹ and the Prince of Wales took him into his favour, and later made him a Groom of the Bedchamber. One day in the autumn of this year, Queen Caroline asked Lord Hervey who could have written two letters she had just received from her son, written in French.

Hervey said "that the Prince was not now well enough with Lord Chesterfield to have consulted him, and besides, that Lord Chesterfield would have written better French, as well as with more turns and points; that Mr. Lyttelton would have been more verbose, and that therefore he should imagine it was the work of young Pitt, who was now perpetually with the Prince and at present in the first rank of his favour."

Frederic now set himself to annoy his parents more than ever before, encouraged by the Tory section of his followers, who hoped by this means to hurt Walpole as well. Before his marriage the Prince had asked his father for a fixed allowance, as he only received a voluntary sum of £50,000 from the King, which might be withdrawn at any moment. The King made no response, and early in 1737, Frederic, at the instigation of Bolingbroke, resolved to ask Parliament for a grant of £100,000 a year. The scheme had been long in maturing, for there is a letter from Lyttelton written in October 1735, docketed, "Copy of my letter to the Prince of Wales, written upon an opinion which then prevailed, that on the occasion of his marriage an addition to his income might be asked, to which he seemed to give ear."

¹ Long had thy virtues marked thee out for fame
Far, far superior to a cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw and grieved to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from the free-born hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

Mr. Lyttelton was strongly against the scheme, and he began by saying that though aware that the Prince would not long be in doubt in a question between honour and interest,

yet as I also know that the interests of your friends, or those who call themselves by that name, weigh with you more than your own, and as I am persuaded that on the occasion of your marriage some of those gentlemen will not fail to press your Royal Highness to take the easiest method of enabling you to provide more plentifully for them, I most humbly beg leave, out of zeal for your real service, to lay before you in writing some thoughts on that subject which your Royal Highness may thus consider more at leisure than you could in the warmth and hurry of discourse.

This seems to indicate that the equerry's sensible but long-winded periods were apt to be brought to an abrupt close by the lively Prince, especially when the advice given was against his inclination. Mr. Lyttelton went on : “ . . . It is above all things your interest to gain the affection of the publick,” and he believed that no addition to the ample provision already made to the Royal Family in the Civil List could be made “ without creating a universal discontent and rendering the family more unpopular than ever.”

But perhaps you may be told that the odium of such a measure would fall on the Court, not on you, if you are only passive in it, and quietly take what they can get for you from the Parliament and the people. Alas, Sir ! can you hope that the enemies of the family, the Jacobite party, will not find the means of involving your Royal Highness in the common dislike of this proceeding? Will they not represent the whole affair as a proof of a better understanding between you and the Court than you have hitherto desired should be thought to subsist? And may not this

calumny, groundless as it is, find too easy a belief among many of the people who are at too great a distance from your Royal Highness to be rightly informed of your intentions, or to separate you from the authors of such an odious extortion?

Even admitting that your Royal Highness by continuing wholly passive and leaving the Court to manage this affair, may keep your own reputation entirely unblemished, and receive the profit without incurring the resentment, the loss would still very far exceed the gain. You would lose, Sir, the inestimable opportunity of endearing yourself for ever to the nation, by shewing that publick spirit which distinguishes you from every Prince in Europe. What can those who truly love you desire more of fortune than an occasion which must set you at once at the head of the Opposition, without the least appearance of your conduct being influenced by any other interest than the interest of the Publick. . . .

Give me leave on this subject to remind your Royal Highness of what you said at Mr. Pope's, where you was heard with such emotions of joy and gratitude by all who were present. *You said you would gladly reduce yourself to live upon no more than three hundred pounds a year* if you could but hope to lessen the National Debt; the state of which you had set forth to us with so much knowledge and so deep a sense of the mischiefs attending upon it. Will you now, sir, *unsay* all this again, and yourself contribute to lay a heavier load upon the nation? Will you suffer your name to be used by those ministers whose conduct you arraigned, and who will even dare to call themselves your servants while they are oppressing that people whom you love and increasing those burthens which you deplore? God forbid that this should happen. It never can happen while your Royal Highness preserves that generous spirit which, I trust, will be as lasting as it is necessary to your glory and to the happiness of the Kingdom. For the sake of these I have often seen you resist both promises

and threats; for the sake of *these* I shall see you resist yet more. . . .

Lyttelton's arguments perhaps had some effect on his master, for the project was laid aside for some time; but when the King made no settlements on the Princess it cropped up again. In February 1737 Pulteney proposed it in the House of Commons, and the motion was only defeated because Sir William Wyndham and forty-four Tories did not vote.

Relations between the Prince and his parents now became strained to breaking-point. The Princess and he had lived since their marriage with the King and Queen at Hampton Court, or Kensington Palace, but the King ignored his existence, and the Queen never spoke to him. Court life under such circumstances must have been difficult, especially for the poor courtiers, who dared not offend the King, but at the same time dismally reflected upon their fate should they offend the Prince and the King were to die.

The crisis came that summer when Frederic, solely to enrage his parents, hurried his wife up from Hampton Court to St. James's on the very eve of her confinement, over the fearful roads. The child, a girl, was born directly they arrived. Hervey gives a full description of the flight, and of the fury of the King and Queen, who had no idea the Prince and Princess had left the palace. Queen Caroline hurried up to London and saw the child, which she had been prepared to think was a changeling, had it been, as she said, a "brave, large, fat, jolly boy" instead of a "poor little ugly she-mouse." She kissed the Princess, and listened silently to all the Prince had to say in excuse, but afterwards she burst out against him to Hervey and the Duke of Grafton: "Was there ever such monstrous conduct? Such a fool and such an

insolent impertinent fool; and with such an impudence to receive us all with an ease as if nothing had happened, and that we were all the best friends in the world!" "However, I am glad we came," she wound up, "for though one does not care a farthing for them, the giving oneself all this trouble is *une bonne grimace pour le publique*."

When she told the King about it he broke out into exclamations of "Scoundrel and puppy!" "Knave and fool!" "Liar and coward!" But no more than he usually did in speaking of his son and heir. However, urged on by the Queen and Walpole, he took immediate steps to punish him. These are retailed in Lyttelton's letters to his father, naturally from his master's point of view.

August 11, 1737. The pleasure we felt at the birth of the young P—ess has been clouded since by a message from the King expressing the highest resentment against his R.H. for carrying the P—ess to lie in at St. James', though it was done at her own earnest desire, and when the danger she was in of wanting all necessary help where she was (there being neither midwife, nurse, nor anything there), gave the P. no time for deliberation. All these reasons and more, were modestly urged by his R.H. to justify his conduct and to appease the anger of the K. in a letter he wrote in answer to the message; but not meeting with the success which he hoped from it, and being still forbid to wait on his M., he wrote a second, in which, waiving all apologies, he asked pardon in the most submissive manner and exprest the greatest affliction at lying under his M.'s displeasure. To which no answer was given but that, this letter being the same in substance with the former, the K. would make no other answer to it. Upon this foot it remains, but we have the solid satisfaction of seeing the P—ess and child both in good health and likely to remain so.

A week later he wrote again :

The situation the P. is in does, I daresay, give you great concern as well as me. No submission on his side has been wanting to obtain a pardon for the fault laid to his charge and avoid a rupture of which that would be the cause; but these submissions have not been able to prevent one, and a door is shut to all further applications by his M. having forbid him to reply. Another subsequent order has occasioned some of his servants laying down their offices, and last Tuesday morning Mr. [James] Pelham, contrary to the tattle of the Court, and, I believe, the expectation of the P., resigned the seals [as private secretary] which his R.H., unsolicited by me and without my expecting it, immediately gave to me.

I need not tell you that while my being in his service would have brought any difficulty upon his conduct or mine, no consideration should have induced me to accept of this or any other employment in his family; but these doubts no longer subsisting, I could not decline, with any respect to him or credit to myself the honour of serving him in the way he desired.

The “subsequent order” was one forbidding all persons who went to the Prince’s Court, or were in his service, to be admitted to the King’s presence at any of the royal palaces. The difficulty Lyttelton alluded to was that some of the more cautious among the Prince’s friends were against his being made secretary, because, Lyttelton being in open opposition to the Court, it would put Frederic definitely into the Opposition camp. This the King’s order made inevitable.

King George next commanded his son to leave St. James’s at once, and the Prince and his family moved into Norfolk House, St. James’s Square, which he took while Carlton House was put under repair.

Leicester House, with which his name is chiefly connected, was used only as an official residence.

Before many months went by it seemed as if the hopes of the Opposition might be realised. Queen Caroline was seized with a dangerous illness, and as it was known that her influence made Walpole all-powerful with the King, great was the rejoicing at Leicester House when it was heard she was likely to die. The Prince hurried up from the country to Norfolk House directly he heard the news, and sat up all night and every night, continually sending messages to the palace, and saying, "Well, sure we shall have good news; she cannot hold out much longer." He tried to see her, but the King sent a message by Lord Hervey forbidding him to come to St. James's. Queen Caroline was not told of this at first and expressed surprise that the Prince had not asked to see her, but felt sure he would, "because he will think it well to have a good air in the world . . . and perhaps hopes I shall be fool enough to let him come, and give him the pleasure of seeing my last breath go out of my body; by which means he would have the joy of knowing I was dead five minutes sooner than he would know it in Pall Mall." The King then told her she was safe from intrusion.

On November 12, 1737, Chesterfield wrote to Lyttelton, to mark out the Opposition plan of campaign should the Queen die. He was then at Bath for his health.

This is in answer to your separate letter to me, before I have talked with Pulteney upon this important subject. His opinion and my *seeming* one will be contained in another letter. As I suppose the Queen will be dead or out of danger before you receive this, any advice to his Royal Highness will come full late, but in all events it is my opinion that he cannot take

too many and too respectful measures towards the Queen if alive, and towards the King if she is dead. But then that respect should be absolutely personal, and care should be taken that the ministers should not have the least share of it. . . . In case the Queen dies I think Walpole should be looked upon as gone too, whether he be really so or no, which will be the most likely way to weaken him. For if he be supposed to inherit the Queen's power over the King, it will in some degree give it him; and if the Opposition are wise, instead of treating with him they should attack him most vigorously and personally, as a person who has lost his chief support; which is indeed true, for though he may have more power with the King than any other body, yet he will never have that kind of power which he had by her means; and he will not even dare to mention many things to the King which he could without difficulty have brought about by her means.

Chesterfield wrote again three days later, going more fully into Walpole's difficulties and urging on the Prince to remain firm in opposition. His fear was lest Frederic be talked into a reconciliation with the King by the more moderate among his followers, who hoped to be taken into the Government if it came about. Chesterfield knew that he himself was too much disliked by both the King and Walpole to have any chance of office while Walpole remained in power. Pulteney was one of the waverers; in one of his letters from Bath Chesterfield told Lyttelton that

It would be endless to give you an account of the various sallies and extravagancies of Pulteney, which change oftener than the wind. His main attention is to pick up a few guineas at whisk. He despises me too much to talk to me about business, unless some new-born freak breaks out of him involuntarily. But the only judgement I can form of him is that he will

get as much power and as much money as soon as he can, and upon any terms.

Chesterfield wrote again from Bath, November 15, 1737 :

Having a safe conveyance for this letter, and being glad of any opportunity of conversing with you, I trouble you now with thoughts which upon further deliberation have occurred to me upon what I now hope to be the present situation of affairs ; I mean the death of the Queen. It is most certain that Sir Robert must be in the utmost distress and can never hope to govern the King as the Queen governed him. This truth is so obvious to every body that many people in place will act very differently with respect to Sir Robert from what they used to do while they knew that he governed her who absolutely governed the King. The Chancellor,¹ the Duke of Argyll,² nay even the wretched President,³ will all pretend to have something to say, which whether at first it will have any effect upon the King or not, I don't know ; but it must and will upon Sir Robert, whose corrupt and shameless followers will be looking out sharp, raising their demands, and making his management of the House of Commons exceedingly difficult, if not impracticable. Nay, Sir Robert himself will be looking out as well as they, and will be very unwilling to have his security depend upon the sudden and variable passions of his Majesty.

In these circumstances nothing will more hasten his retreat if he is inclined to retire, nor his ruin if he is resolved to stand it out, than the part which the Prince may, ought, and therefore I am persuaded will act. If His Royal Highness resents, as a Prince ought,

¹ Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor for many years.

² John, Duke of Argyll, a great military commander, and a politician.

³ Sir Spencer Compton, Lord Wilmington, had been Speaker of the House of Commons.

an affront which (if a private man) he must have resented with his sword or have been dishonoured, and if he makes that resentment public, the party will be very unequal between the next heir to the Crown and a minister whose favour, whose fortune, and possibly whose life, depends on the precarious protection of a passionate and changeable prince, who into the bargain never loved him. . . . This is the advantageous part which the Prince may act for himself, as well as the popular and glorious part to the public; and this is the part which if he follows his own inclinations and good sense I am sure he will act. But if he listens to Sir Robert's emissaries, which are his whole family excepting yourself and Townshend, they may for aught I know represent the magnanimity of forgiving injuries, and quote the bright example of his father for it, or may possibly preach up the true Christian doctrine of taking the lie or a blow (for I see no difference) without resenting it. In short, the Prince at the head of the Opposition, and both encouraging and forcing the Opposition to act with vigour, has every thing in his hands. If he acts otherwise I need not say what will be the consequence of it; I will only borrow the Bishop of St. Asaph's expression—"Our enemies will tell us with pleasure."

Chesterfield then went on to explain that though he had filled two pages with politics they were matters which "no man in the Kingdom is more resigned about than I," and ended with a postscript—"Pray lay me at His Royal Highness' feet, but without shewing this letter, which is in too free a style." But on a separate piece of paper he wrote :

I add this to my other letter to tell you that notwithstanding the postscript, you may shew it to the Prince or not as you think proper. If you would have him see it, make a seeming difficulty at first and make him force you at last. We have a prospect of the Claud Lorraine kind before us, while Sir Robert's

has all the horrors of Salvator Rosa. If the Prince would play the Rising Sun he would gild it finely; if not he will never be able hereafter to shine through. Instill this into the *Woman*.

The woman must have been Lady Archibald Hamilton, whose influence over the Prince was supreme at this time.

Queen Caroline died on November 20, and Chesterfield's next letter was full of concern as to whether to paint his carriages black.

Pray what do those peers who are neither paid for voting nor mourning intend to do with regard to this silly Order of Council for putting coaches and servants in mourning? . . . It seems to me indecent to comply with it, after one has observed the Order of Council of 1728 in cases where one should otherwise have shewn the highest regard. Lord Winchilsea, for instance, in obedience to that order, did not put his livery nor coaches in mourning for his wife nor his father, and ought he then to do it upon this occasion?

To me this new Order of Council seems to be a declaration that no public marks of regard, tenderness, and affection, shall be shewn in this kingdom but for the sacred persons of the Royal Family. I would in this as in every thing else, avoid singularity, but if any number of peers will have spirit enough not to comply, I will be one of them. In all events I'll stay my hand till I get to town before I take any step in this matter.

A fortnight later he had solved the problem.

As to the mourning, I shall observe the King's order of 1728 and not my Lord President's of 1737. . . . I am not in the least afraid of having my chariot and liveries insulted for being out of mourning; besides, at this time of year the black would shew the *dirt* more than the blue!

I am extreemly obliged to you for the trouble you take of informing me of what passes in town. I protest to you it is mere curiosity that either prompts me to enquire or makes me glad to know of what passes in a conjuncture which is thought so critical, and not any part that I take in the event any more than in wishing for the best. For having a supreme contempt for fools and an extream aversion to knaves, I have not the least desire of being an actor upon the public stage, where both will always have the most considerable parts. Fight Dog, fight Bear, I am very willing to be a spectator in the gallery, but I should be sorry to be one of the beasts in the arena. I shall not be in town till the 27th at about five of the clock, and if you have nothing to do that evening I need not tell you how glad I shall be if you'll bestow it on me. I am the sorrier for this delay because of Lord Cobham's being in town, whom I am always glad and impatient to see, or else his being in town makes my being there the less necessary.

He ended by saying that he was anxious to get to London, which after all "is in England *le seul séjour d'un honnête homme.*"

Mr. Lyttelton no doubt returned suitable protestations to Chesterfield's seeming aversion to office, but it is not likely he was taken in by it, for at this time the philosopher's robe fitted that able, ambitious man of affairs little more than would a fool's cap and bells; but it was the fashion then to aim at a classic detachment from all the events of life.

CHAPTER III

WAR WITH SPAIN—GENERAL ELECTION, 1714— FALL OF WALPOLE

GEORGE II now stood alone among the alien people whose affections he never won and for whom he stood only as a bulwark against Rome. At Court he moved gruff and aloof among unsympathetic patriicians, whose characters, nevertheless, he summed up with humour and often considerable insight. To those he trusted he was easy of access and friendly, but he charmed no one. The nation at large only knew him as a little dapper, stingy man, ruled by his wife, and with sympathies entirely Hanoverian. This was not to be wondered at, for he was over thirty when he first came to England; and whereas in Hanover he reigned supreme, in England, he complained, "Ministers are the King." To his Electorate, therefore, he hurried, with undisguised pleasure, whenever he could; to the equally undisguised resentment of his British subjects.¹ But King George fully understood the British Constitution, and never once attempted to extend to his kingdom the

¹ Lampoons, epigrams and caricatures illustrating this were constantly published. In 1736 a notice was stuck up at the Royal Exchange—"It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British dominions for three months in the spring." Chesterfield in the lobby of the House of Lords suggested that to prevent a Jacobite rebellion, the Pretender should be given Hanover, for the English would never choose another king from there. Once, during some crisis in England, King George was urged to return, but he refused to leave Hanover before his usual time, saying, "There are plenty of kings in England."

powers allowed him in his Electorate. In later years Lord Waldegrave, a wise observer, stated his conviction, that "when time shall have worn away those specks and blemishes which sully the brightest character, and from which no man is totally exempt, he will be numbered amongst those patriot kings under whose Government the people have enjoyed the greatest happiness." But up to Queen Caroline's death, her personality had so much overshadowed his, that even the clear-sighted Chesterfield did not credit the King with the political sense and judgment he soon proved to possess. Chesterfield also was wrong in thinking he disliked Walpole. Hervey, who knew him well, said that if the King loved anyone but the Queen he loved Walpole. The hopes of the Opposition, therefore, were not fulfilled; for King George had no intention of changing his great Minister for any of them, most of whom he both hated and distrusted.

The King opened Parliament on January 24, 1738, and expressed the hope that "My Lords and Gentlemen" had "met together in a disposition to lay aside all heats and animosities which may unnecessarily prolong the session." The Lords and Gentlemen of the Opposition, however, had met together in no such mood. They cavilled at the Address of thanks for the speech, and forthwith set to work to bring about two very diverse objects: to reduce the army, and to declare war with Spain, explaining the apparent inconsistency on the grounds that as war with Spain would be a sea war, no army would be required. Mr. Shippen, the Jacobite, proposed that 12,000 men should be provided for instead of the 17,000 asked for in the Committee of Supply. Both Pitt and Lyttelton supported him, Lyttelton urging the childlike argument that so large a standing army would make

foreign Powers think that England must be in a state of internal dissension for it to be necessary. He spoke of the great increase of the standing army since it was first introduced. "I doubt much if it has come to its full growth, for I do not know that twenty years hence, or under some future Administration, I may not see a standing army of 30,000 thought as necessary as 18,000 is now." Fox¹ rose to answer him, and began by saying, "The small experience I have had in debates of this nature, makes me a very unequal match for the gentleman who spoke last." However, the Government carried the day.

The cry for war with Spain was a much more serious affair. All the years he had been in power Walpole had worked for peace, not only in England but in Europe, for he knew that, sooner or later, war there would draw England in. He had not always succeeded in staving it off on the Continent, but for twenty years he had kept England at peace.² During these twenty years British trade had increased greatly, and all over the world her ships went to and fro, laden with merchandise; but to the Spanish colonies in America the South Sea Company was allowed by treaty with Spain to send only one trading ship a year. This did not satisfy British merchants, nor was the Spanish trade extensive enough alone to supply her colonies with what they needed. The one English ship, therefore, was followed by swarms of others which replenished her when empty or traded

¹ Henry Fox, 1705-1774, joined Walpole's party when he came into Parliament 1735. Afterwards first Lord Holland, and father of Charles James Fox.

² Spain and France, both jealous of England's commercial supremacy, had, in 1733, entered into a secret Family Compact against her, but their designs so far had been frustrated by Walpole's pacific policy.

on their own account, and contraband trade hummed. Spain, on her side, authorised her privateers to seize and search British vessels, and even if no more than a few Spanish coins were found on board, the ships were given to their captors, and the captains and the crews came back with dire tales of the treatment they had received. The House of Commons held an inquiry. Jenkins came up before the bar with his famous ear,¹ which he said had been cut off by the Spaniards nine years before, and given back to him with an insulting message; both ear and message, Jenkins said, the Spaniards told him to deliver to King George. Such stories roused England to a frenzy.² The whole nation clamoured for war. The House of Commons was bombarded with petitions from merchants and cities. Walpole tried to maintain peace by arranging a Convention with Spain, but it satisfied neither country. He was assailed in a ballad as "the cur dog of England and the spaniel of Spain."

Early in 1739 the debate on the Convention came on in the House. It was a crucial moment; such was the excitement that one hundred members were in their seats that day before eight in the morning. Pitt, Lyttelton and George Grenville all took part in the debate, and were described by a contemporary as "three or four young gentlemen who took great personal liberties." According to Smollett, "Mr. W. Pitt" spoke "with an energy of argument and diction peculiar to himself," while "Mr. Lyttelton with equal force and fluency answered the speech of Mr. H. Walpole." But though Smollett gives a much fuller

¹ Robert Jenkins had been captain of a trading sloop from Jamaica. Many people were of the opinion that if Jenkins' wig had been removed his ears would be discovered intact; others, that if he had lost one it was in the pillory.

² Similar tales against the English flooded Spain, but they were not heard of in England.

account of what Lyttelton said, Pitt's speech that day took him into the forefront, leaving his friend far behind. It was noticed that Sir Robert took notes of Pitt's speech and of two others only, out of the twenty-five made; while the Prince of Wales, who listened from the gallery to the whole debate, and voted against the Convention, rapturously kissed him in the gallery afterwards.

Even now Walpole was strong enough in the House to win by a small majority; but only for a short time. Mutual aggressions between Spain and England on the high seas grew more acute, and finally ended in the declaration of war on October 19, 1739. England went wild with joy. The Prince of Wales joined in the procession that followed the heralds who announced it to the City, and drank a toast to its success at Temple Bar. The church bells rang, and Walpole made his famous and only too prophetic pun, "They are ringing the bells now, before long they will be wringing their hands." He wanted to resign, but the King, who disliked the war as much as he did, begged him not to desert him. When he opened Parliament the following session, His Majesty spoke with regret of the "heats and animosities" that had brought the war about; to which both Houses returned "affectionate addresses," and proceeded to attack Walpole violently for the lack-lustre way he prepared for war. He was accused, with some truth, of wishing to end it as soon as possible, whether or not Spain was forced to comply with England's demands for free trade on the high seas and no right of search.

Sir William Wyndham and some of the "most eminent members" of the Opposition had shown their disapproval of the vote on the Convention by seceding in a body from the House for the rest of the session. They came back again in November, rather

sheepishly, and Pulteney felt obliged to rise and defend their conduct. Sir Robert in his reply said that many useful measures had been passed after they went, and that if they had returned "only to oppose and perplex, he should not be at all sorry to see them secede again." Public opinion in general considered they had been foolish. "The secession should be writ up as much as possible," wrote Chesterfield to Lyttelton, "for it is not, I find, enough understood by the generality. I am glad it does Cobham so much good; were it only in that I am sure the minority could not have done the publick so much good by staying, but the measure is of intrinsic weight and will have its effect in time." What good the secession did the old wirepuller is not clear, or the public either; it was to be "writ up" in the Opposition paper, *Common-sense*, to which Chesterfield, Lyttelton and others contributed papers on the questions of the day, all aiming at the downfall of Walpole. The Opposition had no other concerted line of action; the leaders merely eddied and surged round the Prince, their figure-head, each man for himself.

George Lyttelton, as the Prince's closest friend, received many letters at this time, intended, through him, to enlighten and guide his Royal Highness. Pope, always an enemy of Walpole and the Court, had lately taken up opposition politics with ardour. There is a letter from Lyttelton urging him to be the Prince's mentor.¹

Bath, October (1738).

We are just returned from my Lord Bathurst's,² where his R.H. gave and received much satisfaction.

¹ The Prince once said to him, "Mr. Pope, you don't love Princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love Kings then." The poet answered neatly, "Sir, I love the lion best before his claws are grown."

² Allen, first Earl Bathurst, 1684-1775.

I wish you had been of the party, because I know he wishes it, and because he cannot be too often in your company. Don't complain of your being *useless* to him. A friend is never so, especially to a Prince. When the power of pleasing in conversation is directed to the purpose of instructing, and a right understanding joined to a good heart, *one in his station* may draw the greatest services, as well as the greatest delight, from *one in yours*. Be therefore as much with him as you can, animate him to virtue, to the virtue least known to Princes, though most necessary for them—love of the public—and think that the morals, the liberty, the whole happiness of the country, depends on your success. If that sacred fire which by you and other honest men has been kindled in his mind can be preserved, we may yet be safe; but if it is to go out it is a presage of ruin, and we must be lost. The age is too corrupted to reform itself. It must be done by those upon or near the Throne, or not at all. . . .

Why should the industry of knaves to corrupt exceed the diligence of honest men to guard from corruption? Why should the flatterers of a Prince be more alert and indefatigable than his friends? I say this to you, my dear Pope, because I know how difficult it is to draw you to a Court, even a Court without guards and under persecution.¹ You may remember that I was almost forced to compel you to go and dine at Kew, the last time you was there. And yet there never was a morning better spent by you; no, not in conversing with Lord Bolingbroke. In short, if you had any spirit in you, you would come to Bath, and let the Prince hear every day from the man of this age who is the greatest dispenser of fame, and will be best heard by posterity, that if he would immortalize himself, the only way he can take is to deserve a place by his conduct in some writings where he will never be only for his rank.

¹ The King had withdrawn the guards from the Prince's residences.

This letter crossed one from Pope, filled with the advice Lyttelton wished him to impart. Between the lines of both letters can be discerned the suspicion that their hero was but a man of straw. Pope began in the customary strain of excessive flattery, assuring the young secretary that, "I love virtue, for I love you and such as you; such are enlisted under her banners; they fight for her. . . . Poets are but like the heralds; they can but proclaim her, and the best you can make of me is that I am her poor trumpeter."

Pope then continued :

The Prince's visit to Lord Bathurst was too quick for a letter which I intended him [Bathurst] on that occasion. It was a letter of instructions in what manner a great man should treat a Prince, when fortune gives him the leading of one; especially if the Prince happens to be a little shortsighted. What things one should make him see, and *how far*; what kind of notions to give him of the extent, nature, and situation of the *land* about him. Above all, the two great arts so successfully practised by my Lord on other people, and so much more useful to be practised on a Prince; what is highway or common field to all his subjects to be his own walks and royalties; and that of imposing upon him what was the work of our own hands but yesterday, for the venerable structure of our ancestors.

Then followed a long account of a conference Pope had had with Sir William Wyndham on the state of the Opposition, which they both agreed had been "drawn off from the original principle on which it had been founded, by two persons; one of whom never meant, and the other meant only by fits and starts, the public good." And that these two persons, obviously Carteret and Pulteney, had

“by their own overbearing and the indolence of others,” obtained a “sort of prescriptive right to a negative in all proceedings, and that the opposition had consequently become nothing more than a Bubble-Scheme. Sir William is fully persuaded that the part taken by his R.H. opens an opportunity of rectifying these errors . . . and that he should exert his whole influence, first to prepare and then to back the new measure” [so that he] “the moment it takes place, will be the head of the whole party, and those two persons cease to be that instant. That it is proper to continue to live with them, however, in all the same terms of friendly intercourse, and with the same appearance of intimacy;” . . . [but to undermine their power] by all sorts of private application (whether Whigs or Tories) but by no means applied to in the *collective body* or too generally, but in separate conversations or arguments [with] all such persons as may be determined to join in the pursuit of the original measures of the Opposition. . . That upon every important occasion the things resolved upon should be pushed by the persons in this secret, how much soever the others may hang off, which will reduce them to the dilemma of joyning with the Court or of following their friends with no good grace.

Sir W. declared he had no difficulty in proceeding in this manner, nay, thought on the contrary that if Sir Thos. Sanderson himself, and any 2 or 3 old members more with the phalanx of young members, led on such an opposition in a debate, they would be followed by *numbers even at first*; that these numbers would increase *every day*; that a new Opposition would be thus created (or rather the old one revived) and, in a word, that this must be done or nothing can be done, by any man of sense or virtue. This, you may depend, is the present disposition of Sir W., in which you and Lord Ch[esterfield] may certainly confirm him, if you throw oil, not water on it. That such a spirit should be raised in him was the hint

given me by the person in whose room you and I parted last.

Pray assure your master of my duty and service. They tell me he has every body's love already. I wish him popular, but not familiar, and the glory of being beloved, not the vanity of endeavouring it too much. I wish him at the head of the only good party in the kingdom, that of honest men. . . . God knows merely to be popular, that is, to be at the head of a mob (for partys are but higher and more interested mobs) is as much below a Prince as keeping low company is below a gentleman, tho' the first of the club. And our people of England admire a king, but as a clown does a squire. *They are enough to spoil a gude king*, as the Scotsman said of them when they followed James the first. (This quotation Ld Bathurst sent me in a letter t'other day and it is a good one.)

Pope's political activity did not continue long. In 1738 he wrote two virulent satires against the Government, and named them after that year. Walpole dared not attack him openly, but sent to arrest Paul Whitehead, a minor poet, who had published an innocuous political poem. This was said to have been intended as a hint to Pope, and as such he took it and wrote no more on politics. Fox rebuked Lyttelton in the House for his friendship with a poetaster who scattered his ink without fear or decency. Lyttelton replied with spirit and said he was proud of his friendship with Pope.

In March 1739 Chesterfield wrote from Bath, telling how he passed the time, with no mention of politics except for the inevitable dig at Walpole. He began by describing the good effect the waters had had upon his health.

I am persuaded that when I shall have drank 'em three weeks longer I shall be as well as ever I shall

be; that is, I shall be vampt up and repaired for some time, for, like Sir Robert, I subsist only by shifts and expedients, and I no more expect to see my constitution recovered than I do that of the public. I can't say that I divert myself here, but I can't say that I am tired neither. If here is not company I like (as most certainly there is not), in return there are no *fâcheux*, and here is no one body enough acquainted with me to have a right to be troublesome. I walk and write by turns; I play at billiards two hours in the morning for exercise, and at whist two hours at night for dissipation; which, with a perfect tranquillity of mind and insensibly returning health, makes the time pass away at least unburthensome. Your advice of coquetry I cannot possibly follow, having neither inclinations nor objects for it.

My study, or rather my amusement (for reading shall never be anything else to me), is the Roman History; the only history which in my mind one is never tired of. After the last five hundred years there is nothing little, the fate of kingdoms depends upon every event. Whereas the History of Greece is like what I imagine that of Hanover would be; for excepting the personal characters of some great men, every thing is little, their wars, and the causes of their wars are ridiculous, and a burlesque upon great events. . . .

Next among Lyttelton's letters comes one from that arch-intriguer Bolingbroke, most brilliant man of his time. No one could resist his fascination, except George II and the British public. His looks, his mind, his eloquence, his learning, all were supreme in the eyes of his contemporaries. On the other hand, he was absolutely false and insincere. He had left the King's service many years before for that of the Pretender, was involved in the Rebellion of 1715, and fled to France. There he soon began to intrigue against the Jacobites, and had perhaps the

unique experience of being accused of treason by his former and his present masters simultaneously. After being in exile for several years, he was allowed to come back to England in 1723 and take possession of his estates, but through Walpole's intervention was debarred from Parliament.

For some twelve years he stayed in England, writing and intriguing against Walpole; then in 1735 he went back to live on his wife's estate at Argeville in France, continuing, through the glamour of his personality and the brilliance of his pen, to hold a high position in the Opposition councils. But he was never really trusted by Whig or Tory, and in England as a whole carried no weight.

Bolingbroke's first letter to Lyttelton was written at Argeville, May 6, 1740, telling of the arrival of Sir William Wyndham, Lord Marchmont,¹ and a third unnamed friend, to stay with him.

Nothing could add so much to the joy I felt in seeing three of my friends arrive at this solitude, and the mark they brought me of your affectionate remembrance, except the seeing you make a fourth, and arrive with them; this would have been the first emotion of my heart. . . . I hope that change of air, exercise and a little dissipation of mind may have some good effect on Sir William Wyndham; his health appears to me extremely broken, and yet our friends who came with him tell me he is far better than when they set out.

Marchmont wants neither health nor spirit; but he feels, as a good man ought to feel, the misfortune of being gagged and bound when the state of Britain

¹ Hugh, third Earl of Marchmont, 1708-1794. As Lord Polwarth he had till lately been a member of the House of Commons, where he showed great promise on the Opposition side. His father died in February 1740, and he succeeded to the Scotch Earldom, which debarred him from either House, as Walpole saw to it that he was not elected a representative peer.

requires that every man who loves her should exert his whole strength in her cause. This state is indeed unparalleled; for you are sacrificed not only to the interest and humour of one man, but even to his ignorance and incapacity. Princes and Ministers have often maintained power and some degree of reputation, by rising, as it were, now and then, and upon extraordinary occasions, above their ordinary level; but Walpole's administration is one continued scene of corruption, trick and banter, which no glimpse, no appearance of great talents has ever once illustrated. . . . Adieu, dear Sir; you desire me to remember you in my idle hours; I can assure you with great truth that you are most in my thoughts when they turn on subjects of most importance. I like you as an amiable companion and a fine writer; but I love you as a man of virtue, as one who is not only an ornament to his country, but who actually assists her cause, and may be in time her saviour. These are the sentiments of my heart, of the heart, dear Sir, of your most faithful and most humble servant

BOLINGBROKE.

Wyndham died little more than a month later, to the grief and consternation of the Opposition. "What a star has our Minister"! wrote Bolingbroke to Pope. "Wyndham dead, Marchmont disabled." Lyttelton in a letter to Bolingbroke shows the melancholy position they were left in.

It is no small addition to the grief I feel for the loss of Sir William Wyndham, that I know it must be an inconsolable one to your Lordship. Indeed you will have need of all your philosophy to support such a blow, which falls as heavy upon the public as it does upon you. Nor do I see any comfort to either but resignation to Providence, for the loss is irreparable. Besides his abilities and integrity there were some peculiar circumstances in Sir W. Wyndham's

situation which made him of the utmost importance to his country in the present conjuncture. He was the center of union to the honest men of all parties. His credit in Parliament was the only check to the corrupt part of the Whig Opposition, and his influence with the Tories the only means of keeping that party in any system of rational measures. Now he is gone those who look towards the Court will pursue their scheme with little or no difficulty, without any regard to the coalition, or to any material reform of Government, but rather to build a new fabric upon Sir Robert's narrow and rotten foundations; and it is much to be feared that resentment, despair, and their inability of conducting themselves may drive the Tories back into their old prejudices, heat and extravagance.

. . . What alone could prevent it is, I doubt, not likely to happen; viz. that the Prince should have credit enough with the best part of the Tories, with that part, I mean, which was under the influence of Sir W. Wyndham, to keep them united *under him*, with the uncorrupt part of the Whigs, and that the views of the Opposition should be steadily, vigilantly, and warmly pursued. This, my Lord, might yet preserve us from impending destruction; but if even with the mediation of Sir W. Wyndham, this could not be affected; if even with him at our head we were inactive, careless, and ready to break asunder every day, what hope is there now of greater activity, greater confidence or union in our proceedings? Who shall take the lead in the House of Commons? Who has authority enough there to defeat the perfidy of some, and to spirit up the languor of others, to direct our measures, and to give them order, weight and dignity? To say the truth, after losing in one year Lord Polwarth and Sir W. Wyndham, to hope to resist the fate of this nation is a sort of presumption. But though to hope may be folly, to contend I am sure is a duty; and upon that principle *some*, I suppose, will act under any discouragement. . . .

Bolingbroke wrote in reply :

What shall I say in answer to your's? You have anticipated all I could have said. . . . You observe rightly that there were some peculiar circumstances in Sir Wm. Wyndham's situation which made him of more importance to his country in this present conjuncture than his great and good personal qualities—great and good as they were—could have made him without those. He was one of the first who came off from the folly which seized so many of us soon after the late King's accession to the throne,¹ when the whole authority of the crown and the whole power of the legislature were prostituted to serve the purposes of party resentment and private ambition. He came off from this folly upon conviction, and had the courage to own his fault when he returned to his duty. He saw that the only way to repair one and perform the other effectually, was to set himself in a steady opposition to that factious spirit which kept so many of the Torys attached to Jacobitism, and rendered the present establishment, by the conduct of so many Whigs, rather a party than a national system of government. On such principles as these he came into the scheme of the coalition as soon as it was proposed in 1726, and adhered steadily to it, though the opposition founded on it was not pursued on every occasion as far nor as vigorously as it might and should have been.

The last time we were together he agreed with me, and seemed fully penetrated with the sentiment that nothing less than maintaining the coalition, and his R.H. at the head of it, could give any chance of procuring a better administration, and of raising a national spirit in all the orders of Government and in the whole body of the people. Unless this be done, nothing is done. The reins of government may slip out of one man's hands into those of another, but

¹ Wyndham had been connected with the Rebellion of 1715, and was put in the Tower, but after his release became a loyal subject of King George.

they will be in the hands of faction still; and we shall continue to see what we have seen so long—the national interest a mere pretence, and the interest or humour of a minister the real principle of all political conduct, till faction, successful, establishes habitual tyranny, or, unsuccessful, begets universal confusion.

You will easily believe that people on this side of the water are curious to know in what disposition and temper the Parliament comes together, and what inspirations will descend on the two Houses from the great inspiring Dæmon; his mean sentiments, his narrow views, and, in one word, his second or third rate capability, are well enough known. . . . He has conducted a two years war with as little capacity and as little fidelity to his country, as he did the negotiations of eighteen years. But you know my opinion. It is not enough to oppose a bad minister; good schemes of conduct must be opposed to bad ones; wise measures to foolish ones. Your preparations have been immense, your declarations very strong. Would it not have been better to have done more in time, and to have said less? If I had been a pensioner in the councils of Britain I would have advised the conduct that has been held. But true to the interests of Britain I would have advised greater force and vigour in giving the first blow, and more consideration in the publication of designs and pretensions whilst preparations were made for a second. I could not help saying as much in writing to one to whom my heart is open. If I judge wrong, you will easily excuse a friend who sees the affairs of the world at a great distance.

As Bolingbroke said, the war had been a dismal failure. Walpole showed no skill in carrying it out; contradictory orders from home hampered the admirals in command; the ships, neglected during long years of peace, though formidable in number, were old, ill-manned and ill-equipped. Violent dissensions consequently arose

among Walpole's chief supporters. "It is a common saying that when a house is to fall, the rats go away," remarked old Duchess Sarah on hearing that the Duke of Argyll had gone over to the Opposition. Newcastle,¹ "whose name," said Walpole, "is perfidy," began to intrigue against him, and Hervey the treacherous, though kept for the moment by being made Lord Privy Seal, was on the wing. All this put fresh heart into the Opposition, and Chesterfield wrote from Bath to Lyttelton on November 5, 1740, to discuss their plans for the next campaign :

Pulteney, who sets out for London at the same time and in the same company with this letter, has been here about a week. The first two or three days he only hinted to me significantly that Sir Robert and the other ministers were very ill together, and that he would find it very hard for him to go on; that the Chancellor in particular was very angry with him and would be a heavy clog upon him. I only laughed at this, and told him I was quite weary of hearing the same story for seven years together; to which he only nodded, and said I should see. But three days ago he opened more fully to Nugent² and myself. He said it was very difficult to determine what we ought to do this session; that for his part he could not, but would be governed by what the majority of the Opposition should think proper. That there were but two partys to chuse out of; the first was, to give no opposition to the Address, nor to the supplies that should be asked, but afterwards to express our dislike of last year's conduct, and to move for the instructions given to Haddock, Norris, and other admirals. This method, he owned, was a moderate not to say an insignificant one, and would by no means satisfy

¹ Thomas Holles, first Duke of Newcastle, *b.* 1693, *d.* 1768, afterwards Prime Minister.

² Robert Nugent, a member of the Prince of Wales' Court; afterwards first Earl of Clare.

the nation and keep up their spirits for the next elections.

The other party was, to oppose the Address directly, the first day, in both houses, to refuse supplies and to demand an inquiry into the conduct of the war. This, he said, was the spirited and vigorous part, and what the nation would like; but at the same time he thought it a very dangerous one, and God forbid that he should advise it; he thought it might shake the King's throne—and what would other nations think if the supplies necessary for carrying on the war were refused? And what would become of this nation if the people should come to the next election in a ferment? The Pretender must inevitably come in and this family be drove out!

Both Nugent and I made the answers you may easily imagine to these objected dangers; to which he only replied that he would not advise, but that he would do whatever the Opposition directed.

My opinion upon this conversation is that the first method, gentle and insignificant enough, indeed, is that which he and Carteret, for reasons pretty obvious, have a mind should prevail; but that he mentioned the other provisionally, that in case the Opposition should insist upon it and push it in spite of their teeth, he and Carteret might have it to say that they had suggested it, and that it was not a measure forced upon 'em; for these terrible dangers which it is impossible either he or any body else can think real, could (in my mind) be urged with no other view than to frighten people out of the notion. I am apt to think too, that the Duke of Argyll (whom he told me he had seen in town) had proposed this or some other vigorous measure which they feared might prevail, whether they would or not; and that therefore they thought it best to mention it themselves; but at the same time to suggest all possible difficulties and discouragements in hopes to defeat it indirectly.

Shew this to Cobham and to nobody else; he may make what use he thinks proper of it. As he will be

in town some days before me, pray tell him that he may make what use he pleases of my name, and answer for me at any meeting or consultation there may be before I come; particularly to the Duke of Argyll, to whom he may say that he is empowered by me to assure his Grace that I am ready to take any part he shall assign me in the House of Lords; and that I will move, second, third or thirteenth, whatever he pleases, convinced as I am that we both mean the same thing, the Publick. This Cobham may do in the manner he shall think proper, and he may depend upon not being disavowed. A meeting of both peers and commoners should, I think, by all means be pressed, in case Pulteney should have a mind to avoid it, which I think not improbable; and yet if he will not, I own I do not see, since poor Wyndham's death, who can call it, of the commoners I mean. The Duke of Argyll should be inflamed and flattered as much as possible, and be shewn (what is really true) that he may be absolutely, if he pleases, at the head of the Opposition in the House of Lords; and that Carteret must either go along with him, or leave him attended by Winchilsea only. I fear I have tired you; I am sure I have tired myself, unfit as I am at this time either to write or think. So adieu till I have the pleasure of seeing you.

The second proposition was agreed upon. When Parliament met at the end of November, Argyll sprang up directly the King had finished his speech, before he had left the House and before Holderness, the intended mover of the Ministerial Address, had time to rise. He attacked the whole conduct of the war, and proposed that a general address of thanks should be presented to His Majesty, instead of one which implied concurrence with Walpole's measures. He spoke "with an astonishing impetuosity of eloquence," and was followed by Carteret, Chesterfield, and Bathurst, "who displayed all the talents of oratory,"

but the Ministerial Address was carried by a large majority. In the Commons Pitt and Lyttelton spoke against the Address; both "very warm"; but it was carried there too.

On February 13, 1741, the Opposition prepared another attack. Carteret brought forward a motion "to beseech His Majesty to remove Sir Robert Walpole from his presence and councils for ever." Sandys brought it forward in the Commons. The attempt was a failure, especially in the Commons, because the Tories would not combine. "It was set afoot by the Duke of Argyll and a party of the old Whigs," says Horace Walpole, "without either concerting measures with the Tories or acquainting them with the matter." So that the Tories were much offended, and when it was moved in the Commons, though Sir John Hinde Cotton and Sir Watkin Williams went about begging their friends to stay, "all they could say could not keep Will Shippen and twenty-three others; all Prince Frederic's servants and party also, except Lyttelton, Pitt and Grenville, left the House." Walpole made a very able defence, dividing his opponents into three classes, "the boys, the riper Patriots, and the Tories." He jeered at the Patriots. "A Patriot, sir! Why, Patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within the twenty-four hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a Patriot." For the moment Walpole had strengthened his position, and his levee next day was more crowded than it had been for years.

In the summer of 1741 there was a General Election. A great campaign was planned in Worcestershire. Lord Coventry put forward his son, Lord Deerhurst, the "babe polite and debonnair" of six years before;

he was now but twenty years old; and Sir Thomas Lyttelton agreed that his eldest son should stand with him in the "Whig interest." Against them stood Mr. Pytts and Mr. Lechmere, backed by Lord Foley,¹ a rich Tory peer. The curious part of the contest was that all four candidates were in opposition to Walpole and the Court; efforts were made to effect some compromise in this rather absurd situation, but in vain. A long poem called "A Political Eclogue"² tells of the preparations for the fray and the grounds on which the election was fought. The poem is obviously founded on an incident that actually occurred, and was "wrote at the latter end of the year 1740; occasioned by the great contest between Mr. Lechmere and Mr. Pytts, supported by the Tories, and Lord Deerhurst and Mr. Lyttelton by the Whigs, who should represent the county of Worcester in the ensuing Parliament, to be chose the following spring."

The meeting o'er, the compromise deny'd,
 And candidates set up on either side,
 The four competitors fly swift to horse;
 And thro' the country as they took their course,
 Two chanc'd to meet near Severn's rapid streams;
 And Lyttelton and Lechmere were their names.
 One fam'd for deep debate and classic taste,
 The other for his judgement in a beast.
 One minds the public, one his private cares,
 This shines in senates and that shines in fairs.
 One sighs at Walpole's everlasting sway,
 While t'other mourns th'excessive price of hay.

Lyttelton proposed in rhetorical language that, "like Ajax and god-like Hector," he and Lechmere

¹ Thomas Lord Foley, of Witley, Worcestershire. He was a Jacobite at heart, and in the trial of the rebel lords after the '45 he withdrew without voting, as "too well a wisher." Edward Lechmere of the Rhydd, near Worcester. Mr. Pytts married the widow of a previous Lord Coventry.

² By Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. It is to be found at length in Nash's *History of Worcestershire*.

should "first parly hold, and then if we must, oppose."
To which Lechmere replied :

I never heard of Ajax or of Hector,
But you would speak with me, Sir, I conjecture.
Then pray, Sir, let your tale be briefly told,
For standing still may give my gelding cold.

Lyttelton then urged that Lechmere should stand down. "What can be hoped when friends from friends divide? . . . Don't we in all things think and act the same? . . . Equally hating Walpole's noxious name?"

Whoe'er of all us four obtain our ends,
The party still must lose two zealous friends.
Think on the high employment that I bear;
I write in verse and have my prince's ear.
The glorious talent to declaim is mine;
In council and in Parliament I shine.¹
Why wouldst thou clip the wings on which I soar,
Destroy my hopes of ministerial power
And stop me in my full pursuit of glory?

Lechmere replied :

Because, Sir, you're a Whig and I'm a Tory.

Howe'er with us you the same schemes pursue,
You follow those who ne'er will follow you.
My principles to you I'll freely state;
I love the Church and Whiggism I hate.
And tho' with you Sir Robert I abhor,
His Whiggish heart is what I hate him for;
And if a Whig a minister must be,
Pulteney and Walpole are the same to me.

Lyttelton exclaimed :

To what remote, to what unfriendly sky,
Deserted patriotism, wilt thou fly?
The Tories scorn thee, and the Whigs deny.

¹ A caricature called the "Motion" was published this year, bringing in all the leaders of the Opposition; the elder ones in a coach and six. Two foreigners are looking on; one asks :

"Who's dat who ride astride de pony?
So long, so lank, so lean and bony?"
"Oh, he be de great orator Lytteltony."

Oh, my poor country, I thy fate deplore !
 Still rent by faction and by party tore.
 Has the accomplished St. John,¹ first of men,
 That demi-god, then vainly drawn his pen? . . .

He continued in this strain for some time. Lechmere then said :

Well, Sir, with patience I have heard your speech,
 (Tho' half you said was much above my reach)
 But does not one thing stare you in the face?
 All the country knows that you've a place;
 And I assure you, think it the same thing
 Whether you have it from the Prince or King.
 Go to the farmer, fine orations speak,
 To wives talk Latin, to their husbands Greek.
 I in plain English will the country rand,
 And shake each good freeholder by the hand,
 And drink the Church as long as I can stand.
 What though my words are not like yours refin'd?
 Rough tho' they are they always speak my mind.
 Freeholders with such language will dispense,
 And before all the flowers of eloquence,
 Prefer an honest heart and common sense.
 Therefore be wise, go home and rand no more,
 But give up as your father did before.

Throughout the poem are clever quips at Lyttelton, but the sting lay in the last line; for the memory of the last election still rankled in Worcestershire breasts. Lord Coventry was blamed on the Lyttelton side of the county, and the arrangement for the sons to stand together was evidently made in the hopes of appeasing the voters north and south. Lord Coventry undertook to gain the support of three southern magnates: Mr. Savage, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Bromley of Upton.² But he tried in vain; they refused their support, and both young men were defeated. According to Sir Thomas the defeat was

¹ Bolingbroke.

² Mr. Savage, of Elmley Castle, Pershore, *d.* 1742, leaving only daughters, and the place was sold. The descendants of Mr. Vernon of Hanbury, near Droitwich, and Mr. Bromley, of Upton on Severn, still own these estates.

due to Lord Deerhurst's not being of age, while Lord Coventry contended that the county had not forgiven Sir Thomas. He also regretted that "your son's sentiments was against a scrutiny, which the abuse of our enemies now appeals, as did his [Deerhurst's] *non-age*, when the gentlemen of the county joined him and his *colleague*; and had the House turned him out for the *letter* of the law, it would have [been] a recompence Lord Foley not to triumph for our want of resolution."

In public Lord Coventry blamed the Tories. Walpole wrote in November: "Lord Coventry has had his son thrown out by the party. He went to Carlton House; the Prince asked him about the election. 'Sir,' said he, 'the Tories have betrayed me as they will you, the first time you have occasion for them.'"

After the election a controversy as to the expenses of it arose between the two fathers, and continued for five years before a settlement was arrived at. The situation was aggravated by the inability of either side to refrain from twitting the other on what had happened in the previous election. Throughout the correspondence, however, both Coventrys and Lytteltons (for the sons joined in) expressed the highest regard for each other, and compliments between the ladies of the respective families were punctiliously exchanged. Sir Thomas had first agreed to put down £800 (all he could afford, he said, without injuring his family) upon Lord Coventry's undertaking to bring the three squires into Mr. Lyttelton's interest. This attempt proving "vain and hopeless," deprived his son of any hope of success, and Sir Thomas, as he told George, thought himself justified in desiring Lord Coventry to bear the whole subsequent expense "in an affair where he alone could reap an advantage, and that no more should be expected from us than to give our time and trouble, to which I willingly

added my beef and ale to be devoured by hundreds in a day during a great part of the contest; and I am sure this was doing a great deal more than he had a right to expect from me, who . . .” And he went through the story of the previous election.

The question in dispute was the exact moment when Sir Thomas “declared off from further expence”; the negotiations having been carried on chiefly by word of mouth; but Sir Thomas said he had a letter from Lord Coventry saying he would bear the expense should the three squires refuse to come in.

Lord Coventry spent on the election “five thousand odd hundred pounds”; the sum the Lytteltons contended for was little over a hundred pounds. Had they not felt bound in honour to make up for Sir Thomas’s old mistake, the Lytteltons would probably have withdrawn from the contest, and George have returned (as he did after his defeat) to his friendly borough of Oakhampton. But had he done this the Coventrys would have lost the Lyttelton interest, “which came clear and entire to my Lord Deerhurst,” said Charles Lyttelton proudly. Lord Deerhurst came into Parliament for a borough, and died in 1744. His brother won back the county in the next General Election, and when in 1751 he succeeded to the peerage, a third brother took his place; but it was over sixty years before a Lyttelton was Knight of the Shire again.

On the whole the elections had been a triumph for the Opposition, and Walpole’s majority had almost dwindled away. Chesterfield in a letter from Spa in August 1741 exults over this, but as ever doubted the steadfastness of their party :

Our minority in this Parliament is so considerable that I think it can hardly be called a minority; at

least I am sure it need not be so long if well conducted; but I confess that *if* is so little probable that Sir Robert might answer as the Lacedemonians once did upon some occasion which I have forgot—*If*. It will raise the price of some individuals, and he will be obliged to come up to it, and there's an end of the Opposition. I do not condole with you on the loss of your county election; on the contrary, I congratulate you upon getting rid of that plague, I hope for ever, and of being able to live for the future in quiet in your own house whenever you have a mind to it.

[He had begun by writing about his health and intentions] to go and be baked a little by the sun of Provence and Languedoc before returning to England. I am only apprehensive of being obliged to stop short and turn homewards, for the rumours of war are so strong and the notions of France so extensive, that I can't help thinking that the Cardinal is at least either tempted by the opportunity or importuned into war; in which case we shall be in a fine situation, who have not been able to carry in a war even against Spain alone.

For over a year war clouds had been gathering in Europe. The Emperor Charles died in October 1740. Under the Pragmatic Sanction, for which he had worked so long, his daughter Maria Theresa became Empress of Austria; but no sooner was he dead than it was repudiated by most of the Powers who had agreed to it before. Frederick of Prussia immediately laid claim to Silesia by virtue of some ancient treaty, marched an army there, and was openly or secretly backed by France, Spain, Saxony and Bavaria. Maria Theresa threw herself upon the loyalty of her Hungarian subjects, and demanded from Great Britain the help stipulated by the Treaty which guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction. The British situation was complicated. George II, as King of England, was bound to help Maria Theresa, but as Elector of Hanover he

bound himself to neutrality, in order to protect his beloved dominion. This once again raised the ire of his British subjects, and added to Walpole's difficulties. His aim had always been to keep England out of European affairs, and now that she was drawn into them, he could form no plan and his policy was confused and blundering.

Chesterfield wrote to Lyttelton from Lyons in September 1741 :

The present situation of affairs abroad is as ridiculous, and at the same time as lamentable, as that of our affairs at home, and I see no good to be done in either case; but, however, I will not decline any part that shall be assigned me, and though I give up the game in opinion, I will not give it up in fact till my friends do so too. I shall be supposed to return full of dangerous and combustible matter, having been three days at Bolingbroke's, which it was impossible to avoid if I had been inclined to it, being obliged necessarily to pass by his door. But he is so much of my mind, that the whole affair is over, that we did not lose one quarter of an hour's time in talking of public matters. He is plunged in metaphysics, and willingly neither speaks nor thinks of any thing else. . . . As it is impossible by the post to write with any freedom, and as I can neither speak nor write to you without it, my letters can't be too short under that restraint, and scoundrels who read 'em before you shall only find in 'em what I am very desirous they should know, that I am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

Bolingbroke's account of Chesterfield's visit does not tally with the assertion that they talked of nothing but metaphysics; he must have sent his letter by a private hand.

I cannot enough thank you for your letter of the 24th of August, which found me in my hermitage and

my Lord Chesterfield with me. We were alone, and the subject of your letter was that of our conversation, both before and after I received it, as you will easily imagine; for what honest man who owns Britain for his country, can turn his mind to any other at this time? . . . The storm has burst upon you from every side, and you are on every side and in every respect unprepared to resist it. That you are in this miserable distress is no doubt originally the crime of Walpole, but I learn from you what I have heard before, that this distress has been accelerated and aggravated by the servility of those who oppose him, but are neither able nor willing to pursue wiser measures, and so govern on better principles. Some who are in the ministry and some who are impatient to be in it, have consummated by their councils what Horace¹ has been long preparing by his negotiations. Our country has been sacrificed and the system of power in Europe has been so subverted to serve the purpose of a few unworthy men. . . . [He went on to point out the weakness of British policy.] Thus, then, I think two principle and fatal errors that have prevailed from the accession of the present royal family . . . are these,—that the foreign interests of Britain must be conducted in a certain subordination to these of Hanover, and that the domestic interests must be submitted to those of a party, even when it dwindles and degenerates, as we have seen it do, into a ministerial faction. The first of these has corrupted our politics,—[He then recalled an incident when British interests were sacrificed to those of Hanover.]² The second formed a Jacobite party strong enough, or rather mad enough, to rebel six and twenty years ago, and helps to keep up dissatis-

¹ Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, Sir Robert's brother, had been Ambassador to France, and was famed for his unsuccessful negotiations.

² When in 1716 the towns of Bremen and Verden were ceded to Hanover by Denmark, who had taken them from Sweden; whereby England was nearly drawn into a war with Sweden on Hanover's account.

faction and alienation from the Royal Family in the minds of multitudes to this very hour, though the embers of Jacobitism are scarce alive in any corner of the nation. Both one and the other have degraded the majesty of our kings; for let them think as they will, a prince who acts with a crown as if he had only an electoral cap on his head, will have neither at home nor abroad the reverence, the authority, nor influence that are due to your superior character; and a king who governs in the spirit of party and renders his sceptre the rod of one set of men and the tool of another, will be esteemed by his subjects and by foreigners the king of half his people, that is, half a king. This has been, and still is, too much the case. You feel it to be so at home, and I do assure you that if you were abroad you would feel it to be so as strongly.

His Royal Highness is, as you say, sensible of the first error, and I have heard from you, from Lord Chesterfield, and our departed friend, that he was sensible of the second. Let him avow then the contrary principles; . . . unite for his own sake, nay, for his father's, all those who are ready to unite on the same, and become the head of a national party in this terrible crisis. . . . Let Britain protect Hanover and the whole Protestant interest in Germany; but let not Hanover, no, nor Germany, direct your councils of Britain any longer. How far this sanguine scheme may be carried, how soon it may produce its effects, I presume not to determine; but this I will say with confidence, that nothing less can save you.

It is doubtful, you say, whether your *leaders* will employ *their* strength in this Parliament to insist the more on national points, or to give them up at an higher price, and you are sure that they had rather come in on a narrow than a broad bottom. Let not the weakness of your party councils at home become the strength of those whom you think capable of selling themselves and you. There are men who look on you as scaffolding to raise themselves to

power, and who have long treated you as such. They have scarce met with contradiction; when they meet with it they will be followed in this desertion by many. Be it so. Had you not rather be deserted than sold. . . .

By pitiful negotiations, by a treacherous connivance at the usurpations of Spain, and by universal mismanagement, Walpole brought you into the necessity of a war with Spain. How this war has been managed, and how you are likely to get out of it the whole world sees with astonishment. His rivals, by such rash declarations as no man with common sense and common information could have advised, have plunged you, and all Europe with you, into new distress, such as cannot be paralleled in modern history. Will they retrieve any better than he the mischief they have done? I think not; the principle of each side is vicious. He means to maintain his power, and they to wrest it into their own hands; and these two interests have been and will be substituted constantly by them to the interests of the nation. The latter will not have so much as its turn if this root of all your evil you suffer be not cut up; he must be mad who hopes. This appears to me so evidently true, that if I should hear in this retreat that you have many gaudy days in Parliament, that excellent speeches are made, that Sir Robert is struck dumb, nay, that questions are carried against him, and hear no more, I could not hope. These events may amuse, they may alleviate, but they cannot cure, unless they are brought about by a principle that will work alike against every interest that is not national. Adieu, dear Sir.

Bolingbroke alone saw clearly that an Opposition without a constructive policy was in a hopeless position, but many things prevented his scheme being put into effect. One was the disruption in the Opposition ranks, another that the Prince of Wales was quite unfit to lead anyone, and the subject of

Hanover was, moreover, the only one on which he and his father were agreed.

Chesterfield wrote again in October from Paris, having

with some unwillingness left the finest climate in the world, I mean Languedoc, to return here that I might be within call of you or my Lord Privy Seal.¹ Here then am I, ready at two days' warning to cross I was going to say the British, but more properly now, the French or Spanish Channel, whenever the meeting of the Parliament, or the meeting of my friends in town, requires my appearance. Let me know the time, and I'll assist at the opening of the melancholy and ignominious scene that must discover itself, when the parliamentary curtain is drawn up. In the meanwhile I'll stay here as long as I can, and rather hear than see the now inevitable train of mischiefs which the weakness and wickedness of our administration have brought upon us. I take it that some days before the meeting of Parliament will be sufficient, and I daresay full as soon as my friends will be prevailed with to come to London; for hitherto, though I have often pressed it, I could never get them to meet in town till two or three days before the meeting of Parliament. And indeed with what comfort could I return to my country before my King? It would be living so long in a commonwealth, for I cannot look upon the Regency as *much better* than a commonwealth. But as soon as all the conditions of that neutrality which his Majesty has at length obtained for his German dominions are thoroughly settled, I presume he will look towards England, and then so will I. I thank you for all you do not say at the conclusion of your letter, more than I could have done for all you could have said. I will upon the same

¹ Horace Walpole notes about this time that Hervey, Lord Privy Seal, "lives shut up with Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney, a triumvirate who hate one another more than anybody they could prescribe had they the power."

principle follow your example, persuaded that you will do me the justice to think that all I could say is comprehended in the name of Chesterfield.

Parliament opened on December 1, 1741. It was soon seen that Sir Robert's power was broken, though the Speaker, Mr. Onslow, was elected without opposition.¹ Then came the election of Chairman of Committees. Intense excitement prevailed. Dr. Lee stood against the ministerial candidate, and Dr. Lee won. "You have no idea of their huzza," wrote Horace Walpole, "unless you can conceive how people must triumph after defeats of twenty years together." But his father still held on. The House adjourned for Christmas and met again January 18. On the 21st Pulteney moved that the papers relating to the conduct of the war should be referred to a select committee. It was rejected by a majority of three. A week later the Chippenham election petition was carried against the Government by a majority of one; and on February 1 Walpole resigned, and King George fell on his neck and wept.

The Opposition, great and small, burst with triumph. Thirty years later Horace Walpole recalled how, when his father fell, Charles Lyttelton, "my old friend, came to condole with me and to express his fears that we would all go to the Tower, though he could scarce keep his button mouth from smiling." But their triumph was shortlived, as Bolingbroke had prophesied. Bereft of the cry, "Down with Walpole," their sole oriflamme of war, they had no more to do or say. At first all eyes turned to Pulteney, the brilliant leader and idol of the people. It was a

¹ An undated note from the Prince of Wales to his secretary was perhaps written at this time. In it he says, "I hope all our friends are well, and that they'll soon be in power in wicked people's place, and then not forget what we have blamed before."

great opportunity for a great man; but Pulteney failed. He lost his head, refused office, and asked for a peerage. This lost him his hold on the country at one blow; both his friends and the public felt that he had sold them. Walpole was made Earl of Orford, and when first he met Pulteney as Earl of Bath in the House of Lords, he jovially greeted him with, "Here we are, my Lord, the two most insignificant fellows in England." It was true of Bath but not of Orford. He was burnt once or twice in effigy, and an effort was made to impeach him; but public opinion soon came round and it was realised that he had been a great leader. "He has a great and undaunted spirit, and a tranquillity almost more than human," wrote one who saw him the day after his fall. No longer Minister, he still governed. Upon his advice the King sent for Wilmington, a nonentity, who formed a new Government and sought Orford's help on every occasion.

CHAPTER IV

CHARLES LYTTTELTON

CHARLES LYTTTELTON was born in 1714, and educated at Eton and University College, Oxford. The only glimpse of his boyhood is to be found in a letter from Horace Walpole, written August 7, 1734. Walpole was then sixteen, and still at Eton, and Lyttelton twenty and an undergraduate, but they were great friends, having many studious tastes in common, and, as Walpole recalled with complacency, had not cared to share in the pastimes which amused most of their schoolfellows. He wrote from Eton

I can reflect with great joy on the moments we passed together at Eton, and long to talk 'em over, as I think we could recollect a thousand passages which were something above the common ratio of schoolboy's diversions. I can remember with no small satisfaction that we did not pass our time in gloriously beating great clowns, who could patiently bear children's thumps for the collections which I think some of our contemporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you.

Charles was far from brilliant, but endlessly painstaking and methodical. His mother in an early letter says: "I wish for the pleasure of my dear Charles' company this Easter, but prefer your improvement in learning to that satisfaction. I am much pleased to hear so good an account of your application, and

don't doubt but you'll be an honour to your family and answer the education your father has given you."

It may be safely said that Charles never gave his parents a moment's uneasiness, except perhaps on the score of health; his was never good, as much probably from the general lack of hygiene as from constitutional delicacy. "The lowness of spirits you complain of is occasioned by the scurvy, I believe," wrote his mother on one occasion, "and therefore you ought to take what is good for that distemper." As far as can be judged, Charles was his mother's favourite son; she was gentle and not very courageous, and found perfect sympathy in him who was ever the soul of caution. Another time she wrote from Hagley :

I am obliged to you for wishing yourself with me, which I take very kindly, but I think 'tis much better you should be in town to help amuse your father, who, poor man, I fear has many dull hours with his sad pains. I agree with you, my dear, 'tis a bold stroke indeed for so young a lawyer to begin with being against the Crown, as George G. has done. I wish he may come off with applause, but must blame his friends for putting him on so hazardous a point, and especially where Murray will so much excel.¹

She consulted Charles on all points, from finding a place for a servant, to his sisters' "conquests," as well as plans for himself. "I have a deal to say about the lady we have heard of for you. I much long for the happiness to converse freely with a son I love tenderly." But this plan came to nothing and he remained a bachelor all his days. In the family life Charles was the one who chiefly helped his father in business matters, intervened in disputes, and undertook little

¹ George Grenville, afterwards Prime Minister, started his career at the Bar. Murray was the great lawyer, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

commissions for his mother and sisters when he went up to London, jotting them in a little pocket-book, thus: "To send my sisters paper, pens and snuff, $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound between them, 6s. My mother some Brazil." "A pound and a half of green tea for Nanny, £1 4s." He also reminded himself that Mr. Henderson, "Operator for ye nails," was to be found "att ye Golden Head and Acorn in Duke Street, St. James." Charles no doubt went abroad after leaving Oxford, but the only allusion to this is in a letter from his mother, hoping soon to have a letter from him in French.

After his tour, Charles went to study law at the Inner Temple, where he worked conscientiously, except when ill health prevented him. There is a letter from Heneage Legge,¹ a fellow-student, written in February 1739 to Charles at Bath, glad to hear he is better and "grown so stout as to despise chicken." Legge then said:

I go sometimes to Westminster, because that is like a man of business, and I go the seldomer because that is not like a man of pleasure; I sometimes play at cards in the City with Aldermen's ladies, and sometimes at Court with maids of honour; but I must have some warm call to persuade me to quit my own chimney corner, where your friend the Count now and then spends the evening, and remembers our absent fellow labourer, but we have not troubled the great Lord Coke for want of him, so that you may judge how necessary your return is; for in the meantime we lose ground, and you know *Non Progređi est Regredi*, which comes to be a national concern when two such hopeful and industrious young men are spoilt.

One of Charles's most intimate friends at this time was a youth four years his junior, and as unlike

¹ Heneage Legge, second son of the first Earl of Dartmouth, afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer, *d.* 1759.

himself as can be imagined. Thomas Potter, a brilliant and handsome¹ scapegrace, son of John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, was thought by his contemporaries, as well as himself, to have a great future before him. Horace Walpole a few years later described him as "a young man of the greatest good nature, but not bashful or void of vanity." His letters illumine with a lurid light Mr. Lyttelton's otherwise discreet correspondence, and all cannot be printed as they stand, but it does not appear that the prudent youth shared in the wild one's revels. The first is dated August 1, 1739, from Lambeth Palace; Potter was then twenty-one.

You will laugh when I tell you I am going to turn hermit; 'tis the first time I believe that London has been thought the proper place for a hermitage; but if retirement and solitude make up that character, we enjoy it here in the greatest degree. We live shut up in our cloyster and retired from everything (except the RUMOUR of an approaching war) which relates to this world; tho' I am ashamed to say it, worldly thoughts and carnal affections do penetrate even into the innermost Adyta of my cell. But not to talk ludicrously, I have now taken up my quarters till next spring, without a thought of changing them. I have rolled myself up among dusty books and mouldy records, where I sit entrenched with the labours of venerable ancestors, which, tho' they have survived their authors, yet like them have fallen a prey to worms; and who knows how far I may be infected, or perhaps converted into a book worm? But whatever I am, I shall still be your obliged and affectionate friend and servant.

In October Potter wrote: "The King has been laid up with his old disorder. I have followed his

¹ He is said to have been the original of the handsome candidate in Hogarth's election print.

example and have laid myself up with a Lambeth cold and a swelled face. Pray tell the ladies I look very pretty in flannels."

He wrote next some few months later, during the memorable winter of 1739-40, when it froze so hard that people lived for weeks in tents on the Thames, bonfires were lighted and an ox was roasted whole on the ice.

I now take the opportunity (while it thaws a little) to let you know that I am still alive tho' most damnably frost nipt; every member I have is reduced to half its usual size, and you must not wonder if my letters should be so too. I cannot call myself warm in any thing but my friendship for you, and that operates even at the distance of 100 miles. I suppose I may now expect to hear you talk of returning to town; I am a little impatient for it on many accounts, but among others that I want your advice with regard to chambers. My inclination carries me to Lincoln's Inn, but you confine me to the Temple. Let us take a house and set up shop together. You ask for news. The papers will give you more than I can, and more surprising accounts of things; they will tell you of forty people drowned by the breaking of the ice, but we who live at the water side know of no such matter. The river is froze over at London Bridge, and people have walked over on the ice. All the piles at Westminster are carried away, and the works all demolished, but the three piers are not hurt. [Westminster Bridge was being built.] As for scandal, which is to be learnt only from women, you will not suppose I know a great deal when I have been confined so long to my castle, the water being impassable. However, I sallied out this morning over London Bridge, and called upon my friend Mrs. P[arke]r. I had the pleasure of her conversation with some that I like better, for several hours. I am glad to tell you that at last I am in a fair way of putting an end to that affair in the way I do wish;

I told you how that was as we came down. However, I am the more delighted with her the more I know her, and have very much to laugh at with you about when we meet.

This happy-go-lucky letter is followed by a terrible one from Potter, dated February 19, 1739-40, with no address :

Oh, my dear Charles, if thou art not in a tolerable degree of spirits, if thou canst not bear to hear of thy friend's ruin, read no more of this. I am no more what I was, no more the careless, the cheerful, the happy man thou knewest, but unhappy, miserable beyond remedy. In short I am—married, and married to a woman I despise and detest. My story you shall know in a few words. In Westminster Abbey Cloysters you remember Miss Manningham. . . . The friends when the matter came to a crisis refused to do any thing except I would marry her. As I never had made any promise of it I absolutely denied it. On this they acquainted my father and begged he would exercise his authority. He did so and absolutely laid his commands on me to marry her. What could I do? I positively refused it for some time in hopes he would consider the consequences [paper torn] . . . remonstrances by myself and friends, but he still persisted and declared that he never would do or hear of any thing for my advantage till I married her. Hard indeed was my case, but his commands were absolute. On Sunday last the ceremony was read over me. Cursed be the light which introduced that day, and cursed be the day and hour in which the ceremony was performed.

At first I thought of nothing less than quitting England for ever, and now I can scarce reconcile myself to it. I never can nor will live with her. I shall settle her somewhere at a distance, and to-morrow I retire into the country. When I recover my spirits so much as to return to the world I know not; perhaps never. At present I can't think of it.

Dear Charles, do not hear me abused. Tell me what the world says and thinks of me, and tell me truly. I think they cannot blame me for any thing but marrying. But what could I do?

A month later he wrote from Houghton Conquest, near Ampthill, Bedfordshire :

“ . . . I have now had time to recollect my resolution a little, and to rouse myself from that despair which this misfortune had thrown me into. I have had time to think a little, and to resolve to make the best of them.” He had been for a fortnight to a place called Monk’s Risborough in Buckinghamshire, where “ the solitude of the place agreed well with my disposition, but my own thoughts were the worst companions I could have. I was obliged, therefore, to leave that country and come hither, where with much [torn] the noise and nonsense of my fellow sportsmen, the fumes of a great deal of ale and tobacco, I have at last made myself a little more insensible. When I have settled some affairs of my father’s in this country, I shall return into Bucks, where I have resolved to work hard for a twelve-month, and then be called to the Bar. . . . I shall expect you to spend the next vacation with me in the country, where we will study together. Dear Charles, adieu ! The tears fall from my eyes while I take this leave of you. I long to see thee. Once more adieu ! ”

Dr. Potter refused to do anything for his son unless he consented to live with his wife. The Archbishop’s vast private fortune gave weight to his commands ; Lyttelton and other friends advised his son to fall in with them, and Potter, who had more than his share of egotism, and enjoyed being in the limelight, wrote not without complacency on June 10, 1740 :

I cannot but think it a happiness peculiar almost to myself and a great comfort under my misfortune,

that I have so many good and sincere friends who interest themselves in my concerns and make my sufferings their own. I expected no less from thee, whose heart was made to sympathise with mine. Before I received your letter I had in effect done as you advised. I thought it (and Dr. Sayer agreed) was the best way for me to write to him [Dr. Sayer] to desire him to consult my father with regard to a settlement, and he would transmit my letter (seemingly without my knowledge) to Lambeth. By that means I could say many things, and in a manner with which it would not be proper to express myself directly to my father. Here follows that part of the letter which relates to this affair, which I would not have shown to any one."

In this Potter expressed his willingness to obey his father "as far as I am able, in every transaction of life; and this I believe will not be doubted after the instance I have lately shown so fatal to myself, for which many of the world condemn me as having carried my obedience further than duty required. But I am far from being concerned at having incurred any censure of that sort. It was not a self-interest and a servile obedience that I ever paid to my father's commands; it proceeded from principle, and if I may use such an expression, from affection." He lamented "the concern which my misfortune and the consequences of my own folly must give to a father ever the most affectionate," and went over his "agonies" "when I made the resolution to suffer the first part of my sentence. . . . I have now with great pains indeed, so far got the better of them as to begin to think of leaving no part of my father's command unexecuted. But in that, as there are very many difficulties which at once oppose themselves, there is one which his Grace only can remove, and that is, that my present circumstances, even with the fortune Dr. M. proposes to give his daughter, are far from sufficient to support a family in the condition which the relation I bear to his Grace will require;

and if in my profession I should meet with all the encouragement I could expect, it will be several years before my business will pay even the expences of my profession. On this subject therefore I wish you would take some opportunity of knowing his Grace's thoughts. Till I am informed what they are, I am unwilling to say any thing of what I intend. . . ."

"And that indeed was my real intention," continued Potter to his friend. "I never mentioned my design to live with my wife to any but yourself and Smart, because if I found he [the Archbishop] would not enable me to live in the condition I might reasonably expect, I would rather have chose to bear the censure of the world for not living with my wife, than have let such a proof of the only failing his Grace has in his character be known. But now it is to no purpose to go into that scheme; I have received letters from several with congratulations on my new resolution, so that now I cannot conceal it. I have not heard anything more of my father's intentions than that he will not make me independent. However, he may do as he pleases. I cannot nor will not truckle, tho' to a father. . . ."

Charles was ever on the side of reason and prudence, and he seems also to have put in a plea for the unfortunate wife to whom her husband never gave a thought. He had apparently offered to arrange a meeting between them, for Potter went on :

As for appointing a time for meeting, either at the Admiralty or anywhere else, nothing but the tenderness of your heart could have urged you to propose such a matter; nor after consideration will you think it advisable as yet, was I ever so much inclined to it. Everything must be done by degrees. 'Tis no small point gained that I have persuaded myself to comply with the concurrent advice of my friends in my intention to live with her, for I assure you it was not without the utmost difficulty.

He wrote again in July :

I have this instant received your letter, and have made the post boy wait while I write an answer. His Grace has absolutely refused his assistance in any shape, tho' much pressed, and often too, by that truly honest and sincere creature my brother S.¹ You know me too well to imagine that this doth not hurt me, but I will do as well as I can. Interest was never a principle on which I acted, nor shall it ever have any weight with me. In consequence of this I still pursue the method I proposed. I am looking out for a house near Windsor, and think I shall be settled there in a family way in a short time. I propose going to town in about a fortnight before term to be gazed at, and shall put on my gown as soon as I can afterwards. I wish I was with you. My spirits are hardly good enough to tell you how bad they are.

Charles must have then written a cheerful letter, enlarging on the joys of married life, but it arrived at a moment when Potter was, as he said in his answer, "but ill disposed indeed to [illegible] those scenes of happiness which you imagine to be my lot." He had not yet settled at Windsor, but wrote from Monk's Risborough, having just returned from

a very long excursion into Lincolnshire, from whence I made several sallies into Norfolk and other countys adjacent. The truth was I found it necessary to vary the scene a little, and to try to raise my drooping spirits. The kind reception of some very good friends there had in some measure brought the effect I desired, and I was yesterday returning home tolerably easy, when at a friend's house where I stayed to breakfast, there came in the dear girl for whose sake I cultivated an acquaintance with Mrs. Parker. When my affair happened, I writ to her to

¹ Rev. Stephen Potter, the Archbishop's elder son.

acquaint her with it, but had avoided all opportunities of seeing her, which I knew must be terrible to us both. Yet yesterday we accidentally met. The moment she saw me she burst out into such tears, which were followed by such looks and sighs as would have rent a heart less fond and less tender than mine. Good God ! You know the condition to which I must have been reduced by such passions struggling in my heart and such an object before my eyes. With great difficulty I supported myself, and at last came away to indulge my melancholy and give a vent to those emotions of sorrow which cannot be stifled.

In September he wrote in a gloomy mood, still from Monk's Risborough, but intending next day to

. . . sally for Berks in order to fix somewhere near Windsor, where I propose to get together a family the middle of next month. In this respect my affairs are in the same posture as when I writ last. Yet are they not entirely the same; for now Dr. M. taking a worthy example from ——¹ seems glad to have disposed of his daughter on such terms as may give him an opportunity of saving her fortune. In short, I have got the girl but the devil of a penny is to follow, so that both my good fathers seem determined I shall not repent in a coach and six. . . .

Thus much for myself. I am concerned at the hurry and fatigue you are obliged to undergo in this cursed business of electioneering. For God's sake take care of yourself.² . . . You are busily engaged in the conspicuous part of life, endeavouring to preserve and increase the credit of your family. I thank God the credit of no family depends upon me; I am in the shade of life and wish ever to remain so. Once I was ambitious of making a figure in the world; I

¹ Blank in original. The Archbishop.

² Charles was helping his brother George when standing for Worcestershire.

find it is not my fate to do so, and therefore I have given it up. I wish but to be easy, and since the curtain is drawn over me, to sleep out the rest of my life with as few unpleasant dreams as may be; but whether sleeping or waking you shall ever find me most sincerely yours.

For three years there are no letters from Potter; then comes one dated January 17, 1743/4, docketed in Mr. Lyttelton's neat hand, "Mr. Potter on his wife's death"; in which he raved of his misery in losing her in much the same terms that he had of his marriage. It is all the more strange as he treated her with great unkindness. He thanked his friend for writing to him.

Your kindness has been the greater as it has never been my lot to be able to communicate anything but misery. A fair weather friend finds no temptation to attempt an acquaintance with me, or if he begins it, he cannot long want a storm to drive him away. Such, dear Charles, has been the course of my fate from the hour when I was first able to distinguish happiness from misery. Hitherto I have supported every shock, if not with that firmness which I ought, at least with what I could. Fate itself has assisted me in this last particular by making each misfortune a preparative to the next; for the last has been worse than all that went before. The strings have been wound up gradually indeed, but sure they are now strained to the highest pitch, and with one more stretch they must break for ever. My poor boy is now struggling with the same accursed distemper—perhaps he too must yield to it! O Charles! Till you know the wild fondness of a father for his only child who is just sinking, and already deprived of what was most dear to him in the world, 'tis impossible you should know or guess at what I feel. . . . These, dear Charles, are not times for reason or religion to afford relief, or to be brought into our thoughts.

The mind is too much exalted for them to attempt, and must sink many, many degrees ere it will be capable of affording them reception. I have not yet had half leisure enough to consider what I have lost, much less to lament [illegible] her as [she] deserves. But when passion is satisfied and nature shall be tired out, then let [illegible] approach and try and patch up the shattered vessel against the next storm. Adieu, dear Charles. . . .

This is the last letter from Potter, except for two written many years later, which show that the friendship had been to some extent maintained; but the paths of the two men diverged widely. In 1747 Potter married again, an heiress with £50,000.¹ That same year he went into Parliament, where in his maiden speech, Lady Hervey said, "he spoke well and bitterly, but with so perfect an assurance, so unconcerned, so much master of himself, though the first time of his opening his mouth there, that it disgusted more than it pleased." But it made a great sensation, and "the world," according to Walpole, began to match "Mr. Potter the lawyer" against Mr. Pitt. These expectations were not fulfilled. Potter's claim to fame lies in another direction. He became one of the most notorious members of the Medmenham Abbey gang, and a boon companion of John Wilkes, who, says Almon, his biographer, was

¹ Archbishop Potter died in 1747, leaving close upon £100,000. He "was a learned and exemplary divine, but of a character by no means amiable, being strongly tinctured with a kind of haughtiness and severity of manners. He disinherited his eldest son because he mortified his ambition by marrying beneath his dignity. He got for him, however, or gave him £2000 in Church preferments. The younger son, whom he thought more worthy of his estate, was highly exceptionable in his moral character, however distinguished in abilities; and in particular his behaviour both before and after marriage to his first lady, whom his father obliged him to marry, is well known and remembered."—Nicholls' *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*.

not a bad man naturally, but Potter poisoned his morals.

Charles Lyttelton was called to the Bar in 1738, but remained there only two years. He was in no way fitted for that strenuous profession. A born antiquary, he loved to burrow at leisure, but with infinite pains, among ancient monuments and records of the past. He also enjoyed the comforts of life: a sunny garden, a well-spread table, visits to his friends and the historic sights of England. These things the Bar did not appear to promise him, and the fertile field of archæology proffered no financial reward. Some more remunerative calling, therefore, had to be found, and that of Holy Orders was eventually fixed upon as both suitable and profitable. According to Potter it was chiefly through his advice that Charles took this step; certainly that profession never had a stranger advocate. He was ordained in 1741 and went back to Oxford to take his degree. His friend Heneage Legge wrote upon this occasion :

You have certainly determined very rightly and very wisely, and as you judged it like a gentleman, I dare say you will all your life long find yourself happier for the step you have now taken. Your return to Oxford, I suppose, is in order to take your degree, and tho' it may seem a little grating to a man to relapse into a boy and begin the world again, the same resolution you have hitherto shown must carry you thro' this affair. And after all it may be taking it in too strong a light to look upon this as commencing entirely *de novo*, especially as I am far from thinking the time you have spent from the University is quite lost to you even in your new calling. Perhaps you will always find an advantage from it, for it is commonly the misfortune of gentlemen in that profession to contract an awkwardness from a narrow and confined education, which a more general acquaintance

with mankind and the way of living in the world will always exempt you from. . . . You give me some hopes of seeing you in town. I flatter myself you know one house where you will always be welcome and will in return give your blessing to me and my beef and my fireside.

Legge went on to tell of his expectations of becoming a father, and hoped that Charles would come to town in time "to make my posterity a Christian." "You know," he added, "I was never afraid of being thought so myself."

The next thing was to find the young parson a living. The death of the Chancellor of the Worcester diocese provided an excuse for Sir Thomas to write to the Bishop, and in his letter of condolence upon the sad event, he alluded to the late Chancellor's benefices.

I don't aim at great things, but if in the disposal of them you can strike out something for my son Charles, I need not tell you how happy it would make us both, as there is nobody in the world we should be so glad to be obliged to; but I am far from desiring to put your lordship under any difficulties. I am entirely convinced of your good inclinations, and therefore you may without the least uneasyness or ceremony refuse what you can't readily grant.

The good old Bishop Hough,¹ then ninety-one years old, replied :

¹ John Hough, Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield, Coventry and finally Worcester, died in 1743, aged ninety-three. "The amiable character of this Bishop cannot be too highly extolled. He lived in this county eighteen years, beloved by everyone. If he had a fault it arose from an easiness of temper and too great partiality for old and faithful servants. . . . His constant beverage after dinner when upwards of ninety was strong beer and sugar, and any of his guests were sure to ingratiate themselves with him that would partake of his cup and say they liked it."—Nash's *History of Worcestershire*.

It does not a little trouble me that I return any other answer to a command of yours than that it is obeyed. But you may please to know that above a year since, I found myself under a necessity of taking two clergymen into my family, and having nothing but very unlikely hopes to encourage them in discharging the duties of it, I was not backward in promising anything that should fall in my gift. I constantly ordered my little affairs in confidence of the Chancellor outliving me; but Providence has taken him before me, whereby the livings and his office are become vacant. The livings my chaplains claim; the Chancellorship I confer upon one whom he has made his executor. Could I have imagined there had been any likelihood of his death, I would, as to him, have kept myself at liberty. All I can say now is, that if during the little time I have to come in this life, anything shall fall in the Episcopal patronage, I will never dispose of it till I know whether it will be acceptable to Mr. Charles.

The young clergyman had not long to wait, for in 1742 he obtained the living of Alvechurch. Dr. Hough wrote to Sir Thomas on this occasion :

When Mr. Charles Lyttelton offered himself to be ordained, I had a peculiar pleasure in receiving him as one sincerely disposed to make good the character he took upon him, and every way qualified for it beyond exception. He has lately given me a greater pleasure by entering into the actual service of the Church; where (if I know the temper of his mind) he will exert himself in cultivating the principles of our most holy religion by the properest arguments, and give the utmost force to 'em by good example. If you, Sir, have comfort in seeing him so employed, I pray God you may long enjoy it. I expect credit now and after death in having been his friend, and, Sir,

Your most faithfull and obedient servant,
JO. WORCESTER.

CHAPTER V

RICHARD LYTTTELTON

RICHARD, fifth son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, was born in 1718. He was intended for the Navy, but Lady Lyttelton induced her husband to let him at the age of eleven become page of honour to Queen Caroline. Sir Thomas wrote rather dolefully on the subject to Charles: "Dick indeed is very happy in his new employment, and so is your mother that he is so disposed of, but God knows it was with a trembling heart I gave my consent to Her Majesty's offer (for I assure you I did not ask it) and that merely in compliance with your mother's solicitations, who could not bear the thoughts of his going to sea, which I think would have been vastly more to his advantage."

Nothing is known of Dick's education; he says in one letter that he never learnt Latin, so presumably he never went to Eton, and certainly not to the University. Probably he went to the school at Marylebone, like his brother Tom. As with Charles, the only anecdote of his boyhood comes from the ubiquitous pen of Horace Walpole, who recorded long afterwards that "when Mentor [himself] and Sir Richard Lyttelton were lads of fifteen, they were walking in the gardens at Hampton with that old driveller Lord Fitzwalter.¹ Lyttelton rattled away as usual. As soon as the peer was gone, Master Mentor said to his companion,

¹ Benjamin Mildmay, first Lord Fitzwalter, President of the Board of Trade.

“Dick, how could you talk so imprudently before a Privy Councillor?” The story was characteristic of both men to their dying day.

Richard when about eighteen became an ensign in the Guards, and in the summer of 1737 went to France to be finished off in the language and the graces. But instead of making the Grand Tour, like his eldest brother, Dick had to put up with the dull little town of Besançon. On his way there he stayed for a while in Paris. He went to a review at Versailles, and formed the opinion that the Guards, horse and foot, were “equal to any of ours except the *third regiment*. The Mousquetaires, which are in the nature of our dragoons, and perform their exercise both on horse and foot, are all gentlemen of condition and the finest Corps in the universe.” At this review he also saw the Royal Family and the whole Court, “which is very brilliant,” but added, “the women wear too much rouge for my taste at Versailles, here [Besançon] they wear none at all, except the Intendante and the sister to Chavigny,¹ who at past forty are the *femmes galantes* and the top toasts of the town.” He found Besançon compared unfavourably with Paris in every respect.

There is a comedy or opera four times a week, which is, however, not much esteemed and very little frequented by the women, who love cards better than any publick diversion. Indeed I should not break my heart if I never saw the most of them at all; they seem to wear natural masks, and are in general the least tempting of any I ever saw. The King’s Regiment, which is composed of the first familys in the Kingdom and [an] almost double

¹ William Pitt, who had been at Besançon a few years before, gave Dick introductions to the Abbé de Chavigny and others of his acquaintance there.

complement of officers, make the ornament of the place. . . . There is an academy here, but as it is very indifferent I chuse to save the expence, and shall content myself with learning to fence, which they teach very well. As for dancing I should make a better master than any upon the place.

He ended his letter by complaining that no one wrote to him : "'Tis very hard no body can find a quarter of an hour to tell me if Charles be recovered; I love him and wait for the post with the utmost impatience; if it brings no letter I shall be out of all temper. . . . I will not trouble you with my compliments, nor am I in humour to make any, since they don't think me worth writing to."

In spite of his economy in riding and dancing lessons, Richard wrote to his father in September 1737 :

I am afraid, Sir, to mention a very necessary subject to you; I have not yet been three months in France, and I have this day received the last of my credit. Forty pounds received at Paris little more than paid my expences to Paris, and from thence hither. For a hundred pounds sterling I received about ninety one and a half Louis; 25 I paid for my chair; mourning which I was forced to buy, and some alterations in my cloaths (for none of them will fit me, and even my regimentals are so little they can't be worn) cost me 25 more; ruffles, stockings, shoes and many other necessitys which I bought at Paris, cost me 25 within a trifle. I stayed (which I am very sorry for) a month at Paris. You will scarce believe me when I say that, except in the article of equipage, I find this place as dear as Paris, and in one respect much dearer; for the moment you go anywhere you are drawn in, and obliged to play, which at Paris is not necessary.

A letter of paternal rebuke and forgiveness arrived, and on October 15, Richard wrote full of "joy at the

assurances of your forgetting whatever displeased you in my past conduct."

My future shall always be to deserve your goodness to me, and though I cannot promise to live 8 months upon £100, yet I assure you I will always have the measure of my cloth before my eyes and endeavour to cut my coat accordingly. . . . I am still confident that the difference between Paris and Besançon is very little. 'Tis impossible to avoid play and keep any company, If I am always retired I learn the language as well at Hagley as where I am, and I am sure the difference of that article ballances the other of equipage. For a chair by the month, which I am obliged to have, must be considered; and as to eating, Fontaine is always at a certainty. Wherever I am he finds himself alike, for £40 a year, which is the least (upon computation) that I could give him;¹ and my own expence in that article is not very great, and as cheap at Paris as at Besançon. I do not say this that you may think I want to go there. If I was my own master I would not go there yet, but if Monsieur du Chayla leaves this place, I must go somewhere else or hang myself; and I again repeat, no town in France is more expensive and the French execrable. All the Parliament are born and bred here and pronounce worse than the Irish do our language; and for English I can find four or five places where there is not one.²

I am sure, Sir, you are glad that I should keep the best company, which is always the cheapest and what I am used to; and believe me, I am not fool enough to neglect myself as to study. I will soon (like a good schoolboy) write to you in French, and depend upon it in a twelvemonth you may send for me home without fear of my disgracing your opinion of me. I shall not go to Strasburg unless it be with Monsieur de Chayla, who treats me like his son. . . .

¹ Fontaine was his servant, and the £40 included wages and board wages.

² Meaning that in a place where there were many English he would not learn much French.

I beg leave to desire your commands to the girls that they write once a week. There is a difference between us; I never loved to talk of myself, and unless they would have me write romance, I can find no other subject.

In spite of his protestations Richard soon got into debt again, and was helped out by his father. He wrote in December with freshly renewed gratitude, and rather disarming excuses.

As I have already entered into a detail of excuse upon the article of play, without which I should not have been so troublesome to you, I will only add in answer to what you alledge that I can easily believe Mr. Windham was well received in some parts of France without that *désagrémens*; but had he been in Besançon, where the peculiar distemper is the rage of gaming, he could not I am persuaded have avoided it. In great towns there are so many occupations that one's conduct is not regarded, and at Paris I should never have toucht a card; but a province town so pitiful as this is like a country house where if my Aunt Kate¹ had not quadrille to support her, what must she do to amuse herself and oblige my lady? Nevertheless, as I told you in my last, having been the sufferer I can better (tho' not totally as I wish to do) excuse myself for the future. I will say no more upon a subject so disagreeable; believe me that I am touched to the heart by the goodness you express for me, and I will ever on all occasions study to deserve it.

¹ Aunt Kate was Sir Thomas's maiden sister and lived at Hagley till her death in 1742. She must have been something of a character, to judge from the one other allusion to her. Charles, writing to his father some years later, said, "The Countess of Home did not vouchsafe to make the least enquiry after you or yours, for which my Aunt Kate would have called her an ungrateful b—ch." The epitaph on her tombstone says that she "lived free from the cares of this world, and died happily in the 68th year of her age."

Richard's persistence in urging the claims of Paris as a cheap educational resort met with no response from his father, and a further confession of failure to keep within his means brought a command to return home forthwith. To which the culprit replied in April 1738: "I wish it were possible for me to mark my obedience to your commands by my diligence in executing them, and how much soever I could wish for my improvement to stay longer in this place. All I can hope from your goodness is the forgiveness of my folly and from my future conduct the return of your confidence." He asked for a further instalment of £100 to pay for two suits of "Summer Cloaths," "bespoke before I had any thoughts of returning to England so soon," and to pay some other debts incurred while in Paris, adding

That you may not think that place has any temptations to prevail upon me to delay my arrival in England, I will calculate the day that your answer may probably arrive, to the end that if you do not please to allow me some days to see the curiosities which I neglected when there, and to paying my last respects to my acquaintance, and to take leave of Lord Holderness and Conway, I shall immediately despatch my affairs and obey your intentions with the utmost exactitude.

Little is known of Dick's life in the next two years. He left the Guards and joined the Marines, no doubt in order to fight in the war with Spain. He served in two campaigns at sea, and obtained the brevet rank of captain.

Meanwhile the war of the Austrian Succession had broken out in Europe, and England was expected to join in. "Are we to have war or peace?" inquired Sir Thomas Lyttelton of his eldest son in March 1742. "I pray heartily for the latter, tho' poor Dick should

suffer by it. He says nothing else can dash his hopes." All was well from Dick's point of view, for England allied herself with Austria against France and a campaign was planned for the autumn, though war was not actually declared for some time. Captain Lyttelton made every effort to get out to Flanders on the staff of Lord Stair,¹ Commander-in-Chief, and through the influence of Lord Cobham and others was partially successful.

On September 3, he wrote to his father "in the greatest hurry, being busy preparing my equipage for Flanders. Lord Stair is to return the first fair wind." He had been to see Lord Stair.

I told him Lord Marchmont had flattered me with the hopes of his protection in Flanders, and that I had obtained the King's leave accordingly. He paused some time, and perceiving he knew not readily what answer to make me, I told him that I did not understand that I had the honour to be actually his Aid de Camp, but that he would allow me to be of his family.² To which he answered that he should be exceedingly glad to see me. I told him I would then buy my horses immediately and follow him. To which he answered: "Do so; I shall be exceedingly glad to see you there."

Richard ended with "Money have I none till you are so good to send me credit." Sir Thomas replied with a stern rebuke for reckless expenditure, and his son's next letter is couched in an injured strain. Sept. 17, 1742:

If I had depended on reports of the town and in consequence of them put myself to a considerable

¹ John, second Earl of Stair, had fought at Oudenarde, and subsequently was Ambassador to France, and a Field-Marshal: *d.* 1747.

² Thus obtaining, as he says in another letter, "the advantage of Lord Stair's table."

expençe, I had very justly deserved your censor. It is not my eagerness to go abroad but to be employed there; nor does that desire make me see this affair in a stronger light than it will bear, but it is certain the King will go to Flanders in a very few days, unless some very unforeseen event alters his present resolution. The Household are ready, the particular people named who are to attend him. Lord Holderness is the Lord, Finch is the groom; the yatches are ready, the Regency settled. No man doubts that we shall take the field to strike some blow, tho' only those in the secret can tell what.

But all these circumstances would not have induced me to have made my preparations so late in the year had not my Lord Stair's orders determined me. He bad me in so many words to buy my horses as fast as possible, and to follow him; and give me leave, Sir, to suppose that we do nothing this year, unless there be a peace with France by next Spring, what will be the difference between making my preparations now or some months later? If there be nothing done, I shall come over again soon and leave my horses at grass at Hagley; but if there should be anything done and I absent, what opinion would the General and the world have of my behaviour; and how could I expect his protection and favour hereafter?

I have borrowed some money to pay for horses I have already bought. In everything I have followed my Lord Cobham's advice as to my equipage. He bad me buy one furniture to make a shew, I have bespoke a red cloth and gold; another I have made blue cloth with a lace which I have taken off an old coat. These with a servant's livery, furniture and a sumpter saddle for a baggage horse, are already provided. I have inquired of everybody, and find these preparations are absolutely necessary. . . .

As to my running about this summer, I have been chiefly at Stowe and Wotton.¹ I was indeed at Tunbridge for a few days, and from there went to

¹ Wotton was the Grenvilles' place.

meet Lord Lincoln ¹ in Sussex. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham's ² behaviour to me there and since I came to town, give me cause to think that expedition not quite so ridiculous; and if I am not cramped in my designs for want of money, I make no doubt I shall very soon get some preferment. On the whole, Sir, I beg you to consider that this is the very crisis of my fortune; some favourable circumstance at present may determine my future preferment. I have actually engaged myself in the expence at present, as concluding you would have sent me the means; and if you are not so good to supply me soon, the best thing I can do will be to go abroad speedily for my own security, for people are not very fond of trusting officers that are likely to be killed abroad, tho' I flatter myself this will be so far from my condition that I shall be happy in seeing you better satisfied with my conduct, and I wish to Heaven I might find you in better health. I flattered myself too soon in the hopes I had from Cheltenham waters.

Believe me, Sir, nobody can be more sensible of your goodness, nor with more gratitude, than your most dutiful son Richard Lyttelton.

Sir Thomas made but a slender response to this appeal, but Richard soon after went to the front, "in the capacity of a kind of Aid de Camp extraordinary to Lord Stair." His first letter was written to his brother George from Ghent, November 3, 1742 :

The particulars of my voyage are not worth troubling you with. Suffice it to say that having got to within six leagues of Ostend, we were obliged to put back again to Margate. At last I got to Brussels, delivered my letters to Lord Stair, was declared

¹ Henry, ninth Earl of Lincoln, afterwards second Duke of Newcastle, married Mr. Pelham's daughter.

² Henry Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle; both at this time in the Government, and both later were in turn Prime Minister.

Aid de Camp, and waited upon him at the review accordingly. Our troops made a glorious appearance, as did the Hanoverians and Hessians.¹ My brethren are,—Mr. Lesley, Lord Dumfries, Lord Cathcart, Mr. Stanhope, Lord Drumlanrig, Lord Robert Bertie. Mr. Stanhope and Lesley are upon the establishment, 2 more receive pay, and I don't absolutely despair; sure I want it extremely, for things are very dear, particularly forage, which runs away with half my subsistence as captain. I don't know if Lord Stair has answered Lord Cobham's letter, but am sure he has made the kindest answer in his behaviour to me. If he doesn't give me the pay, I have reason to think he will when it is in his power; but unless we have a red-hot war in the spring I have no expectations.

I have had no letter from any body this six weeks, nor do we know any thing that passes; therefore I wish you would favour me with a line, or desire Mrs. Lyttelton³ to do me that honour. In return when I see England, I will bring her lace, or nun's work, or should I obtain a wooden leg, will lay it at her feet. I have just received orders to wait upon my Lord, which hinders me from writing to my father. I don't know what is likely to become of me, but think the best thing I can do is to stick close to my Lord. My linnen is worn out, and my cloaths are old and shabby. I have 2 servants, 4 horses, my subsistence is 7/6 per Diem, for I have not received any arrears. I have fewer horses and my furniture is less fine than any Aid de Camp in the whole army. This I affirm, and let any body call me extravagant. The answer is, if you are to be undone do I care how many more are to be so too? But I hope to get pay or preferment, and I will be as saving as I can, and tho' Ghendt is expensive with the equipage I am obliged to keep, yet I hope a little extraordinary will do the business. In short, my dear brother, my point is not to make a

¹ Hanover was neutral, but her troops were hired and paid for by England, as were the Hessians.

² George Lyttelton married Miss Fortescue in 1742.

figure, but to learn my trade and to preserve your favour and esteem.

George sent this letter to his father with the comment : " I don't know what you will say to this letter, nor how Dick will find his account in so much expence, nor how he can avoid it in his present situation."

A few days later Dick wrote to his father : " I hope you have received the letter in which I gave you an account of my being declared Aid de Camp, tho' 'tis yet uncertain who will have pay. If we enter into a war *tout de bon*, as we at present flatter ourselves we shall, some favourable cannon ball will perhaps make way for me."

This happy moment was deferred, for the army went into winter quarters before a shot was fired. Captain Lyttelton perhaps went home for the winter in company with hundreds of other officers, to the wrath of the Commander-in-Chief, who said sarcastically, " I thought it hard to refuse them leave, when they said that their preferment depended on the interest of their friends at Court. They had no notion that it depended on their exertions here." ¹

England and France were still not officially at war. The French were fighting as " auxiliaries " to the Elector of Bavaria, and the English were doing the same for the Queen of Hungary. " A ridiculous situation," says Horace Walpole. " We have the name of war with Spain without the thing and war with France without the name." War was not declared till April 1, 1744. The army began to march into Germany in February 1743, in very bad weather. In May King George went over to Hanover, and there is a letter from Lord Carteret, who as Secretary of

¹ Fortescue : *History of the British Army*.

State had accompanied the King, to Dick Lyttelton, who had been sent there with despatches.

The King was well pleased with the despatch you made, which was answerable to the zeal I have observed in you for his Majesty's service. I shall have a particular pleasure in recommending you to his Majesty, and of shewing with how much esteem I am, Sir, your most faithful, humble servant,

CARTERET.

There was a slight affair at Aschaffenberg in June, in which Captain Lyttelton received a "musquett shott" in the thigh. An extract from the despatch brought to London announcing the engagement says :

The ball only grazed and occasioned a slight contusion; he continued in the field till the affair was over, and then at the desire of Lord Stair, who said "For God's sake, Lyttelton, go home; I give you my word of honour there will be nothing more; I will have you go home:" he went home, and as soon as he found the ball was not ledged in the thigh, he got a horseback again.

Dick in a hasty note to say the wound was nothing, ended, "The armys are only divided by the river. We hope for a decisive blow every hour." The King arrived in the camp at Aschaffenburg on June 19, and took over the command of the army; his second son, the Duke of Cumberland, also arrived to make his first campaign. Ten days later Richard tells his father of the battle of Dettingen.

Hanau. June 29th N.S., 1743. I am just informed that a messenger is going to England and take this opportunity to give you the agreeable news of a victory we have gained over the French. The day before yesterday we marched from our camp at Aschaffenburg; the French were marching on the

other side of the river so near to us that I had a great deal of conversation with several of them across the river. They had laid bridges over the river near to Selingstadt and between Aschaffenburg and Hanau. At about 9 they began to cannonade us; their batteries did us a great deal of mischief. At about 12 about 25,000 attacked us. We repulsed them after about 3 hours' engagement; at about 4 they repassed the river in great precipitation, many of them being drowned in it. We remained masters of the field of battle, and have taken some cannon, standards, timballes, colours.—Our prisoners are very numerous and of great distinction. *La Maison du Roy* is almost all cut to pieces or taken. The foot Guards and 3 battalions of Hanover foot which made our rear could not come up; 8 Hanover Battalions and the 6,000 Hessians were not arrived. I have not time for any more particulars; I escaped a great deal of fire. I hope the next blow will be decisive.

P.S.—Gen. Clayton was killed upon the spot. The Duke wounded in the leg; we hope not dangerously. We guess the French to have loss'd about 4,000 men, the flower of their troops, besides very many wounded and prisoners.

Richard was not wounded in the battle, but he suffered great fatigue, says his nephew Camelford, and sleeping afterwards upon damp straw was seized with a kind of rheumatic gout which gradually gained upon him, and before ten years had passed he was completely crippled.

After the battle of Dettingen the campaign dragged on for a few months. Captain Lyttelton on July 3: "My letter can only inform you of what you may learn by the papers," wrote "that His Majesty and his victorious army continue peaceably on the banks of the Maine at Hanau, where we seem so well satisfied that God only knows when we shall change the scene. We have lately had much rain, but till within these

3 weeks a wet day was a prodigy; 'tis the finest climate in the world and as beautyfull and plentyfull a country as ever I saw."

Soon after he wrote again, still in great spirits, "from a Nunnery near Mayence."

To-morrow we march again towards Spire to seek our good friends the French in return for the visit they made us upon the Maine. 'Tis believed the Dutch will soon join us, but there are many who think them too cautious to care to risque themselves if they can help it, and M. de Noailles [Commander-in-Chief of the French army] will scarce venture the remains of his reputation and play his master's cards at such deep stakes without his situation obliges him to it. One thing every body agrees in, that if we have another brush they will find us very different antagonists than at Dettingen. Those corps that behaved well know themselves and will do still better, and those that deserved less commendation will pique themselves to wipe off the reflection. God send us a fair tryal.

These bright expectations came to nothing. King George held numerous councils of war at Hanau, to which the Austrian commanders, Prince Charles of Lorraine, husband of Maria Theresa, and Khevenhüller, came. Plans were made and announced for the invasion of France, but no more was achieved than to march the British army from Hanau to Worms. Dissensions arose among the rival commanding officers, and Lord Stair resigned, because, he said, none of his suggestions were attended to. Other high officers followed suit, complaining bitterly that the King only listened to his beloved Hanoverians. "They talk of great uneasiness among the English officers," notes Horace Walpole. Some of this uneasiness is reflected in Dick Lyttelton's next letter to his

brother, from Worms, September 2, very gloomy about the campaign, and still more so about his chances of promotion.

Since I find the newsmongers in England are more fond of killing than perhaps some politicians on this side the Rhine may be, I am glad to give you the satisfaction of knowing that your friends are well and perhaps may continue so, if fluxes are not more fatal to them (which make great ravages in the army) than powder and broadswords. However, we have got as far as Worms and talk of going further. The season is now so far advanced we must begin to think of winter quarters somewhere or other. If we are suffered to beat them heartily, we shall then have the choice where to fix them, and to say the truth I prefer the French ladys to the Flemish.

You do me too much honour if you reckon me any thing of a soldier and not enough if you think me much of a courtier. However, I begin to think Lord Carteret inclined to serve me essentially, and I have given him to understand in a letter I wrote to him lately, that the good fortune I had to be strongly recommended by her late Majesty to the King, gave me cause to flatter myself that *my petition* could not be *cold in the closet if supported by his Lordship*; that it must be want of inclination in him to do it if I fail, and not of power. General Ligonier and Finch have engaged to do all they can with him on my behalf, and if Lord Stair had any interest I should want no other. I am too old a courtier to build much upon civility, and tho' he [Carteret] calls me his dear Lyttelton here, I hope more from what you tell me, and not a great deal from either.

Light dawned from an unexpected quarter upon the soldier of fortune. Alarming reports arose that autumn that the French were about to invade England in support of the Pretender. Great preparations were made to repel them. A fleet was sent out, and

troops hastily collected. Lord Stair offered his services and was put in command, and Richard Lyttelton, true to his precept to "stick close to my Lord," hurried back to England, in company doubtless with many others, to clamour for posts and promotion. His letters to his father tell the course of events in the next few months. The first was written early in 1744.

I should have wrote oftener to you, but the reports have been so various and contradictory that not knowing what to make of them, I thought it better to be silent. At present the different fleets and the invasion are the only topics of conversation. 'Tis generally believed that Mathews has had a successfull engagement in the Mediterranean. Norris continues still in the Downes; the French fleet were yesterday on the coast of Sussex off of Rye. If they meet we shall probably destroy them as we are greatly superior, tho' Sir John has detached part of his squadron to look after 4 sail in Dunkirk Road. The French have drawn together near 30,000 men about Calais and Dunkirk, at both which places they are making embarkation. The Pretender's eldest son walks about publickly at both these places with the Count de Saxe, who is to command on this expedition. Lord Stair is appointed to give him a proper reception, and setts out in a few days for Maidstone, to rendezvous all the troops that can be got together.

He has done me the honour to give me his orders to attend him. This can't be done without an expence which I am unable to support without your assistance, and yet I must confess I am unwilling to ask it; but a little money is of more consequence to me than it can be some years hence, and if you please to spare it me at present I am content to have it discounted hereafter. The staff is not yet settled, but it will be in a day or two. I asked Lord Stair if I might apply to be deputy Qr. Mr. Genl. He approved of my doing so, and accordingly I went to Lord Carteret, who repeated in the strongest terms his assurance of service,

and told me that I might depend upon it; "no young man in the army was so well in his Majesty's favour," that this thing must pass through Lord Stair's hands, and if he gave me his recommendation I could not fail of it. I repeated this to my Lord Stair, who has promised to do his utmost to get it me, and gives me reason to think it will be done.

On March 3 Richard announced that

I have at last the pleasure to acquaint you that I have got the rank of Lt.Coll. My present hopes are to have some pay as Deputy Quarter Master General, but the establishment is but 5 shillings per Diem and I know not if I shall obtain even that. Believe me, Sir, if you knew how expensive the last campaign was to me, you would not think I had been extravagant. If I can get pay I shall go on very well; if not, I hope when it is really necessary you will not refuse me your assistance. There has been no express as yet from Mathews, nor any account to be depended upon. Norris is still in the Downs and the French off of Torbay. I hear no news to tell you.

A few days later he wrote in triumph: "I have kissed hands as Lt.Coll. and Dy. Qr. Mr. Gl.," though he began by saying that Mr. Pelham had told him he believed for the present the French had "laid aside all thoughts of the projected invasion," which would make the post a sinecure. The young colonel went on to describe his interview with the great man who had helped him to obtain it.

I was yesterday with Lord Carteret.

"Well, Lyttelton, I wish you joy of your rank, but what pay are you to have?"

"Indeed my Lord, I can't exactly tell, but I believe the establishment is but a trifle if I get that." (It is but 5 shillings a day.)

"Well, but what pay would you desire?"

“Why, my Lord, rank was the thing I wanted, tho’ to tell you the truth this thing will be attended with unavoidable expenses; and as I am but a poor dog, a little pay would be very agreeable. I think, my Lord, I cannot have less than the pay of Aid de Camp, ten shillings a day.”

“Well, my dear Lyttelton, do you and Lord Stair settle together what you would have, and let him place it in the contingencies. It will go no higher than to me and shall be allowed without any difficulty.”

I think it my duty to acquaint you with this conversation, but be pleased not to talk of it, because my predecessors have never had more than the establishment, and Coll. Robinson actually has no more, who is now Dy. Qr. Mr. Gl. in Flanders. I do not think it probable that this thing should cease by the invasion being laid aside for the present, and therefore this conversation was not disagreeable to me, and you may imagine that Lord Stair, who is a second father to me, pardon the expression, made no difficulty in agreeing to Lord Carteret’s proposal.

The invasion vanished into thin air, and in August 1744 Colonel Lyttelton set off on his second Flanders campaign. Just before he left he wrote to tell his father of an interview he had had with the Prince of Wales. It would seem that his pay had somehow increased to a guinea a day, but though he cheerfully took money from the State, he had no mind to accept it from the Prince.

August 7, 1744. I got to London soon enough yesterday to dine at Lord Stair’s. I went to Ranelagh at night. The Prince no sooner saw me than he called me to him, and we went together into the garden, where we continued tête a tête for above an hour and a half, till it was time for him to go away. He inquired much about you, as did the Princess. He asked me what money you had given me, and as

I thought he meant to offer me some and I did not chuse he should, I told him that you had given me leave to draw upon you if I should have occasion, but that I believed I should not, and told him of the guinea a day.

I was with Lord Carteret this morning for three-quarters of an hour. He had sent his letters, so I shall have none to carry. It was great concern to me to leave you, Sir, in so much pain. I hope you believe no son can love a father better than I do you, or be more sensible of your goodness to me. I hope some of the family will write every week at least to me. You can't imagine how happy a letter makes me when abroad.

As to this interview, Chesterfield told Marchmont "that Richard Lyttelton, the officer, had been with Lord Carteret to ask him if he was to carry any letters to Flanders, and that his Lordship had taken him into his closet and talked of politics a long time to him, and that all he, Lyttelton, could make of it was, that if England could hold out to make war some time, France would have no trade left." A sanguine statement, especially as the French were having a very successful campaign, and had taken many Flemish towns. The efforts of the allied armies were nullified by there being no one Commander-in-chief. Marshal Wade, who now led the British troops, had constant discussions with the allied commanders, but they could not agree, and in consequence achieved nothing. Richard wrote on September 16 :

When I asked the King's leave to go abroad the remainder of the campaign had certainly a very promising aspect ; but we have let slip the opportunity of availing ourselves of the circumstances in our favour, till 'tis time to begin to think of securing our winter quarters, and we have already detached a body of above 10,000 men to cover Ghent and Bruges,

and shall content ourselves (I believe) with reaping of wheat instead of laurels. We have foraged the enemy's country without any opposition to the banks of the Deuille, raised perhaps some contributions which are not much talked of, and plundered the poor peasants in their villages, in return for Menin, Ypres, Courtray, Fuems, etc., and the vast sums we have expended. There is a grand council of war this morning, which puts me in mind of an expression of Charles the 12th : " They deliberate to-day about what they ought to have done yesterday."

Richard returned to England that winter and employed his time in falling in love. He became engaged to a young lady, much against her father's will, and not wholly, it would appear, in accordance with his own, for Sir Thomas, in March 1745, wrote him a page and a half of advice as to how he should proceed so as to " break it off with honour." Sir Thomas then continued :

I did not imagine you had any thoughts of going abroad this year. Sure there never was such a volunteer errant as you. You say it will divert the disagreeable thoughts of your love affair, and that you can't afford to lose this campaign, which probably will be the last; that the Prince insists upon it, as does Lord Cobham, tho' he won't give you a shilling to help you; and lastly, that Lord Stair thinks it is your only way of making your court to the King, and he will take that opportunity of asking something for you. Really, my dear Dick, I can't see great weight in most of these reasons. Your love may indeed be diverted by it, but upon what grounds do you imagine this will be the last campaign? I rather apprehend we are at the beginning of a long and destructive war. As to his Royal H-ss, he is very good in interesting himself so much in your concerns, but if you are really so well with him, I wish he would shew it by taking you into his service, which would be

likewise making your brother some amends for turning him out, and some proof that the reasons he alledged for doing so were true ones.¹ Your good uncle is never wanting in his advice, but he will always take care it shall cost him nothing. I know him too well to wonder, however others may judge of such shabby behaviour. As to Lord Stair, I am surprised he still waits for an opportunity of asking for something to make up your loss of the deputy quarter master's place; and surely the King does not want proof sufficient to convince him of your ardour for the service, having made two volunteer campaigns on the continent, and two at sea. Therefore in my opinion you may not only be excused going again upon such a foot, but will be thought the wiser for staying at home till you can go upon a better.

If you are determined after all I have said to go, I will not baulk your inclinations, which as they have spirit in them I can't but commend. You shall not want my assistance as far as two hundred pounds will go, which is not a little money for me to spare as times go; for I give you my honest word, I have not received one shilling from my tenants at Halesowen or Frankley since the 15th of Jan. till this morning Hollier brought me £100.

Colonel Lyttelton did go to Flanders, where the Duke of Cumberland was now in chief command of the British forces. The French, under Louis XV and Marshal Saxe, were besieging Tournay, which they subsequently took. Richard's first letter is from the Camp at Soignies, Tuesday, April 23, 1745 :

I left London a Friday and sailed Saturday night, and got to the army about nine leagues beyond Brussels yesterday morning. My leg is not much the better for this expedition, but they talked so much of a battle that I was affraid of being too late, and you know I don't like to be laughed at. Mr. Conway

¹ Frederic's alleged reasons are stated on p. 193, but Sir Thomas's deduction is rather obscure.

and Major Campbell came with me. We march to-morrow to within about 5 leagues of the French, who amuse themselves before Tournay, which they have invested. We heard this morning about 30 cannon, which we suppose to be from the town, for we don't hear that they have broke ground yet. We believe the French altogether to be from 50 to 60 thousand, but no body knows exactly, and what is more extraordinary no body can tell me exactly what numbers we are, but I believe from 40 to 42,000 effective men. Those of the enemy not of the investiture, lye at Liege. We intend to attack them if they are willing to give us battle, but as they may retire behind a rivulet, we shall in that case take time to consider of it. We have troops coming in every day, and they expect a reinforcement also. I am here without a horse to ride, a bed to lye on, or a coat to wear, for the Duke has forbid any but red, and I have only a brown one till my baggage comes, which I suppose is still with my horses at Gravesend.¹

What the numbers of the French are, including those who form the siege, I can get no certain account. Those who putt their highest say 70,000, the lowest 55,000. Ours may be about that number or something more, so that if their force is divided and we can bring them to a battle, they will be beat. I hope in a month or two more we shall have full fourscore thousand men in the field.

Richard's next letter was written May 12, in a less happy-go-lucky way than the last, for it was the day after the battle of Fontenoy.

We attacked the French yesterday and were repulsed with great loss. The Duke was every where, and that he escaped is a miracle. He rallied the troops when broken, and made a stand which saved

¹ Cumberland made drastic reforms in discipline, and among other things ordered that no officer under the rank of a brigadier-general should appear in camp or in quarters, on or off duty, except in a regimental coat, old or new.

the army from being entirely cut to pieces. I had the honour of being next to him the whole day, except when he sometimes sent me with orders. Lord Ancram and Lord Cathcart, 2 of his Aid de Camps, were both wounded in the head and at the same time his horse was wounded in the neck; he also received a little contusion from a musquett ball in the arm. Nothing was ever like the fire, both cannon and small arms; Dettingen was play to it. If I don't get into the Guards, or am not Lt. Coll. to some regiment, I will absolutely go into the Russian service, for there are but too many vacancys to make my demand reasonable. This must be done by application in England; it's a shame, but the Duke disposes of nothing higher than company's.

We are retired under the cannon of Aeth.

There follows an account of the battle of Fontenoy in George Lyttelton's handwriting.

The account sent by the Duke is this. That they marched to attack the enemy at two in the morning and came up with them between four and five; but the horse having some defiles to pass which were strongly guarded with cannon, the line could not be formed till about 7, and in the meanwhile we suffered much by a most furious cannonade. The right wing began the attack, and gained ground on the enemy. We were twice repulsed and rallied again; but the enemy's batteries did such execution that about one in the afternoon it was thought proper to retire, which was done in very good order, without being pursued or losing any standard, cannon or baggage. We have taken one standard, other letters say two, from the enemy. The English, Dutch, and Hanoverian Foot behaved extreamly well, but the Dutch Horse, scandalously. Our Blue Regiment of Horse has retrieved the honour it lost at Dettingen, having received the thanks of the Duke for their gallant behaviour; the rest of the Horse was not engaged. All our young nobility that were in the action dis-

tinguished themselves gloriously, particularly Lord Petersome and a son of Lord Albermarle's. Our loss is certainly very considerable, but I cannot learn to what number. Major Gen. Ponsonby is killed; Lord Geo. Campbell has a leg shott off, and it is thought can't live. Col. Douglas, Lord Morton's brother is killed, so is poor Ross. The foot Guards particularly suffered; they broke into the lines and one battalion of them was so mauled that most of the officers are killed or wounded. The Highland regiment also broke in at another place, but were driven out again with great loss. Old Koningseck was on horseback and in the heat of the fire during the whole action.

The Duke has gained immortal honour, and the troops have lost none though they have failed in their attempt, for it was *repulse* but not a *defeat*, and a repulse entirely owing to the enemy's cannon, which was so advantageously placed that there was no resisting it.

In consequence of this misfortune it is to be feared that Tournay will be taken, but our army may soon be able to appear again in the field, if the Dutch send such reinforcements as are in their power. I heartily congratulate you upon the honourable share Dick has had in this action. . . .

"We are still at our camp of Lessings (behind Oudenarde and Aeth)," wrote Colonel Lyttelton on June 12. "The French fire like devils at the citadel, but as we gather strength they must lose a great many men; I hope we shall be able to cope with them yet." Meanwhile he had not been idle on his own account. "I should not have been so long answering your letter, but have been to Hanover to solicit his Majesty in person. . . . I could not obtain a direct reply to my petition, but have reason to flatter myself his Majesty will give me some mark of his Royal favour; perhaps his Aid de Camp."

“ I am rich in hopes but poor in pockett,” he ended ; but a month later wrote in much discontent :

I am disappointed every way. The King has restored the rank of Coll. to his Aid de Camp, and filled up the vacancy by appointing Lord Ancram and Lord George Sackville. It is impossible for me to get either into a marching regiment or the Guards abroad, as the right of seniority is strictly kept by the Duke in his recommendations. There has been but two instances to the contrary as yet in all the promotions that have been made; the one in favour of Lord Cathcart his Aid de Camp, and the other a nephew of Mr. Pelham's, Lord Charles Manners. When I represent that I am above half way up the list of Lieut:Colls. here and desire to be considered accordingly, the answer is, “ Very well, you have the rank, have you then not reason to be contented ? ” Though another battle may intitle me to ask for a seniority here, my having served as a volunteer will not avail me without that step is first got over. I am so discontented that if I could possibly live without the army I would not continue in it longer than this campaign, as I expect to see younger Lt. Colls. get the rank of Coll. before me, and may see them colonels of regiments when I may be a broken captain of Marines.

This dismal fate was not to be his, though it is evident he had no idea that an event was impending which made his vocation of “ volunteer errant ” for ever unnecessary. Horace Walpole, writing Dec. 20, 1745, says : “ In the midst of our political distresses, which have reduced the town to a state of Presbyterian dulness, we have been entertained with the marriage of the Duchess of Bridgewater ¹ and Dick

¹ Rachel Russell, daughter of second Duke of Bedford, *m.* first, 1722, first Duke of Bridgewater, who died Jan. 1745; second, Dec. 14, 1745, Richard Lyttelton.

Lyttelton; she, forty, plain, very rich, and with five children; he six and twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her five more."

Richard Lyttelton was extremely good-looking, "and it is not surprising he should have made an impression upon the heart of an amorous widow," says Camelford. According to him, the Duchess was the one to propose, offering her hand "before the hatchment of the Duke was taken down."¹

The happy bridegroom announced his marriage to his father in a tone of businesslike satisfaction.

I beg pardon for not having acquainted you sooner with what I am about to mention, but I have not till this day been at liberty to do it; and especially by letter, which would have let the gentlemen of the post office into my confidence, whose secrecy is not always to be depended upon. Dr. Charles² has this day got me a licence to marry the Duchess of Bridgewater, and will perform the ceremony at Mr. Lyttelton's on Saturday or Monday. As you have often seen her I need not speak of her person, but shall only observe that I have lived long enough in the world to think the bloom of youth an unnecessary ingredient in an agreeable woman; and for her understanding and temper, I could not wish the least improvement in either. As to her circumstances, they are such as give me a fortune in the present beyond the utmost of my ambition, and secure me an independency hereafter to put an honest man above the frowns of a minister; whilst on the other hand the weight of her fortune and the interest of her brother and son, the Dukes of Bedford and Bridgewater, must contribute greatly to my advancement in the army if I choose to continue in it. I flatter myself you will forgive me not asking your consent

¹ The hatchment was the coat of arms, which, on the death of the head of the family, was put up on his house for a year.

² Charles Lyttelton was made a D.D. in 1745.

for the reasons above mentioned, and the rather as I make no doubt of your approbation.

Sir Thomas's reply was evidently satisfactory, and his son thanked him gratefully for it, adding: "I hope you will continue your paternal care of me and honour me with your counsels upon all occasions. As to the article of play which you so justly caution me against, believe me, Sir, it is no sacrifice to renounce it. I never loved it, and used it only by fits to support my vanities and pleasures, which it generally answered to my wish and never was prejudicial to me; but at present that I want nothing I have no temptation to hazard my content and independency. . . ."

"I long to see him in all his magnificence," wrote an old schoolfellow to Charles, "and am sure no one will become it better than he, who was always a *bon vivant* and loved expence, when (as we used to agree) he ought to have been more mindful of the main chance. However, he may now indulge his inclination to the utmost, for every body says the Duchess is immensely rich, and I think she has done very well in giving it to such an agreeable young fellow as the Coll., who will make her amends for the many tedious nights and days she passed with her former old stupid husband."

Richard must have revelled indeed in his new opulence. Some five months after their marriage, Dr. Charles announced to his father the intention of the bridal couple to pay their first visit to Hagley. "Their scheme is to go down in a post-chaise, with another post-chaise for her servants, with two or three horsemen, and spend a week with you." A sumptuous style of travelling, very different from the penniless Dick's previous journeys down.

As to the "article of play" which he talked so loftily of renouncing, it remained one of his chief diversions through life. Walpole tells how the Prince of Wales once invited Lord Granby and Dick Lyttelton down to Kew, where he won "eleven hundred pounds of the latter and eight of the former, then cut and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly they were in danger of losing more than they would like." But the marriage so prosaically entered upon proved one of perfect happiness. Richard and his Duchess, "the most uncere-monious, even-tempered woman that lives,"¹ went laughing through life together, loved by all who knew them.

¹ So said Shenstone the poet.

CHAPTER VI

THOMAS SMITH, R.N.

BESIDES his legitimate offspring, Sir Thomas Lyttelton had a son named Thomas Smith, who must have been born about the year 1707. Nothing is known of his mother, except that she had relations in Cornwall and was alive in 1740,¹ living in Wapping, where she kept lodgings.¹ He was probably educated at Woolwich College and went to sea about 1720. Eight years later he was made a junior lieutenant and was appointed to the *Gosport* man-of-war, commanded by Captain Drake. In November 1728, when the *Gosport* was lying off Plymouth between the island and the main, an incident occurred which for some weeks brought Smith widespread fame. Relations between Spain and England were at that moment more than usually strained; war seemed imminent, and France was expected to join Spain. Great, therefore, was the excitement in Plymouth Harbour, "when," says Smith in his subsequent report to the Lords of the Admiralty, "about 1 o'clock the 23 November, the wind at S.E. blowing fresh, we saw a French ship of war in the sound, coming in for Hamoaze. My captain being on board, ordered guns to be laid down ready to take up his salute, and at the same time sent me in the barge to know from whence she came and where bound."

¹ John Thomas Smith, author of the *Life of Nollekins*, says that Admiral Smith (as he afterwards became) was his great-uncle.

Smith boarded the ship and found she was the *Gironde*, a corvette of 24 guns,¹ commanded by M. de Joyeux; that she was bound from Havre de Grace for Rochefort, and had put in to avoid the gale. Smith, as she passed the *Gosport*, asked if it was not usual "to pay some acknowledgment at coming in to our ports?" The French captain replied, "No, unless to flags." The *Gosport* was flying a pennon only. Smith said no more, and returned to his ship. While in the harbour De Joyeux was entertained by the captains of various ships, though some suspected his visit "was in the manner of a spy," as the gale was "but moderate," according to one of them; and he arranged that on leaving he would give a salute of eleven guns to the citadel. The *Gironde* stayed six days in Plymouth, and then, Nov. 29, the wind being from the west, she set sail. Smith that day happened to be in command of the *Gosport*, all the senior officers being ashore. As the *Gironde* went by he hailed her in French and bade the captain haul in his pennon in respect to the King of England's colours. This De Joyeux refused to do, but said he would salute the citadel. Whereupon the junior lieutenant, who had not heard of the arrangement, answered that "that was nothing to me, and insisted on his hauling his pennon down or otherwise I should be obliged to compel him. On which he sent a hand up and hauled it down, presently afterwards hoisted, and fired eleven guns." This was more than Smith had asked for, but nothing loath he responded at once, gun for gun; the citadel, on seeing that the *Gosport* took the salute, only fired once.

M. de Joyeux, in his report to the French Govern-

¹ The *Gironde* is called a corvette in the *D.N.B.* In the contemporary English reports she is termed a "pink," in the French ones "la flûte."

ment, says that he fell in with Smith's orders, as "this insult from a nation in alliance confirmed him in the opinion of an approaching rupture, and that it was by no means proper to enter upon action to the hazard of the King's ship, under the cannon and the batteries."

The affair made a great stir, and the wildest exaggerations flew around. It was said that Smith was captain of the ship, and that he had not only threatened the *Gironde*, but had actually fired a broadside into her. Paris was in an uproar. George Lyttelton, who was there at the time, tells his father :

The affair of the *Gosport* man of war has raised a most extravagant spirit of resentment in the French. They talk of nothing else than hanging their own officer and seem to expect that ours should come off as ill. His Excellency [Mr. Poyntz] apprehends as much as you do, a popular declamation from the *Craftsman*¹ about it. Love to my brother Tom. I daresay he will be a gainer in the end by this warm action, though it happened to be ill-timed.

In England the young Lieutenant became the hero of the hour, and he was acclaimed as "Tom of Ten Thousand"; a name by which he was known in the Navy for the rest of his life.

The French Ambassador was ordered to lay De Joyeux's complaint before Newcastle, then Secretary of State. On hearing of it Lord Torrington, President of the Admiralty, sent word that "if his Grace will please to send us the complaint, wee will think of what is to be done therein." Everyone concerned

¹ The *Craftsman* was the Opposition magazine. Smith's father being a member of the Government, the *Craftsman* might be likely to take up the affair.

in the affair was then ordered to submit their reports.¹

M. de Joyeux in his complaint says that it had been lately agreed "that English and French ships should not require the salute of each other from Cape Finisterre in all the seas on the other side, except in the Channel, where the English pretend to have a right to it."

In reply to this the Lords of the Admiralty referred to "the 31st article of the general printed instructions to all the captains of His Majesty's ships, by which they are required not only to expect, but to rouse their endeavours to compel, any ship they shall meet within His Majesty's seas (extending to Cape Finisterre) belonging to any foreign prince, to strike their topsail and take in their flag. That this being an instruction of long standing and calculated to maintain the sovereignty of the Crown of Great Britain in the seas appertaining thereunto, they cannot advise the departing therefrom, or making any alteration therein."

However, in their report on the whole proceedings, their Lordships stated that "the demand of a salute with guns is not required by any instructions given to the captains of ships."²

In deference to the French Ambassador, therefore, Lieutenant Smith was tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service in March 1729, by the King's order "for exceeding his instructions"; but he was restored to the Navy two months later, and given command of a ship in a year. In

¹ These are in the Public Record Office. Other authorities quoted are, Charnock's *Biographica Navalis* and Schomberg's *Naval Chronology*.

² Captain Drake in his report says nothing of having ordered the guns to be prepared for taking up the salute. It would seem that Smith added this touch, as well as the further question to the French captain, on his own initiative.

fact it is said that though not officially reinstated, he was put back the day after his dismissal, with the rank of a post-captain. Sir Thomas's influence no doubt contributed to the lenient treatment accorded his son; but it was still more due to the strong approval felt for Smith's action. An echo of that approval is to be found in a letter written thirteen years later by Lord Winchilsea,¹ then President of the Admiralty, to a friend of Thomas Smith's.

November, 1742.

I think the character of the captain lately put into the *Princess Mary*, entitles him to any favour I can shew him. . . . I soon got over his hasty quitting a ship to make room for a friend, and besides I could not forget his gentlemanly behaviour in Plymouth Sound, when the honour of the English flag was concerned, which I hope, whilst I continue in my present, or any station, will never again be brought into question; and if I did I should be afraid my own father's ghost would haunt me, for I never saw him more animated upon any occasion than he was when this gentleman was broke for supporting the honour of the flagg of England. He was angry with those who broke him; he was not pleased with his friends and relations who suffered this gentleman to be buried under a common name when he had a pretension to a better, and [considered] that his country and his relations should have shown him all the honours that were due to him upon that occasion, and to which he had by that service alone acquired a legal and equitable right. He carried it even further, for tho' I really believe he himself never was an illicit dealer, and consequently too apt to condemn those mistakes in others of which he had not been guilty; yet upon

¹ Daniel, eighth Earl of Winchilsea. His father had been Secretary of State during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I and died in 1730.

this occasion he had in his own mind totally forgiven even the mistake of those to whom this gentleman owed his birth, and had he been Pope and had the power of the Keys, he would have given them a full indulgence and absolution.

On May 5, 1730, Smith was given command of the *Success*, a small frigate, and in 1732 became captain of the *Dursley Galley*, one of three frigates ordered "to restrain and punish the insolence of the different piratical states on the coast of Barbary." He commanded the *Dursley* for eight years.

To look at, Smith was tall and stout, and of "comely and respectable appearance," according to Horace Walpole, who saw him twenty years later. In his youth he was not remarkable for neatness, and a friend, writing in 1736, tells him how "greatly pleased I am that you now excel in the only thing that any one could pretend to object to in you; I mean being careless as to your appearance." Even in early days he was held up as a model to the young men under his charge. One of them, Roger Whitmore,¹ who was a favourite among his shipmates and went by the nickname of "Hodge," was at the same time rather a care to his friends. There is a letter to him among Smith's papers, from a Dr. Norton at Leghorn in 1736, assuring him that

we are all here as much your friends as ever, and in return for this, as we have a right to something, we desire that you will go on to render yourself more amiable. I believe you are not to be put in mind how much virtue, sobriety, and modesty contribute to a man's interest as well as to his happiness; and I should almost think you out of danger of being

¹ Brother of Thomas Whitmore of Apley. Roger "died bravely in his country's service," wrote a brother officer in 1741.

corrupted with so good a pattern before you as Captain Smith, were I not sensible how infectious vice is, and how much guard is necessary in some conversations you cannot avoid.

It is disconcerting after this to find Smith's great friend Franklin Lushington writing the same year :

I could wish you did not so easily bear with the vices of the young ones under your care. Your consenting to their pleasures by your easy conversation is a direct encouragement to them, for they conclude they can't err in committing what you (a man so applauded by all the world) seem almost to approve of; or at best they are convinced you don't condemn it.

But in the light of those times and of the profession to which he belonged, Smith was a religious and high-principled man. In the same letter Lushington went on to say : "Your argument that incites me with so much beauty to put myself under the Divine protection, I will ever fix in my mind. . . . I know your virtuous disposition and well remember, nay now feel, how often it has moved and encouraged me to virtue."

Life on board His Majesty's ships must have been truly terrific to a youth fresh from home. In Laird Clowes' *History of the British Navy*, a letter is quoted from Edward Thompson, a naval commander, to a young relation about to enter the Navy,¹ telling him what he had to expect.

At once you resign a good table for no table, and a good bed for your length and breadth . . . you sleep where day never enters, and where fresh air only comes when forced. . . . Your light for day and night is a small candle which is often stuck at the

¹ From a book called *Seamen's Letters*, published in 1756.

side of a platter for meals, for want of a better convenience. Your victuals are salt and often bad; and if you vary the mode of dressing them you must cook yourself. I would recommend you always to have tea and sugar; the rest you must trust to, for you'll scarce find room for any more than your chest and hammock, and the latter at times you must carry upon deck to defend you from small shot, unless you keep one of the sailors in fee with a little brandy (which is a good friend at sea, but always drink it mixed with water). . . . Low company is the bane of all young men; but in a man of war you have the collected filth of jails. Condemned criminals have the alternative of hanging or entering on board. There's not a vice committed on shore but is practised here. The scenes of horror and infamy on board a man-of-war are so many and so great, that I think they must rather disgust a mind than allure it . . . You find some little outward appearance of religion, and Sunday prayers! but the congregation is generally drove together by the boatswain, who neither spares oaths nor blows.

Thompson gives a further account of the treatment of midshipmen and subordinate officers, whose lot was so hard "that had not the first men in the service passed the dirty road to preferment to encourage the rest, they would renounce it to a man." "The state of inferior officers in His Majesty's Service is a state of vassalage," and to become a lieutenant is to change "from a filthy maggot to a shining butterfly." The captain had the power of making them sweep the decks and doing all kinds of menial offices as discipline. This power was often abused, for "all commanders of men-of-war are not gentlemen nor men of education."

I allow the maxim of learning to obey before we command ourselves; but we are to consider that

these young people are the active machines of duty, the wheels of which give motion to the main body, and it is absolutely necessary to give them authority in their office to carry on the duties of the ship; but rendering them low in the eyes of the people creates a contempt for midshipmen in general, and turns that necessary respect for them into contempt.

Thompson noted, however, some improvement since "the last war, when a chaw of tobacco, a rattan, and a rope of oaths were sufficient qualifications to constitute a lieutenant; but now education and good manners are the study of all; and so far from effeminacy, that I am of opinion the present race of officers will as much eclipse the veterans of 1692 as the polite the vulgar."

The best way to enter the Navy at this time, and for many years before and after, was to join it as an officer's "servant." Every ship swarmed with them; an officer being allowed one or more according to his rank and the size of the ship's complement, from the Admiral of the Fleet, who was allowed fifty servants, to the boatswain with his single one (or two on the largest ships). Of these a certain number only could be rated as servants on the ships' books; over that number they were entered as able seamen, ordinary seamen, and even landsmen. The great object was to be servant to an officer with influence behind him, for he would be quickly promoted, and in turn could help his servants to promotion.

There are many letters which show that Captain Smith was a man everyone wished to serve under. His father's influence no doubt counted for something, but the letters from all and sundry bear witness to the esteem he was held in for his wise and kindly rule. One William Carter writes full of gratitude for "the generous regard you was pleased to shew to my poor son Will Carter (when under the tyranny of a bad

captain),¹ and bringing him safe home to his family," adding, "you have formed a most honest, good-natured lad as ever breathed, viz. Jemmy Butler. I can't express his earnest desire to be under your good command, as the happiest station of life." Sir Ralph Milbanke wrote from Halnaby in 1744 to thank him warmly for the "repeated proofs of your friendship to my son Mark. I am very sensible how much your good advice has been of use to him." Sir James Dalrymple of Newhailes, writing to congratulate Smith on his appointment to a ship, says, "Your goodness to my boy calls upon me to rejoice in it most heartily, and your universal good character leaves no room to doubt that it is what Captain Smith deserves. You have been a father to him, and I am sure he could not have a better."

John Gambier writes in 1746 to tell his tale of woe. He had been with Admiral Rowley on his flagship till he rose from sixth lieutenant to be first; then the Admiral sent him home with despatches telling him that

"he was persuaded the service he sent me on, joined to his recommendations and my interest, could not fail of getting me a ship," but "all these considerations and the pains and dispatch I made use of have not yet been powerful enough to succeed," and what made it worse was that "by the opportunities that have since offered for preferment, my junior lieutenant has got a command. I flatter myself your friendship will make you sympathise with me, but the small share of merit his recommendations and my own friends plead for me, don't, I fear, get over the objection made of my being but two years an officer, with a Board that regards quality and interest so much."

¹ The words between brackets were scratched out by the writer of the letter.

Some years later Gambier wrote an affectionate letter telling Smith that he always looked upon himself as "one of your boys." He afterwards became an Admiral. In 1746 a poor young man named George Dow writes :

I delivered your letters to Sir Everard ¹ and Lord President, who both exprest the utmost regard and affection for you, but I believe nothing will be done for me unless you be pleased to apply for me when you come to London. I have no argument to plead for this but your own unmerited beneficence, the necessities of a tender wife and seven children, and my absolute dependance on God alone and yourself. I shall while I live retain upon my heart the deepest sense of your friendship and generosity, and think the short time I spent in attending upon you, the happiest and most pleasant days I ever had.

There is a letter from Mrs. Lyttelton, his half-brother's wife, saying :

Dear Captain Smith is so much used to having favours asked of him by his friends that he will not be surprized to find me amongst his petitioners. My request is for one Edmond Scot, a common sailor, who was pressed about two years ago. He is married to a cousin of ours, who has brought him nothing but the honour of her alliance, and about half a dozen children, who, for want of their father to maintain them, are in great distress. If therefore you will either advance him or dismiss him, which ever you please, I should be extremely obliged to you; and what will weigh with you more than any other consideration, I can assure you 'twill be doing a great charity. If he could be made a midshipman, to be sure that would be most advantageous to his family, but this I leave to you. If I have asked anything

¹ Doubtless Sir Edward Hawke, afterwards Admiral Lord Hawke. The Duke of Bedford was then President of the Admiralty.

unreasonable or that cannot be done, be assured 'tis owing to my ignorance in sea affairs, and that I do not expect anything to be done for this man by you that is improper, only because I ask for him.

Captain Smith's help was not only sought in naval matters. One Robert Cocking writes to beg for "a line of recommendation" on behalf of his son, a clergyman. Mr. Cocking himself had been chaplain on a ship commanded by Smith, and seems to have obtained through him a snug living on shore; for after pleading his son's cause he adds piously :

I thank God, and you too, Sir, as his instrument, that I have neither occasion nor will after so sneaking a chase. I hunt like a gentleman thrice a week, make nothing of hedge or ditch when my horse is in humour, and hope in time to arrive at the perfection and honour of a five-bar gate, in order to be qualified for chaplain to that glorious company of hunters now in arms *pro aris et focis*. *Hac arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules innixus, arces attigit igneas* [In arms for altars and homes. Relying on this skill, Pollux and the wandering Hercules attained to the citadels of fire.]

After war with Spain was declared, preparations were made "to annoy the Spaniards in their American possessions," and by the autumn of 1740 a formidable expedition was ready to set out, with Admiral Vernon in chief command. Great things were expected of him, as he had boasted in the House that he could take Portobello on the Spanish Main with six ships; whereas his fleet consisted of twenty-nine ships of the line with nearly as many frigates, fireships and bomb ketches; a land force of twelve thousand men went too.

Many adverse circumstances combined, however,

to make the expedition a disastrous failure. Vernon took Portobello, but the one other fragment of success was the taking of some forts in the harbour of Boca Chica. Of this there is a lively description in a letter to Smith from William Frederick Huxley, a lieutenant on the *Shrewsbury* man-of-war, dated April 1, 1741 : "I am still in the land of the living, and have hitherto gone thro' fire and smoke with success. . . ." The real objective of the attack was the town of Cartagena, about four miles inland. The mouth of the harbour, says Huxley, was "very large," and defended with—

a strong square fort of 100 cannon and 24 pounders on the left side going in; a boom made of a chain, 2 large cables and masts that ran across the mouth to another fort (St. Joseph) of 15 guns; close by was another fort of 15 guns (St. Sebastian); while behind the boom lay four large ships of 70 and 30 guns, in a line. [It was intended to land the British troops under the shelter of some small hills and thin wood near the 100 gun fort and lay siege to it.] But we found they had erected 2 small batteries (St. Jago and St. Philip), one of 9 and the other of 4 guns, to prevent our landing. To remedy this three 30 gun ships, viz. the *Norfolk*, the *Russell*, and *Shrewsbury*, were ordered to batter them down, which we soon compleated; but one of their shott accidentally cut our cable and we fell open to all their strength. We began to engage at 11 in the morning, Monday, March the 9th, and at a moderate computation for 7 hours there were 160 cannon playing. Our ship only had 20 men killed and 50 wounded, and received about 300 shott in our hull, besides our masts and rigging terribly mauled, but we got off to sea in the night.

The next morning we landed our marines, and they encamped by the 2 batterys we destroyed and began to work; and by the 22nd, opened a battery of 8

brass cannon and 12 ships' guns against Boca Chica and a battery of 6 or 7 mortars. At the same time the *Boyne*, *Prince Frederick*, *Hampton Court*, *Tilbury*, and *Suffolk* played upon them from the sea, by which Lord Aubrey Beauclerk lost both his legs by a shott, and dyed about an hour afterwards. The seamen had the chief hand in building the batterys and firing the guns. I forgot to tell you that St. Sebastian's hurt them much in the camp, for which reason all the men-of-war's boats, manned and armed, were ordered to storm and spike their cannon. I commanded one boat with 25 men. Accordingly about 12 o'clock at night on the 19th of March, we went and executed our orders, with the loss only of 8 men.

The battery ashore found on the 26th that they had made a small breach in Boca Chica and dismounted most of their cannon; so a storm was agreed upon by the land forces, and the boats to row for the harbour. I again went, with the command of one of the boats. The troops got possession of the fort by sunsett; the Spanish Admiral¹ went up to the town with most of his people, having burnt one of his ships and sunk 2 others, so when we got into the harbour there was only the ship his own flag was on remaining. We rowed directly and took possession of St. Joseph's. Upon which 3 boats of us, viz. 2 of the *Shrewsbury* and 1 of the *Jersey*, agreed to row for the ship, as we thought we was ordered, and took possession of her before the other boats came to us. Mr. O'Brien, our first lieutenant, took the captain of the ship and an Irish pilot that was on board, as his prisoners, and I took the captain of the soldiers. There was in all about 60 men on board who had been disappointed in a launch not coming for them as was promised; otherwise this ship would have been burnt also.² N.B.—The Cockswain of our boat brought the flag from masthead, which we presented to Admiral

¹ Don Blas de Leso, an officer of experience and reputation.

² This ship, the *Galicia*, was used by the English in subsequent engagements against the Spaniards.

Vernon, that he might fulfill his promise of making it a present to Portsmouth Church.

. . . . I heard just now that the *Orford* and *Weymouth* are gone up the harbour and taken possession of the fort of 40 guns, which they [the Spaniards] have forsook; so we now look upon the place as our own; and this is our present situation. We have had killed hitherto about 100 men and 200 wounded both by sea and land. By sea I assure you the *Shrewsbury* has received more damage than all the ships put together. I thank God I agree very well with all the admirals, commodores and captains, tho' had like to have come into a scrape for going aboard the Spanish ship that night. Captain Knowles, who was one of our commanders, checkt us three very severely for being too forward in going, and sent us directly on board Mr. Vernon with our prisoners, where we expected a very severe reprimand. But when we told the Admiral our story and that we thought we was ordered, he took our prisoners in order to send them home, and told us we had done very well and right. They all say there is a great deal of money for us here; for as they expected us at the Havannah the ships are gone there to defend it, in such a hurry that they have not got a great deal with them. I wish I could see this money, but am afraid it is too good news to be true. The Admiral is in high spirits upon this occasion and says it is miraculous how we have taken it with so little loss, for indeed I think it is stronger seaward than Cadiz. . . . I hope to compleat my account of taking Cartagena by word of mouth; till then I am, etc.

WILLM. FREDK. HUXLEY.

This is the only letter from William Frederick Huxley; he probably did not live to finish the story by word of mouth.

Thomas Craven,¹ who had been under Smith on

¹ Thomas Craven, nephew of the fifth Lord Craven, became Admiral of the Blue and died 1772.

the *Dursley*, gives a further glimpse of the tragic expedition, but most of the letter is taken up with his own affairs. His spelling gives the impression of an imperfect education, notwithstanding his acquaintance with Tacitus.

He writes from the *Princess Louisa* off Port Royal, Jamaica, June 18, 1741 :

I blush to think I am but now writing to ye man [to] whom I'm under ye greatest obligations and a continual chane of favours from ye first day I was so happily placed under your directions. [He goes on about their long friendship, hoping through it that some of Smith's virtues have been printed] in ye breast of your friend. Yet I find a present inconveniency of my being bred up under ye seal of justice and equity; I can not bruoke with ye tirany and oppression of ye bassas that ar in our servis. We've had veriaty of them. My old friend Stapelton¹ signalis'd himself in his usurpation to me, which I think more particular in him by reason he used to say how much he was oblig'd to that good man (ye late) Lord Craven. I reed youre dated in Jany. I am oblig'd to you for your good wishes; a carrier from you must always be of servis to me. I hope my friends are so happy as to've an intimate acquaintance with you; I desire you'll put 'em in a channell to make their intrest of some servis to me, for at present they seem quite novises at it. Before I cam this voige I strove to make Sir Thomas Lyttelton my friend, but from ye want of your recommendation I could not embrase that happiness; had I, here would not 've been occasion of my coming here and wating in ye West Indies two years for a comission. Yet I'm more oblig'd to him for his open integrity when I wated on him, for he frankly said how he could not serve me, while an other gave me ye farest promises and disceaved me.

¹ This was doubtless Captain Miles Stapleton, who was given the command of the *Sheerness*, Dec. 1739.

We hear that you have got ye *rumley* and are gon Commodore to New Found-land.¹ All success and happiness attend you in your command. I can hardly reconcile myself to your title as commodore; I've been lead such a wild goose chase by Commodore Brown.² This will meet with you soone after your arrival from your voige, and I hope to be at home myself before your second voige, which wholly depends upon Mr. Vernon's staying in these parts or not; for I'm now resolv'd to tend his motions and follow him, so if you can meet with any friends, will you give me a good word to him? It might be of some forse towards getting me on board. If not I should not think much of staying in ye country to be one of Sir Chaloner Ogle's lievts if he would be left with the command. . . .³

Purser Field is dead, We have had great mortality, especially in ye army, for with ye hill expedition and ye sickness contracted at Cartagena, there ar not above 80 men in some of ye regiments. I've observed ye ill consequence of an armyes to much dispising their enemy (in Tacitus) for if they once make a repulse, ye unexpected shock is so great it's difficult to rally 'em. Howsoever this last attempt that ye army fail'd in, no men could be braver, and had it been conducted with as much judgement as valour, there is no doubt but it would have succeeded.

This attack was made by the land forces on Fort St. Lazar, the only remaining outwork of Cartagena. It was a complete failure because Vernon refused to support Wentworth, who commanded the land forces. They were deadly enemies, each being "more eager for the disgrace of his rival than zealous for the

¹ Smith was given command of the *Romney*, and was Governor of Newfoundland for two years.

² Commodore Brown commanded the *Hampton Court*, and was left with some other ships to protect Jamaica.

³ Admiral Vernon returned to England in Oct. 1742, leaving Sir Chaloner Ogle in command.

honour of the nation.”¹ The troops fought valiantly against fearful odds. Had they been supported by the ships’ guns they would have won through; but as it was, hundreds of lives were thrown away in vain. The rainy season then set in, further operations were impossible, and the troops reembarked on the ships. There both soldiers and sailors died in thousands of yellow fever, and in the following year, when the expedition was ordered home, not more than a tenth of the original number returned alive.

Smith’s most intimate friend in these days was Franklin Lushington, who, if he had lived, would have made his mark in the Navy. He was “a most excellent officer,” and from his letters a delightful man, with a more cultivated mind than his friend, though he seems to have made him his mentor. Lushington’s first letter, written in 1736 from Port Royal in Jamaica, where he was on board the *Kingsale*, has already been quoted from. It is of immense length, abounding in quotations from the classics, and in moral and religious reflections. At the same time he confessed to being “still idle enough to be very fond of gayety,” and was always in financial difficulties. Smith helped him out of them, and Lushington wrote gratefully :

You have made my credit very sure, both as to my yearly income and the demand for my preferment, if it should offer itself in that way. Was I to go about to thank you ’twould be an endless design. . . . I am exceedingly delighted at your exhortations for me to receive with a calmness of mind whatsoever happens. They confirm me in my own philosophy that directs me to be content with, nay to draw advantage from, every seeming or real misfortune. And of this I have

¹ Smollett went through this campaign and gives a lurid description of it in his *History of England*.

experienced my self a week after we arrived in the country; Mr. Holbourn being put directly before me, and I have reason to conclude that Mr. Digby Kent, when he is made a captain, will not quit immediately in my favour, only I shall be a turn nearer by it; which can be no favour designed to me as he can't leave the country this seven years. Wherefore I make myself entirely easy with the view of the service this voyage will do at my return home, for here is past above a third part of the longest stay that any commodore makes at Jamaica, and I (realy) thank God, every officer yet well. What may happen by the force of hundreds I can't yet foresee. . . .

He goes on about their friendship, comparing it with that of Endamides and Aretheus, whose story he quotes from one of Montaigne's essays, and then says: "I think it's now high time to come to business. As to my will, I have already, by Sir M's cautious prudence, made my sister Jeny my executrix.¹ I wish I could call her heiress, but, poor girl, if I die soon she will only have the trouble of dividing my debts without one farthing of advantage left for herself." His debts only amounted to £211 17s. 6d.; and were all owed to relations and friends, according to a list he gives. He was hoping soon to pay them off, "and what to be sure must surprize you exceedingly, I am very intent upon saving my money."

He congratulates his friend upon his good state of health, "and I would recommend an abstemious diet for the continuance of it. Great advantage has arised to me from it, as I am now intirely free from the daily sickness at the stomach I used to be troubled with after dinner. By this means I am grown so

¹ Sir Multon Lambard was Lushington's brother-in-law, who, from the few allusions to him, was a worthy but pompous individual. One of Lushington's brothers, writing about some document to be signed, says he sent it first to Sir Multon, "least his nobility should be offended."

fond of greens, etc. that when I can get them I eat nothing else; and for the want of them in a cruise I feed chiefly on flower. Hitherto I have not opened a vein since I left the *Dursley*, and doubt not, please God, but I shall see England without having occasion to do it."

Then follows an allusion to an affair of the heart, in which Lushington sought his friend's counsel. He had heard that "Miss H—r's husband is dead." Miss H—r he had always esteemed more than any woman he had ever known, "except my own sister Jeny, who I have often compared her to, but even in the height of my passion thought the preference due to my sister." He thought he had quite got over his affection for her, "yet no sooner do I hear the obstacle removed but I feel the same longing desire stealing upon my quiet. . . . Though here I promise you, my dear Captain, that I'll be very sure her circumstances are agreeable to the fortune you yourself judge I should appear in the world, before I make any new engagements with her, or discover I still doat upon her, after she has so forsaken me."

Nothing came of this romance; perhaps Smith advised against it, or the lady was obdurate. There are no letters from Lushington for three years, when he reappears in command of the *Solebay*, and writes from Gibraltar in great elation, having assisted at the capture of a rich Spanish ship. The *St. Joseph* was no doubt one of the two rich Spanish ships from the Caracas, taken by the British squadron in the Mediterranean under Admiral Haddock shortly before war was declared with Spain.

Solebay, Gibraltar, Oct. 24, 1739.

In the midst of my great joy for my fortune, being accidentally in the Fleet when the *St. Joseph* was

taken, I could not help grieving, as I still do, for your absence. If the prize is intirely given us, it will raise me to the happiness of saying, with some reality, as with the greatest truth and sincerity, that you may always command my fortune, and if it should only be a bounty it must be sufficient to relieve the great load that I have so many years been upon yours. And thus flattering myself, doubtless upon a very good foundation, I have been urged to it by my brother Lambard desiring that my pay and unquestionable perquisites might content me. I have given up the pursery, only reserving a gratuity, if approved by you, and to be determined by Capt. Cooper, my purser uncle, for at any time permitting him to buy wines instead of taking from the agent. And since, I find I am not alone, for Capt. Watson has writ to Mr. Harris¹ that he will give his pursery to his steward whenever he sends him up, or to any that he will appoint to act for him. May be this proceeds from some hint of Sir Charles Wager.²

A few months later Lushington wrote from the *Rye* at Lisbon, in much less cheerful spirits, having heard no news of the prize-money. After congratulating Smith on his promotion to the *Romney*, he tells of the dismal state of his own affairs,

which are daily more irksome to me; for no sooner had I engaged your fortune too much to pretend even to wish any more supplies from you, but I found all the difficulty imaginable to procure money from my relations. Indeed my brothers, Lambard and Lushington, each of them lent me a hundred pound, but now the credit of that is exhausted, and as I still must eat and live and purchase necessarys to live at sea, I am forced to beat about in my mind for another friend that can most easily assist me, and

¹ Mr. Walter Harris was head of the Pay Department of the Navy Office.

² Admiral Sir Charles Wager, President of the Admiralty Board.

have now pitched upon Harry Legge,¹ who I have this morning writ to to desire that he place in Mr. Thomas Godfrey's hands fifty pounds, which I shall draw for by the packet that may sail about a fortnight after this. And I have told Harry that should he not be able to lend me the money that he may consult with you, that Mr. Godfrey (to whom I allready owe money) may not [paper torn] my bill.

I have asked my Lord Vere² for one of the new forty ship guns, and should the Admiralty order me home before they are all given away I don't doubt but I shall have one. Meeting you in England will be one of the greatest pleasures that I can *imagine*, for I realy am my dearest Tom's most truly affectionate

F. LUSHINGTON.

I hope to hear good news of the *St. Joseph* prize.

The prize-money for the *St. Joseph* was not paid over for some years. Captain Lushington's next letter was written from Blackstake near Chatham, Sept. 26, 1742. He had been given command of the *Burford*, 70 guns, and was busy fitting her out for a secret expedition.

. . . Now to answer your questions. . . . I am to tell you that I have been all along attending to my ship, which is ordered for a foreign voyage, and I hope to sail to the Nore next Wednesday, and there ends my orders, and where I am bound then I don't know, and you know I don't care, though I think I should be glad for curiosity's sake of some intimation, which I hope you will send me when you can. . . . Young France of Buckingham is come on board, but I forget the name and place of abode of the other young man

¹ Henry Legge, son of second Earl of Dartmouth, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, began his career by going into the Navy.

² Lord Vere Beauclerk, a naval officer of distinction, son of the first Duke of St. Albans, one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

you sent, whose father I think is a cutler in St. James' Street; therefore I should be very glad if you would send to him to come down to the ship. I also want you to acquaint Mr. Howe,¹ my Lord Howe's brother, who was recommended to me by Harry Legge, that he should come down; but I have so far lost the direction he gave me as only to remember it was at Mr. Page's in Bond Street, or Albermal, or Brook Street, somewhere thereabouts. And moreover I should be very glad of your advice, whether (as Mr. Howe has been two years or more at sea and I suppose can be supported in the expence) Harry Legge would be pleased that he should mess with the lieutenants—I always, however, strictly attending to his behaviour as Harry Legge has desired I should, as much as if he were his son—or whether I should mess him with one of the mates, always to live with me when I am aboard. . . .

In October 1742 Smith was appointed to command the *Princess Mary* in the fleet under Admiral Norris off Dungeness. He tried to get to see Lushington before the *Burford* sailed, but the wind was adverse, and the two friends never met again. “’Twas very cross that the wind should stop you,” wrote Lushington on October 29: “but I hope there will be a time (though I am very far from wishing that it was so now) when the communication to each other will be more sure and certain, by its depending only on land carriages.”

Smith's purse was still at his friend's command, for Lushington went on to ask him to pay

one Mr. Kerr in or near St. Martin's Lane, the sum of twenty one pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence,

¹ Richard, afterwards first Earl Howe and Admiral of the Fleet, in 1740 went with Captain E. Legge in Anson's expedition round the world, but returned in 1742 owing to ill-health. He was now going with Lushington as his servant, as were the other young men.

on account of Mr. Smith, wine merchant, at Boulogne. This money I proposed paying myself, but I find the fitting myself with things for my voyage and the necessity of carrying a little money out with me, having no fund or person to draw upon from abroad, will not let me take so much money from my little stock. But though I make no apology for troubling you, I should do it for my extravagance in buying clarett, which [it] must appear, till you consider that eighteen pounds for very good clarett (the cost of the neat wine) is full as cheap as sixteen or seventeen for a hogshead of port. I am now at anchor just in sight of the North Foreland, with Capt. Knowles in the *Suffolk*, getting to the Downs as fast as we can, but shall profit of the first easterly wind, without stopping anywhere, to go directly for the Mediterranean. . . .

From Lushington's next letter it seems that Smith was sent to Newfoundland for the second time as Governor, after he took command of the *Princess Mary*.¹ Lushington wrote again from the *Burford*, at Barbadoes, January 6, 1743 :

The uncertainty when and where this will find you makes me write not according to the length of mine, but the shortness of your letters. . . . You may write to me both from England and Newfoundland, where I shall write to you. I hope you'll like your ship, which I shall long to hear, as also from Newfoundland how your Government prospers. How happy are those people to be governed by a man of great understanding, whose only study is the benefit of his countrymen and fellow creatures. A letter sent to Antigua will find me. By that time I hope I shall be able to give you some account of the success of our expedition, which at present is delayed by the absence of Captain Knowles, who I lost company with one night after we got clear of the Channel,

¹ The *D.N.B.* only speaks of his going there once, when in command of the *Romney*.

and have been here almost three weeks and he not arrived, so that I fear some accident has obliged him to put back, or into Lisbon. He is not only the Commander in chief, but no one but him has any instructions or orders concerning the service we are designed for. . . .

This was Franklin Lushington's last letter. The expedition he was bound on was organised by Sir Chaloner Ogle, now commanding the West Indies Squadron, against the Spanish settlements on the coast of South America (now Venezuela), which were said to be almost defenceless; but owing to the late arrival of Knowles, the Spaniards caught wind of the project, and had time to repair their fortifications and obtain troops and supplies. Knowles in the *Suffolk*, with the *Burford* and eight other ships, arrived at La Guayra on February 12, 1743, and began the attack six days later. They met with a formidable reception. A battle was fought from midday to midnight, and ended in the decisive defeat of the British. The *Burford* and two others were almost totally disabled; the former out of 350 men had twenty-four killed and fifty wounded. Captain Lushington was mortally wounded by a chain-shot, which carried off one of his legs at the thigh, and he died at Curaçoa on February 23, two hours after being landed there.

It was characteristic of Lushington's happy-go-lucky way that no trace of his will could be found. Over a year after his death his brother, J. G. Lushington, told Smith that he had inquired of everyone he could think of, but nobody knew where it was. A Mrs. Nicholls was being very troublesome both to Smith and himself. "I wrote to her before she administered and told her the fatal consequences, but there is such a cursed itch attends ambitious

poverty as often obliges it to act dishonestly." He had, he said, in several letters, "spoke very freely to her," and instead of giving "a direct answer to a plain question, she flew to all the Jesuitical evasions you ever saw." Could this be the amiable Miss H——r so much loved by Franklin Lushington? It would almost seem so, as he had evidently left her some legacy. Mr. Lushington went on :

I am rejoiced to tell you that I have in looking over my dear brother's letters to me, found an acknowledgement in one of 'em for the five hundred pounds you lent him, which I shall keep safe; especially since your generosity was so very remarkable as not to have the least security yourself.

During the time Smith was in command in Newfoundland, he is said by Charnock to have been court-martialled "on a very ill founded and ridiculous charge of improperly converting to his own use provisions and necessaries which ought to have been distributed among his people." He was one of the last men of whom such an accusation could be reasonably made, but there may have been leakages and consequent ill reports, and he probably demanded a court-martial in order to clear his character. In any case he was acquitted "in the most honourable and ample manner." The only other glimpse of Smith's career in Newfoundland is to be found in a letter to him from Captain Rodney,¹ who was governor there some years later.

Rainbow, Plymouth, May 22, 1750.

. . . I must now inform you that the house you built at St. John's, which was so usefull and absolutely necessary, by the neglect of the captains who have

¹ George Bridges, afterwards Admiral and first Lord, Rodney, had started his career in the Navy as one of Smith's "boys."

passed between yourself and me, is so intirely ruined that I have been obliged to apply to the Lords of the Admiralty for leave to build a new one, which I propose to be much larger, with a chimney at each end and four rooms over for sick officers or men. I have likewise cleared away about ten acres of land up the river on the larboard side with hedges, ditches, etc., some for pasture for the cattle belonging to the men-of-war for ever, and some [for] all sorts of garden stuff for the ship's companys. I wonder none of the gentlemen who have been here did not think of that before, as it is so necessary to keep our people as much as possible from the town; and all this being on the opposite shore I am afraid they employed themselves too much in fishing instead of thinking for the benefit of those who were under their command, or for those that should succeed them.

The citadel is now made a regular fort with four bastions and proper outworks to each; in short it will be when finished impossible to take it by sea. There are likewise two small forts at the entrance of the harbour and your old battery is ditched and hedged in, so that St. John's may now be reckoned one of the strongest places in America. I propose this next summer to clear all the hill by the watering place for the benefit of the sick and those employed in brewing, for you know how very troublesome the musketoes and flies are at that place.

I hope you enjoy your health much better than when I saw you last, and that you may long continue to live in health and happiness is the most sincere wish of, dear Sir, your, etc.

G. B. RODNEY.

It is here necessary to turn back to the time when Smith was in command of the *Romney*, for an incident told of by Camelford then occurred, in April 1742. During the war with Spain the seizing of her ships provided a rich harvest for British sailors, particularly those high in command; for though they were beaten

in most of the engagements with the Spaniards, and lost hundreds of ships, especially after the French joined in, the British navy scored in the value of the captures they made. Smith's first lieutenant was Thomas Grenville, a cousin of the Lytteltons whom Smith loved like a brother. Camelford says :

It came into his head one day to leave his ship that Grenville might be captain of her, and have all the advantages that were certain upon such a situation ; ¹ and he trusted to the influence of his father at the Board, not only to palliate so strange an indiscretion, but to procure him another ship. Wild as such a project might seem in anyone else, it was perfectly natural in him.

It was also a complete success. Smith was appointed to the *Princess Mary* in October 1742, solely on his own merits, for his father had resigned his post the year before. It was on this occasion that Lord Winchilsea wrote the letter already quoted, in which he said : " The character of the captain lately put into the *Princess Mary* entitles him to any favour I can shew him. I soon got over his hasty quitting a ship to make room for a friend." Captain Grenville on his side took many rich prizes, and wrote to tell Smith that he must go half shares. " Tom of Ten Thousand " refused to do this, but said their purse should always be in common.

During the 'forties nothing glorious was achieved by the British Navy ; the ships were unseaworthy, the commanders for the most part were inefficient or worse, and a series of disasters and court-martials marked the course of the war. In February, 1744, the British

¹ Camelford says Smith was then stationed in the West Indies, so that he must have been moved from Newfoundland.

fleet was defeated off Toulon by an inferior one of Spanish and French. The two commanders, Lestock and Mathews, were in consequence court-martialled, and Mathews was cashiered. Smith was lucky in escaping the Toulon expedition, and instead was bound upon some repaying quest. "I suppose you know Tom Smith's freight does not turn out above half what it was represented," wrote his father to Charles, Feb. 24, 1744: "However, £700 is better than going to Mathews, who I hope will do his business as well without him."

In the summer of 1744 Smith was at home on half-pay. There is a rapturous letter from Captain John Barker,¹ for whom Smith had obtained a ship. Barker's headlong, cross-country scamper directly he heard the news shows what a momentous event it was. He wrote from the *Princess Amelia*, Spithead, June 17, 1744:

My dear good friend, I had your welcome letter Wednesday last at 4 a clock afternoon, and set out from Plymouth and got the next night to Salisbury, 126 miles, where a fall I had near Exeter obliged me to stop; but I got home next day at dinner, and yesterday received their Lordships' orders to carry this ship out and to command the *Saltash*, but have no commission for her yet. I don't know what to say to you, but I'll pray for you, my wife shall pray for you and my little girl, when she is sensible of the obligation she is under, shall pray for you. I was certainly going into [a] pevish way; I know it and for the blood of me I could not help it, but you have been my only doctor. I have written a short letter of thanks to Lord Winchilsea.

I believe the *Princess Mary* got between the Island and the Main on Friday. She was painting when I come away, but they won't frize her. They are not

¹ John Barker became Admiral of the Red and died 1776.

at all obliging in that yard, nor wont to put out of their headstrong way. Mr. Vanbrugh told me I was a long time fitting her out, but the ships that came into this harbour the day we sailed for Plymouth are not ready to goe out yet. The *Centurion* came in yesterday with two million pieces of eight, which at 4 and 6 is four hundred and fifty thousand pound. I hope the same good fortune will attend you.

Captain Philip Vanbrugh was Commissioner of Plymouth Dockyard, and is described by a sailor friend of Smith's as a "queer mortal." The *Centurion*, 60 guns, commanded by Admiral Anson, started on her famous voyage round the world in 1740 with a squadron of six ships, of which the *Centurion* was the only one to complete the voyage, and return, more or less intact, with £500,000 in prize-money taken from the Spanish ships met on their way.

Smith was for some months on half-pay, and as it seemed likely he might be unemployed for some time, at someone's suggestion he thought of going into Parliament. Not having the wherewithal to buy a qualification,¹ Smith applied to Thomas Grenville, by virtue of the old agreement between them. He did not claim his share in the prize-money, but said he would borrow it and pay it back when able to do so. Grenville at once sent the money, but before it arrived Smith had promised it all away to a friend, and never stood for Parliament.² He had

¹ A candidate for Parliament was obliged to show possession of landed property worth £300 before he was qualified to stand.

² The climax of the story as told by Camelford is almost incredible, notorious as the Grenvilles were for love of money. In 1747 Captain Grenville was killed in action, and Smith was inconsolable. He made a plan to put up a statue to his friend's memory at Woolwich College, where he had been educated, and wrote to ask the Grenvilles for an inscription to put upon it. "Judge of his surprise when in answer to his letter he saw a demand for the money he had acknowledged under his hand

in the meantime been promised a ship, and in November 1744 was appointed to the *Royal Sovereign*.

In July and August 1745 he was off Ostend on some mission not specified, but "a most tedious and melancholy service," according to Admiral Perry Mayne, a fellow-sufferer. A letter from Admiral Byng dated August 26, 1745, is only of interest in being written to the man who, eleven years later, was to be President of the court-martial which condemned him to death. At this time Byng was on the top of the wave, having just been made Rear-Admiral and Commander in Chief in the North Sea. He wrote from "the *Royal Sovereign* at the Nore" to thank Smith for his letter and

the honour you do me in your joy and good wishes towards me upon my late promotion in the fleet. As you have thoughts of coming down to the *Royall Sovereign* again, give me leave to assure you that it will be the greatest pleasure in the world to have you on board with me, but I am told when you come it will be in another character than as captain of the ship. If you have any commands while I am here, pray let me have the honour of executing them. I am, dear Sir, your most obedt.

J. BYNG.

Byng here refers to Smith's expected promotion; he was made Commander-in-Chief at the Nore in September. It was a crucial moment, for the Young Pretender had landed in Scotland in July; a French invasion was daily awaited, and there were many false alarms. There is a letter from Admiral Anson,

to have borrowed from the deceased. Sorry I am to say this claim was seriously and peremptorily insisted upon, and at last compromised by making over to them whatever effects he might leave at his death, which were actually seized to their benefit, though to no considerable amount."

now a Lord of the Admiralty, written in great agitation from the Admiralty Office, September 8, 17—. Such was his haste he forgot to finish the date :

SIR,

As there is not commissioners enough in town to make a Board, no orders can be sent to you till to-morrow, Lord Vere and I have agreed to send an express to you to hasten out the *Mary galley*, *Pearl* and *Nottingham*, and send them to the Downs, where they are much wanted, for the safety of the Kingdom at this time depends on a great measure upon our cruisers. If any assistance can be procured from Chattam or any other means can be thought of to hasten our ships from Sheerness, I am persuaded you will employ them; for I must again repeat to you that it is of the utmost consequence to the King's affairs to get every ship and sloop we have in England to sea.

Pray make my Lord Vere's compliments and mine to Capt. Swanton and acquaint him that we are greatly pleased with his behaviour and conduct in the action with the two French privateers. It was mentioned to his Majesty who approved his behaviour.

I am your very humble servant,

G. ANSON.

Write to Mr. Brown at Chattam¹ in the name of the Board as if you had received orders from us, for any thing you may want from his yard.

Early in 1746 Smith was made Commander-in-Chief at Leith. "Commodore Smith set out this morning to take the command of Byng's squadron," wrote Dick Lyttelton to George Grenville on February 3. "Only think of him going post to Edinburgh." He was to cruise round the coast of Scotland, and his special duty was to prevent communication between

¹ Brown was Commissioner of Chatham Dockyard.

that country and France. Some lucrative spoils fell into his hands while looking for the enemy; being doubtful about the legality of one of them he consulted an authority in Commissioner Mead, who wrote on August 7, 1746 :

I yesterday had the favour of yours of 26th ult. about a seizure made by one of your cruizers; and upon the case you have stated do send you my thoughts. Notwithstanding we are at war with France there is no law to prohibit the importation of French wines into England. French wines can't be brought into England from Holland, but there is no law against their being carried from Holland to Ireland. There may possibly be an Irish law to prohibit French wines being brought from Holland to Ireland, but I am a stranger to this. . . . And as to the practice of making seizures of vessels at sea, our officers are very cautious that they be on the coast and within the limits of some port, which is 2 legues from the shoar; unless they have broke bulk, and good proof thereof, and are afterwards found without their limits, which seems some part of your case. As to seizing vessels at sea, have what they will in (except Irish woolens), our officers do not attempt, tho' [I] know very well the captains of men-of-war are too apt to do so, which they may suffer for in their pockets.

In November 1746 George Grenville approached the Duke of Bedford, now President of the Admiralty Board, to ask on Smith's behalf for the "Jamaica command." The Duke replied that he feared this was not possible, as Admiral Mayne had been "encouraged to expect it," adding :

Though I do not personally know Commodore Smith, no one can have a greater regard for him than I have, upon account of the universal good character he bears, both as a seaman and as an officer. I am

very sensible that the command he now has is far from being grateful or profitable to him, and further that he has acquitted himself in it to the satisfaction of H.R.H. the Duke. But at the same time I cannot forget the much harder duty Admiral Mayne has undergone as President of the Court Martial at Deptford,¹ and it would be unjust in us not to do what lay in our power to countenance him.

¹ The court-martial on Lestock and Mathews.

CHAPTER VII

GEORGE LYTTTELTON'S MARRIAGE AND LITERARY FRIENDSHIP

WITH the year 1742 began the happiest period of George Lyttelton's life. He became engaged in February to Lucy, only daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh, Devonshire. She was a handsome young lady with dark eyes and regular features, "like Cleopatra in her bloom," Mrs. Delany had described her two years before: "I thought she was the handsomest woman at the ball; she was in pink and silver and very well dressed." They were married in June, and for five years were "the happiest pair of human kind."¹ Mrs. Lyttelton shared her husband's interests in politics and literature, and was a charming person with great force of character. In January, 1744, their happiness was completed by the birth of a son, named Thomas, and a year later a small Lucy arrived.

On hearing of the marriage Chesterfield wrote to the happy bridegroom:

The papers inform me that you are married, but what shall I say to you upon that occasion? Is it necessary or is it rather superfluous for me to tell

¹ From Lyttelton's "Monody" to his wife's memory; he also wrote an epitaph describing her, of which the first two and last two lines run:

Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

you the wishes I form for you in this most important period of your life, when you have so long known the sincere part I have taken in the most common occurrences of it? To wish you joy were frivolous; that is certain and present; but whenever that does decline, as from its nature it one day must, may all its sweetness turn to strength, or, as Thomson says, may it mellow into friendship. . . . This will and must happen if Mrs. Lyttelton be like yourself. . . . If she has a head to discern merit, and a heart to value it, and if she brings but with her the truth, the tenderness, and all the other virtues she'll meet with, even my wishes for your mutual happiness can neither exceed nor survive it. . . .

One of Lyttelton's greatest friends was James Thomson, to whose rescue he had come when the poet fell into poverty through the death of his patron, Lord Talbot. He presented him to the Prince of Wales, who gave him a pension of £100 a year. Thomson went to Hagley for the first time in 1743. In answering Lyttelton's invitation he said that Hagley was the place in England he most desired to see, and he would come for three weeks or a month.

As this will fall in Autumn I shall like it the better, for I think that season of the year the most pleasing and the most poetical. The spirits are not then dissipated with the gaiety of spring and the glaring light of summer, but composed into a serious and tempered joy. The year is perfect. In the meantime I will go on with correcting and printing the *Seasons*, and hope to carry down more than one of them with me. The Muses whom you obligingly say I will bring along with me I shall find with you, the Muses of the great simple country, not the little fine lady Muses of Richmond Hill. I have lived so long in the noise, rattle, and distant din of the town that I begin to forget what true retirement is. With you I shall enjoy it in its highest elegance and purest

simplicity. . . . My compliments attend all at Hagley, and particularly her who gives it a charm for you it never had before. Believe me to be ever, with the greatest respect, most affectionately yours,

JAMES THOMSON.

There is a description of Hagley in the *Seasons*, and the view from "the height from whose fair brow the bursting prospect spreads immense around." Thomson also pictured his friend while "courting the Muse thro' Hagley Park thou strayest. . . ."

Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attuned. . . .
You frequent, pausing turn, and from her eyes
Where meekened sense and amiable grace
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness. Which love
Alone bestows, and on a favoured few.

Thomson had a small cottage in Kew Lane, Richmond, where, after his income was assured,¹ he enjoyed the society of his friends, and basked in the sun and grew fat, never rising before midday, eating peaches off the wall without picking them, and writing or not as he pleased. A description of him in the *Castle of Indolence* has always been attributed to Lyttelton:²

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who void of envy quite and lust of gain,
On virtue still and nature's pleasing themes
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain;
The world provoking with a calm disdain.
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat,
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage, his ditty sweet,
He loathed much to write ne cared to repeat.

¹ When Lyttelton took office he obtained for Thomson the governorship of the Leeward Islands with a salary of £300 a year. Of course he never went there, but paid a deputy.

² Thomson described Lyttelton as—

. . . of sense refined,
Serene yet warm, humane but firm; his mind
As little touch'd as any man's with bad.



[From the portrait at Hagley by J. Patoun.]

JAMES THOMSON.

William Pitt described this portrait as "beastly like."

Some five miles from Hagley lived another poet, William Shenstone, of the Leasowes near Halesowen. George Lyttelton had made his acquaintance in 1736, riding over one summer evening with his brother-in-law Pitt to visit the poet, whose verses were beginning to bring him fame. They made friends over these, and discovered a mutual interest in landscape gardening, which was Shenstone's chief occupation. His house on the brow of a hill stands to this day, but there is little trace left in the grounds of his years of ardent toil. The winding walks which never betrayed how small was his domain—the seats on which to meditate, suitably inscribed with quotations from the classics—the shrubberies, opened here and there to show a lovely plain bounded in the distance by the Shropshire hills are long since vanished or overgrown; but in Shenstone's day they made the Leasowes “the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful.”¹ From Hagley visitors constantly went over, while the poet was at work, to admire and advise: “E'en Pitt,” he wrote proudly,

whose fervent periods roll
Resistless thro' the kindling soul of senates, councils, kings,
 . . . vouchsafed to move
Inglorious thro' the shepherd's grove
And ope his bashful springs.

But when it was all finished he became, as he said, “cloyed with leisure.” Shy and sensitive and apt to imagine slights, he would rarely quit his home, even to go to Hagley, where he was always a welcome visitor. He liked Sir Thomas and many of the family, but complained that Dr. Charles treated him superciliously. Richard he described as “a man of courage, genius, generosity and politeness,” and addressed poems to him and to William, the youngest

¹ Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

brother. He was charmed with George's wife, though even of her he wrote with caution : " If her affability is not artificial I cannot imagine a person more amiable." He also esteemed her husband, but a remark Mr. Lyttelton was said to have made on a lady eulogised by Shenstone under the name of Delia, was unkindly repeated to him, and rankled much. " I have seen his Delia, and such a Delia too." Shenstone also complained that the Lytteltons were jealous of the Leasowes, and would lead visitors " perversely " to the wrong end of a walk so as to " detect a deception." ¹ This he did not really believe, but friends made mischief, especially a certain Lady Luxborough, Bolingbroke's sister, and a dame of no great repute, who encouraged the poet to take offence. Graves, Shenstone's biographer, says that the Lytteltons took people over to the Leasowes so often that they sometimes showed them round themselves so as not to disturb the poet, and that though he grumbled, Shenstone never really suspected them of ill intentions, being a man " of great tenderness and generosity." There is only one letter from Shenstone, of no interest, among the Hagley papers, but a classic urn to his memory still adorns the park.

Landscape gardening was then a widespread hobby. All over England parks and gardens were being transformed, and enthusiasts went round from one to another to admire and criticise.

Hagley did not escape the embellishment fever. Sir Thomas seems to have given his eldest son a free hand in laying out the park, and William Pitt helped him with skill and energy. There is a letter from George to Molly West, the cousin who almost lived at Hagley and saw to the carrying out of his and Pitt's ideas.

¹ *Lives of the Poets.*

Argyle Street, March 29, 1748.—It vexes me that you can't find fencing enough from all my father's woods to enclose the plantation that Pitt marked out for the cottage. He will be much disappointed not to see it done, and so indeed shall I; much more so than at the delay of the Rotunda, for it is a spott I am fond of, and buildings are better delayed than plantations. However, I dare say you do all you can for our satisfaction,¹ and we must be content with the grand work of the Castle. The trees I have sent by Haycock's waggon do not near make a waggon load, nor will they cost a third part of what you apprehend. The waggoner has had a particular charge to take care of them. Instead of 4 cedars of Lebanon, I have only sent down three, which I bought at 12 shillings a piece, and 4 smaller from the Duke of Argyle. These are in potts and baskets; all the rest are done up in wet matts. Sure you may at least plant the cedar and pines I mentioned in my last, near the Lodge Pool at this time; for evergreens may be planted the whole month of April. . . . I won't answer for Pitt's coming to Hagley at Whitsuntide, especially as there will be no cottage built nor trees planted there; but in the summer I hope we are sure of him.

Sir Thomas entered into the improvements with as much zest as did Pitt and his son. "We have got all the stone from Quarry Hill," he tells Charles in 1748. "The Castle goes on apace, and indeed makes already a grand figure." This was a sham ruin which still stands at the end of a glade against a background of trees. It was built by Sanderson Miller.² The framework of the windows was brought from the ruined abbey of Halesowen, an act of vandalism which

¹ "I dare say" was used in the sense that "I am sure" is now, so that Lyttelton's remark was not so chilling as it sounds.

² Sanderson Miller of Radway in Warwickshire, a distinguished amateur architect, who designed houses and park decorations for many of his friends.

gives the Castle something of a genuine air. Walpole said "it has the true rust of the baron's wars."

Laying out a park in the eighteenth century was a very serious matter. Groves and avenues were planned not only with regard to the lie of the land but with the intention of giving the passer-by as he wandered some definite impression, here of romance, of majestic grandeur, there of gloom and of melancholy—relieved by glimpses of pastoral cheerfulness over distant fields. These arbitrary distinctions seem absurd to the untrammelled modern mind, but to the mind of that day they greatly appealed; and in the groves and glades at Hagley there seems still to linger, withstanding the ravages of time, something of the impression they were planned to convey over two hundred years ago. The judicious disposal of ruins and temples was of equal importance with the grouping of trees. Time has laid low many of the quaint conceits which once abounded at Hagley, but the Rotunda¹ is there, seen through a vista of trees, while the cedar Lyttelton mentions still overshadows the lodge pool by the castle. Before Pitt and Lyttelton started work the park must have been more like a garden; years before Sir Thomas had told Molly West of the cherry trees blossoming, and in June 1748 he tells Charles, "We only want the roses and more honeysuckle out in the Rock to make the whole park in exquisite beauty." These would scarcely fit in with the new ideas, and it is likely that after Sir Thomas died the homely trees and flowers did not long survive. Charles was equally keen on the beautifying of his ancestral home, but his interest lay rather in gardens than the wider sphere of parks and plantations. He writes to Sir Thomas about this time: "The gardiner will do well to take up the double lilly of the valley

¹ Adapted from the Temple of Vesta in Rome.

which was removed from Cranidge's lower garden two years ago. It is a most rare and curious plant." The Hagley gardener was a man of skill and is alluded to as "the Hobbed Conjuror."

Pitt's summer visit was duly paid. In August he wrote to William Lyttelton, then in Germany: "I am going in a few days to follow your brother to Hagley, and with all the respect due to the oaks of Germany, I would not quit the Dryads of your father's woods for all the charms of Westphalia."

One of George Lyttelton's friends was that cantankerous divine, William Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, whom Dr. Johnson describes as—

A man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement; but his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact . . . and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, even those who favoured his views.

Lyttelton first mentions Warburton in a letter to Pope in 1741, when he also speaks of his own history of Henry II, a work he was to be engaged upon for twenty-six years.

. . . My humble service to Mr. Warburton. I am very glad he finds any thing to be pleased with in the manuscript I lent him, and shall beg his assistance in the prosecution of the work, to make it more worthy of his approbation. If when he is at Cambridge he should find any thing in the libraries there relating to Henry II or Becket, that may be of use to me, I will take the liberty to desire him to communicate it. It will be two or three years before my book is finished, so I hope he may have leisure to think a little upon the subject of it without taking him from his own studies and amusements. Lord Bolingbroke,

you, and he, have engrost philosophy, antiquity, and modern history, so that nothing remains for me, *Qua me quoque possim tollere humo* [How also can I raise myself from the ground], but to endeavour to draw something like history out of the rubbish of monkish annals? a disagreeable task, but yet if I can execute it well there are materials enough to make it work of some instruction and pleasure to my country men, and I hope to the Prince my master, for whose service I chiefly design it. Certain I am that such an architect as you or Mr. Warburton, could out of these Gothic ruins, rude as they are, raise a new edifice that would be fitt to enshrine the greatest of our English kings, and last to eternity. . . .

I am extremely grieved that I must give up all hopes of seeing you at Hagley this year, for when you are there with me, *gratior it dies et soles melius nitent!* [More graciously passes the day, more brightly shines the sun], but my poor father's ill health incapacitates him from receiving company, and me from enjoying it.

I hope to God by next year, retirement¹ and a country life will have mended his health, and then, if Lord Bathurst will honour us with a visit and bring you and Mr. Warburton along with him, it will most highly oblige your most affectionate humble servant.

Pope went to Hagley at least once, and there is an urn to his memory put up at his favourite spot in the park.

In 1741 Pope and Lyttelton intervened with success in one of Warburton's many quarrels. Warburton and his friend Dr. Middleton had expressed different views on the subject of "Papal superstitions" in two books they had respectively published: War-

¹ Sir Thomas retired from Parliament and the Admiralty in 1741.

burton's *Divine Legation* and Middleton's ¹ *Letter from Rome*. Warburton had written to Middleton that these works would bear witness as long as they lasted that it was possible for two writers to differ widely in opinion without any breach of friendship; "which I apprehended," he told Lyttelton, "might be a more edifying lesson than any we taught in our books." This edifying lesson, however, did not last long, for Middleton was "inflamed" by someone against Warburton, and complained to a mutual friend of certain passages in the *Divine Legation*. Whereupon Warburton sent him "a very round letter," and an acrimonious discussion seemed likely to ensue, had not Pope and Lyttelton managed with much tact to placate him. "You, Sir, and Mr. Pope, have determined me to be silent," he told Lyttelton, but he could not, he said, do as they advised and give up the point entirely, "without failing in my duty to truth, or, what in this case is the same thing, that which I take for her. You seem to think that we have divided the truth between us, and only squabble like schoolboys for the largest share." Warburton stated the case in an immense letter to Lyttelton. It is a curious specimen of theological criticism of that day.

¹ Dr. Conyers Middleton, author of a *Life of Cicero* and other books, was in holy orders and held Church preferments all his life, though he was an extreme latitudinarian and wrote actively against Christianity. When in Rome he found to his surprise that pagan rites and ceremonies were very similar to many of those used by the Church of Rome; hence his *Letter from Rome*.

Leslie Stephen says of the two men that "Warburton represents the strange medley of inconsistent theories evolved by the shifting currents of contemporary thought," and that Middleton was the first theological critic "to see, though he saw it dimly, besides the old hypotheses of supernatural interference and human imposture, a third and more reasonable alternative, a really scientific investigation of the history of religious development."—(*History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*.)

Middleton contended that the "superstitions of Rome" were derived from paganism; Warburton that they were "the original effects of a similar spirit; but neither would I deny that here and there a straggling superstition might be purloined from paganism, nor he, I suppose, that such a small matter might have its birth nearer home." Warburton argued that the system of superstition was "the contrivance of the priesthood for the sake of the ecclesiastical policy of Rome," "that the superstition arose from the policy, not the policy from the superstitions," and that the policy was not "picked up at hazard from dismembered paganism." He did not hold, however, that the priests were entirely the authors of these superstitions, and he had found a method, satisfactory to himself, of settling the point, by tracing each superstition back to its origin. Thus he disposed of the "*business of holy water*," which—

is so much insisted on by the Doctor as borrowed from the pagans, who indeed are full of the purifications by water and by fire too; for where was the wonder that men should make the two greatest natural purifiers among material things *sacred*? But 'tis plain that *holy water* had a nearer and more confined origin, which was this. Holy water is the baptismal water which has been employed at that ceremony. It was thought too good to be thrown away, and in this age the spirit of frugality as much appeared as that of superstition; it being indeed no more than that common economy of a good housewife, who having brewed her ale, has a second running of small beer. So natural was the superstition, and so readily caught up, without going out of doors for.

He continued on these lines through several sheets, disposing with equal patness of other superstitions.¹

¹ The letters are to be found at length in Phillimore's *Life of Lyttelton*.

But the chief cause of his resentment was that Middleton had misquoted him in a postscript to his *Letter from Rome*. His two friends, however, again succeeded in smoothing him down, and Warburton, who, if irascible, was a generous man, wrote gratefully to Lyttelton, after explaining the position at great length :

You see, Sir, what a great deal of embarrass your kindness has eased me of. Had I answered his postscript I should have been obliged to take notice of many of these little arts, and tho' I should have done it with all civility, there is something so very piquant in these things that our friendship, which I would not unrip, would have run great hazards.

On receiving this Lyttelton wrote to Pope :

I have lately heard from Mr. Warburton, who desires me to acquaint you that he has dropt his dispute with Dr. Middleton, as you advised him to, though he has convinced me he could well have maintained it if he had not loved peace and friendship better than victory ; which is a temper of mind so becoming in a divine and so rare in an author that I think you should express your approbation of it the first time you write to him.

Warburton's fighting propensities continued to the end of his life and were very familiar to his friends. Twenty years later Lyttelton wrote to congratulate a friend on his recovery from illness, "from the very bottom of my heart and from every corner of my soul : if souls have corners, which I won't dispute with Dr. Warburton if he denies it," he added laughingly.

CHAPTER VIII

POLITICS—THE '45—BROAD BOTTOM ADMINISTRATION—CHARLES LYTTTELTON SEEKS PREFERMENT

MOST of Walpole's colleagues remained in office under Wilmington, including Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and the Pelham brothers. Of the Opposition, Carteret became Secretary of State with the management of foreign affairs, and Cobham was made colonel of the Grenadier Guards (of which he made Charles Lyttelton chaplain); but his nephews and Pitt were left out, as also were Chesterfield and the Tories. In July 1743 Wilmington died, and Henry Pelham became Prime Minister, though Bath tried hard for it. Orford, who from behind the scene still pulled all the strings, advised Pelham to "Whig it with all opponents that will parly, but 'ware Tory." He recommended "recruits from the Cobham squadron, who should be persuaded, now Bath is beaten, it makes room for them, if they will not crowd the doors when the house is on fire that nobody can go in or out." Pelham was probably afraid that this would happen and he be overwhelmed, for the Cobham squadron was still left out, though they were quite ready to join with him. Their attacks were now all directed against Carteret, whom they accused of favouring Hanover, and many meetings to plan his overthrow were held at Chesterfield's house.

As a result of these deliberations a great debate took place on December 6, on a motion to present an address to the King, "most humbly to advise

and beseech His Majesty forthwith to give orders that the Hanoverians should not be continued in the service of Great Britain.”¹ Pitt supported it with vehemence, saying that the King was hemmed in by German officers and by “one English Minister without an English heart.” Lyttelton followed, and quoted Alexander the Great, who offended his Greek troops by wearing Persian robes when leading them into battle; an allusion to George II, who at Dettingen had worn the yellow scarf of Hanover, much to the displeasure of his British subjects. The motion was nearly carried, for Pelham wobbled with timidity, as did the fatuous Newcastle, and Orford had to come up from Norfolk to put heart into them. “The whole world,” wrote his son, “nay, the Prince himself, allows that the Hanover troops would have been lost if Lord Orford had not come to town.” As a reward for this good deed Frederic graciously sent word that he would receive Lord Orford at his levee, where he had never before been admitted.

Frederic’s devotion to Hanover made him a warm supporter of Carteret, and led him in the end to break with Pitt and Lyttelton. About this time Lyttelton told Lord Marchmont of an interview he had had with the Prince: that his Royal Highness had received him very kindly, but talked as madly as ever on the present conjuncture being but a trifle that would soon be remedied, and ran over with his fingers battalions and squadrons till he puzzled Lyttelton and himself too; and that at the bottom it was the same Hanover views as his father, though he denied it absolutely, and said it was only the necessity there was of supporting and restoring the House of Austria to maintain the balance of Europe.

¹ The 16,000 Hanoverians and Hessians who had been hired by England to fight for Austria.

Lyttelton's advice cannot have pleased the Prince, as he "strongly urged him" when he should come to the throne to resign Hanover to his brother Cumberland. In a political memorandum written many years later Lyttelton says that this was his advice "when I had the favour and countenance of the Prince of Wales."

During the spring of 1744 there are a few letters from Charles Lyttelton in London to his father at Hagley, full of gossip and the news of the town—the expected French invasion, the whereabouts of the "Brest Fleet," and the Young Pretender. On May 8 he tells of the debate on the Treason Bill in the House of Commons, which lasted till two o'clock in the morning :

Billy Pitt shone much but spoke with great decorum. My brother either did not speak at all or else was so short as not to be distinguished. Lord Carteret and the Pelhams I hear both disclaim the *forfeiture clause*. Lord Chancellor indeed proposed it, but it is believed that it originally came from Lord Orf—d, and the rather as his son Hor—, and Harry Legge both spoke warmly for it. The Court had a majority of 79.

The Lords, as I told you in my last letter, did not divide on this question, tho' they have entered a protest. The reason of this was (as Lord Hervey informs me) because Lord Halifax would have voted against them, and they were not willing the world should know they had lost so important a voice on so important a question.¹

Walpole says of this debate: "The Opposition had brought in a Bill to make it treason to correspond with the Young Pretenders; the Lords added a

¹ George Dunk, second Earl of Halifax, b. 1716, married a great heiress, Miss Dunk, and was later head of the Board of Trade and Plantations.

clause after a long debate to make it forfeiture of estates, as it is for dealing with the father. . . . It was the best debate I ever heard." Besides keeping his father in touch with the news, Charles sent him the newest books and pamphlets. One list of these gives a depressing impression of what was thought pleasant reading for an invalid in the country. No doubt the novels of Fielding and Richardson were sent too, as they appeared, but merely as trifles unworthy of notice.

May 8, 1744. I am glad you have got the *Examen*,¹ as I imagine it contains a curious collection of Jacobite lies and high flying doctrines which must afford you some entertainment, as you are able to disprove them all. Berkeley's *Treatise on Tar Water* and the Acts of Parliament should have gone by this day's carrier, but I defer sending them till next week that Mr. Ralph's *Essay on the Rise and Abuse of Parliaments* may accompany them. This book will cost you 8 or 10 shillings, but being a work that makes a great deal of noise, the chiefs of the minority having patronized it in so far as many of them have presented the author with considerable sums of money, I fancy you will be glad to have it. It will be published on Thursday, but several copies have already been sent to the author's particular friends.

Walpole supported Charles Lyttelton in his choice of current literature; writing to Mann this month he says: "I send you the only new books at all worth reading. The *Abuse of Parliaments* is by Dodington and Waller, circumstantially scurrilous,"

¹ " *Examen* ; or an Inquiry into the Credit and Veracity of a pretended *Complete History* (by Dr. Kennett) . . . together with some Memoirs occasionally inserted, all tending to vindicate the Honour of the late King Charles II and his happy Reign, from the intended Aspersion of that foul Pen." By the Hon. Roger North, 1740. Nicholls' *Literary Anecdotes*.

and "Dr. Berkeley's mad book on tar water which has made everybody as mad as himself."¹

Sir Thomas was quite satisfied with the kind of literature provided for him. "I have seen the pamphlets you mention," he wrote on another occasion; "the *Court Secret*² is the most absurd piece I ever met with; the other is writ with spirit but very falacious."

Meanwhile Carteret's Hanoverian policy grew more and more unpopular. At length the Pelhams, alarmed for the safety of the Government, managed to get the King's reluctant consent to his resignation, and at once opened negotiations with Chesterfield, Gower and Cobham, spokesmen for the Opposition. Terms were soon arrived at, for the parties were practically agreed as to policy, and few stipulations were made;³ even old Lord Cobham, "whose spleen and positiveness created more disturbance than anything else," finally said, "Do what you will, provided you take care of my boys." But the only boys placed at first were the two Georges, Lyttelton and Grenville, who obtained posts in the Treasury and Admiralty respectively. Walpole wrote to Mann in December 1744:

¹ Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, the metaphysician, went to America, where he found a decoction of tar was used with excellent medicinal results by the Indians and others. On his return he wrote this pamphlet, which went into many editions. Walpole said that it ranged over all subjects, "from tar water to the Trinity."

² The *Court Secret*, published in 1741, and stated to have been "now first translated from the original Arabic," but was written "on the loves of the Earl of Scarbrough and the Duchess of Manchester." It was attributed to Lyttelton, but he never acknowledged it, and his father's comment would seem to prove that he was not the author unless Sir Thomas also was not in the secret.

³ The question of the Hanoverian troops was got over by the grant for their support being shifted on to the subsidy paid to Maria Theresa, she undertaking to engage them. Hanover declared war against France in the following year.

You perceive the great Mr. William Pitt is not in the list, though he comes thoroughly into the measures. To preserve his character and authority in Parliament he was unwilling to accept anything yet. The Ministry very rightly insisted that he should. He asked for Secretary at War, knowing it would be refused, and it was.

This was not the exact situation. Pitt certainly wanted that post, and the Pelhams were willing he should have it, but the King refused to have Pitt in the Government at all. He hated Pitt, both for his Hanoverian policy and for the insults he had often levelled at him in Parliament.¹ As the Pelhams had forced him to accept Chesterfield,² whom he disliked almost as much as Pitt, they dared not to press him further then, but promised Pitt that as soon as the King's prejudice should be removed, he should be brought in. Lyttelton in a letter to his father took the same view as Walpole as to Pitt's exclusion from office. It is a striking instance of the impression Pitt's towering personality made upon his contemporaries, that Walpole and Lyttelton, each in a position to know the true state of affairs, should be of opinion that the choice of office lay in Pitt's hands rather than in the royal ones. Lyttelton wrote to his father Dec. 24, 1744 :

Had I known of the Captain's [Richard Lyttelton] going to-day, I would have writ by him a fuller account of the change that has happened in the political world, particularly in what concerns myself, than I can venture to do by the post; but as he went

¹ Pitt had gone so far as to hint that the King had run away at Dettingen. His horse indeed had bolted with him behind the lines, but Pitt ignored the fact that his Majesty dismounted and led the army on foot.

² Chesterfield was sent first as Plenipotentiary to Holland, and thence to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, as far from his sovereign as possible.

away without my seeing him, I can now only tell you in general, that the Court having agreed with those who were authorised to treat for the Opposition, upon all the points that were insisted upon as conditions of our coming into employments, a considerable number of us have already kist hands, and more will between this and the 10th of Jan., when the Parliament sits again, so as to compleat the two and twenty immediately promised us. Mr. Pitt is destined to one of the most considerable employments as soon as his health and some other difficulties which he has seen fit to give way to, will permit. I need not tell you those difficulties do not in the least relate to the system, which he is entirely satisfied with, as you may be sure from my coming in.

Indeed we have good reason to hope that the experiment we are now making will be a means of drawing our country out of the many difficulties and evils into which it has been plunged. Certainly it is that unavoidable ruin must have attended any other system that could have taken place instead of this, as things now stand. For there was no medium between submission to my Lord Granville¹ without hope of relief *now or hereafter*, or doing what we have done. Yet the scene that opens to us is by no means an inviting one, or to be lookt at in any other light than as the least of two evils; for it is a much easier matter to ruin a nation than to restore one, especially against the will of its ruler.

Lyttelton went on to tell of his dismissal from the Prince of Wales' service.

Upon my accepting the place of a lord of the Treasury, the day after I had kist hands, viz. yesterday, I received a letter from my Lord Scarborough by which he informed me that his Royal Highness being conscious this new employment would take up my

¹ Carteret had lately become Earl Granville, through the death of his mother, Grace, Countess Granville.

whole time, he had therefore ordered him to demand the Seals of Office of me, etc. I accordingly carried them to his R.H. and told him that as the Treasury would not take up more of my time than the Admiralty did of Lord Baltimore's or Lord Archibald Hamilton's, and *that* was made no objection to their holding the places they did under him, I apprehended the reason assigned in Lord Scarborough's letter could not be the true cause of my removal, but should be much obliged to his R.H. to let me know what was the true cause of such a mark being set upon me, which I hoped my past service had not deserved.

He answered that he was far from intending anything like a mark upon me, that Lord Halifax was in the same situation and he should therefore remove him as well as me; that it was a general rule he should for the future establish in his family; that Lords Baltimore and Archibald Hamilton had obtained their employments under the King *through him*, but that we had obtained ours *through others* of whom he did not approve. He made very strong expressions of present and future regard, and kindness to me, but said he did not like the friends with whom I was linkt; which he explained to mean not the friends *with whom* I came in, but those to whom I came.¹

In answer to this I only said that I had always connected myself and should always connect myself with those only who I was convinced meant the best to the Royal family and to the publick. Our conversation ended with great assurances of esteem and goodwill on his side, and proper returns on mine. I will only observe to you that my new friends are more concerned in this matter than I, which I believe they feel. It is not yet very certain whether his R.H. has taken this step in concert with the King, or how

¹ George Lyttelton's hostility on the Hanoverian question was the real reason of his dismissal. The Prince also deprived Thomson, Mallet, and Gilbert West, of the pensions he had granted them, because they were Lyttelton's friends.

His Majesty will approve of it. I have only to add that as to my own particular, I have the greatest cause to be satisfied with the consideration and distinction with which I have been received by those to whom I am joined in this new system. I hope my election will be a very quiet one.

. . . I must just give you a caution not to give much heed to the good Captain's politicks, because they come tinctured with impressions received from Lord Granville's friends, and from one of ours, who as usual abuses the people to whom he accedes and befouls his own nest. You will know him by this description

This must be Pitt : Lyttelton, thinking he had only himself to blame for not being in office, was not unnaturally irritated at his unreasonableness. At this time King George disliked Lyttelton nearly as much as he did Pitt, and his literary attainments doubtless made him despise him as well. There is a story that when Lyttelton first took office the King showed his dislike so plainly that the poor man was deeply hurt and told his colleagues that if it went on he should resign. This was repeated to his Majesty, probably by the placable Pelham, and he was besought to "subdue his anger against Mr. Lyttelton so far as to speak to him" when he should next appear at Court. The King gave an unwilling consent, but resolved to make his few words as "ungraciously inapplicable as possible." Knowing that Lyttelton "possessed a most refined mind, and being fondly devoted to intellectual pursuits, held all the rude sports of the field in utter abhorrence," his Majesty approached him with "You are very fond of hunting Sir, I know," and immediately turned away.¹

¹ From Chambers' *Biographical Illustrations of Worcestershire*. Lyttelton is here called Lord Lyttelton, but the story clearly belongs to this period.

George II was not a lovable person, but he was a good king as well as a good hater, and a very different man from his wretched eldest son. By this time everyone had grown sick to death of the Prince; he dropped all his old friends or they dropped him.¹ In May 1743 the Jacobite historian Carte had written to the Pretender saying that his cause had gained much from the "utter contempt into which Prince Frederic is fallen at this time, so that nobody for the future will have any recourse to him or dependance upon him, but in case of discontent will naturally look out for redress from another quarter."

These and similar messages stimulated the Pretender to action, and on July 25, 1745, his son landed in Scotland. For the next six months the Hanoverian dynasty seemed on the verge of a downfall. Charles Edward began his triumphal progress through England in November and got as far as Derby; but dissensions arising there among his advisers he very reluctantly turned back again, and the Jacobite cause lost its small chance of success. There is a letter from a Mr. Cotton to Charles Lyttelton, written from Derby on Christmas Eve, three weeks after the Jacobite army had left on their melancholy return to Scotland.

. . . I am now at Mr. Eyre's at Derby with my family; where all people are full of their late guests and talk of nothing else. The officers behaved in a very civil manner in the private houses where they lodged; they were handsomely entertained, and all made presents to the servants with Scotch generosity. The lower people very nasty but not rude that I can hear. The great complaint against them is the taking all the arms and accoutrements they could meet with, and some horses; but above all the

¹ Pitt resigned his place at the Prince's Court early in 1745, but did not entirely break with him.

subscription money which was exacted of all in this town (but not in the country). Poor Mr. Eyre tho' absent was obliged to pay £50 by his servant.¹

We hear nothing yet from the north, tho' in daily expectation of something very important. I am glad to find by yours the apprehension of the French landing is not so strong as has been; the winds are now so loud and turbulent that I hope they will fight for us as they have formerly done.

The rebels got safely back to Scotland, and at Falkirk beat the English troops under Hawley, who in consequence was removed from the command. Cumberland, who had been guarding the south coast against the expected French invasion, was put in his place, and hurried down to Scotland.

The battle of Culloden was fought April 16, and the rebels were hopelessly defeated. Charles wrote to Sir Thomas a fortnight later :

Brook Street, April 29, 1745.—I am to acquaint you that another express arrived to-day at noon which I am told brings word that the number of the slain amounts to 3000, and that the Pretender is certainly fled with Sullivan to Lochaber,² from whence he will not easily escape to sea, as it lies off the west coast of Scotland, but may keep himself concealed a long while either in that mountainous country or in the isles. 'Tis said too that Lord John Drummond and the Duke of Perth³ are fled to Dunbar in hopes of getting a passage to France. I picked up this news only at Ranelagh, so won't answer for its authenticity. Lord Elcho it seems went to Paris

¹ Nearly £20,000 was levied from Derby.

² O'Sullivan was Quartermaster-General in the Prince's army; for five months Charles Edward wandered about Scotland, and eventually escaped to France.

³ James Drummond, fifth Earl of Perth, and third titular Duke, was wounded at Culloden and died on his passage to France May 1746. His brother succeeded him, but his estates were attainted, and he died in France, 1747.

some time ago to be *salivated*, so he has probably saved his bacon.¹

To-day the House of Commons heard evidence against 20 of the rebel chiefs, preparatory to a Bill of Attainder in which many more are to be included. 10 regiments I hear are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to depart for Flanders. Pray God the French King does not roast the allies before we are able to reinforce them! We have been in pain some days from a suspicion that the Brest Fleet was sailed to the West Indies, but the Admiralty flatter themselves now that they are still in port. . . .

Betty Pitt and her sister were at Ranelagh with Lord Talbot, who I find has been her constant attendant at all publick places this winter. You may imagine this does not make her character much more shining than it was before.²

Two letters from William Lyttelton, a precise youth, to his father, may well come here, though written a year later. They tell of the trial and execution of Simon, Lord Lovat, one of the instigators of the '45. Lord Lovat, then eighty years old, had had a long and chequered career, having been at various times of his life attainted, outlawed, and sentenced to death, for crimes and misdemeanours other than political.

March 1747.—The constant violent coughing I heard yesterday at Lord Lovat's trial proves how ill these cold March winds agree with everybody after such a mild warm winter. As I had the

¹ This was not true. David Lord Elcho, eldest son of fifth Earl of Wemyss, commanded a troop of cavalry under Charles Edward, and fled to France after Culloden and was attainted, and never allowed to come into possession of his estates. He died 1787.

² Elizabeth Pitt, sister of William, was a strange, half-insane woman, "with the face of an angel and the heart of all the furies," said her nephew Camelford; she was living at this time with Lord Talbot, a married man.

particular convenience of a ticket for my Lord High Steward's box,¹ which carried me in at my own time, I put on a waistcoat extraordinary, and ventured a third sore throat, which however I had the good fortune to escape. If I had not gone I had lost the pleasure of hearing Mr. Solicitor General² make a harangue which shewed as much eloquence, as much judgement, and as much acuteness as it was possible for man to exert upon the subject. The province assigned to him was to reply to the defence old Lovat had made, which was chiefly an invective against Secretary Murray³ and the other witnesses that had been produced against him. He [Lovat] appealed to the Lords whether or no the evidence of persons in their interested situation ought to be esteemed credible; and added that if encouragement was given to the testimony of men like them, there would not long be wanting a set of *delatores* or informers to subject the people of England to the same dangers and oppressions as formerly the people of Rome groaned under the weight of. He said—if the Lords would enforce the order they had before made, that he should have the witnesses he had given a list of brought up from Scotland, who he pretended had been frightened from coming by illegal threats and menaces, or influenced by very unjustifiable methods—he would prove the evidence offered against him to be as false as that which was given against the two elders in the case of Susanna; and throughout most piously alluded to passages of Scripture, which seemed to me as if the Devil should sprinkle himself with holy water. To-day the Lord High Steward gave judgement, but I have heard no particulars of what passed.

¹ Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was Lord High Steward.

² William Murray, afterwards Lord Chief Justice and Earl of Mansfield.

³ John Murray of Broughton had been the Young Pretender's secretary, and saved himself and his friends by giving secret information which led to Lovat's execution. Had it not been for this Lovat could not have been convicted. Murray lived for many years afterwards, a shunned and hated man.

Lovat was found guilty and condemned to death. He was beheaded on Tower Hill. A scaffolding put up for spectators collapsed, and several people were killed, including a man who, to be in time, had ridden all the way from Salisbury the day before. On April 11, William Lyttelton wrote again, beginning about some post Dr. Charles was trying to get for a friend.

General Onslow desired me to inform the Doctor that the Treasury was not going to discharge the stationer whose place Mr. Sandby wanted, nor was it in their power, for young Horace Walpole puts in and turns out the stationer as he pleases.¹

Old Lovat declared upon the scaffold that he was not conscious of having ever committed any great crime, that he died with a very quiet conscience. And to judge from his behaviour one would have thought he did; for he joked with the executioner, and when he gave him his purse, told him that if he did not do his work well he would come and demand his money of him again, and then went to the block crying "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" I don't hear of any one man of fashion who was hurt by the fall of the scaffolding. . . .

The "Broad Bottom" Administration was now in full swing, but like most coalitions it achieved very little. Pelham's chief efforts were directed to warding off contentious matters, but these did not always succeed. Horace Walpole had written as early as February 1745 :

The Coalition goes on as one would expect. The Opposition is no longer mentioned, yet there is not

¹ Horace Walpole at the age of twenty was made Usher of the Exchequer, with a salary of £900 a year. The total profits came to about double that sum. His duty was to supply the Exchequer with paper, pens, ink, wax, sand—all kinds of stationery, in fact—and apparently the stationer as well.

a half-witted prater in the House but can divide with every new minister on his side, except Lyttelton, whenever he pleases, and on the first tinkling of the brass all the new bees swarm back to the Tory side of the House.

Lyttelton was a most loyal party man, and only once or twice voted against the Government all the time he was in it; but there was then no obligation for a Minister to keep to his party; he was only responsible for his own department and might attack the others as much as he pleased. The etiquette as laid down by Waldegrave was, that Ministers "could not decently obstruct the public business or censure those measures which they themselves had approved of. But still they might attack persons though not things, or might oppose in questions of an indifferent nature where the affairs of Government did not appear to be immediately concerned."

Little of the correspondence between Pitt and Lyttelton has been preserved, and it is mainly from other sources that the closeness of their friendship can be realised. Marchmont says that once when a meeting to discuss some political crisis was proposed, to consist among others of Pitt, Lyttelton and Lord Barrington, the two latter were objected to on the grounds that they were so much under Pitt's influence that it would only be "multiplying himself," and neither of them could have "objected niceties and difficulties to him." Another time Marchmont approached Lyttelton to learn the state of the great man's temper, telling him that "as Mr. Pitt and we¹ had begun the world together, and I hoped we should go through it in friendship, I should

¹ Alexander Hume Campbell, Lord Marchmont's twin brother, was an able lawyer and M.P. for Berwick. The brothers were so much alike that each was constantly taken for the other.

be sorry if the heat on Monday last between him and my brother was to leave any rancour in his mind. He said it left none and was all over."

When the "Broad Bottom" Administration had been in office for nearly a year, and Pelham's promise of bringing Pitt in had not been fulfilled, Pitt began to worry the Government. Walpole wrote to Mann, Nov. 22, 1745 :

Yesterday they had another baiting from Pitt, who is ravenous for the place of Secretary at War. He mustered his forces but did not notify his intention; only at two o'clock Lyttelton said at the Treasury there would be business at the House. The motion was to augment our naval force, which Pitt said was the only method of putting an end to the rebellion. Ships built a year hence to suppress an army of Highlanders now marching through England! My uncle attacked him, and congratulated his country upon the wisdom of the modern young men. . . . Pitt was provoked and retorted on his negotiations and *grey headed* experience. At these words my uncle, as if he had been at Bartholomew Fair, snatched off his wig and showed his grey hairs, which made the *august senate* laugh, and put Pitt out, who, after laughing himself, diverted his venom upon Mr. Pelham. Upon the question Pitt's party amounted but to thirty-six. In short he has nothing left but his words and his haughtiness, and his Lytteltons and his Grenvilles.

And even the Lytteltons, according to Walpole, were beginning to turn restive. He wrote in the following month :

The Cobham part of the coalition is going to be disbanded. Pitt's wild ambition cannot content

¹ Horace Walpole the elder had been Ambassador to France, and was famed for his ineffective negotiations.

itself with what he had been granted, and he has driven Lyttelton and the Grenvilles to adopt all his extravagances. But then they are at variance within themselves. Lyttelton's wife hates Pitt and does not approve of his governing her husband and hurting their family, so that at present it seems he does not care to be a martyr to Pitt's caprices.

Pitt's onslaughts on the Government frightened the Pelhams, and they begged the King to let him in; but he, who disliked them both and called them "pitiful fellows," refused point-blank. He wanted to have Granville back. The brothers then made up their minds to resign, but with their usual caution induced Harrington, one of the Secretaries of State, to resign first. They went next, and there followed a shower of gold keys, white sticks, and commissions, till the King turned crusty and would receive no more. For forty hours Granville was Prime Minister, with Lord Bath close at hand.¹ "Thus far," says Walpole, "all went swimmingly; they had only forgotten one little point, which was to secure a majority in both Houses." Nobody would accept office, and King George, deeply mortified, was forced to take his former Ministers back again; even Newcastle, who he said was not fit to be Chamberlain to the smallest Court in Germany, was once more Secretary of State. Granville's failure made the Pelhams stronger than before and they forced the King to accept Pitt as Treasurer of Ireland; he was later Paymaster of the Forces. When Pitt kissed hands, King George was seen to shed tears, and for six years never addressed a word to him.

For some years to come political tranquillity

¹ This was the "Short-Lived" or "Drunken" Administration; the second name came from Lord Granville's convivial habits.

reigned in England. Little was achieved in Parliament; Pitt was silent, the Opposition almost non-existent, and Pelham, "whose character was Walpole's in miniature," only desired to make and keep peace in Europe, and to prevent friction within the Government at home. This was not always possible; his brother Newcastle was jealous of him, and, to curry favour with the King, was anxious to prolong the war. There were other difficulties besides. Lord Marchmont wrote in October 1747 :

Lord Chesterfield told me that Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle now conversed only through Mr. Stone,¹ being apt to fall into a passion when they conversed together; that they would surely break if Mr. Pelham did not think it would be the ruin of them both. That Mr. Pelham's only concern was that he might not be personally attacked in the House of Commons, and that provided he was not made the object there he was easy. For this end Pitt and the Lytteltons and the Grenvilles must have everything they asked, and now held half the places in the King's gift. And then the old set, who hated these, came and asked, when there were no more Lytteltons and Grenvilles to be pleased, that they might have room for something; which made him uneasy on the other hand.

One of the Lytteltons to be pleased was the Reverend Charles, who after four years as rector of Alvechurch, began to think he deserved preferment. He set his brother to work to obtain it for him, and kept his father in touch with the negotiations. On May 8, 1746, he wrote: "My brother deferred speaking to the Duke of Newcastle on my behalf till Mr. Pitt had kissed hands; as that is now done he will

¹ Andrew Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's secretary.

[speak to] him the first opportunity." A few days later he says :

Yesterday my brother was with the Duke of Newcastle and pressed him in the warmest manner in my behalf. The Duke said he was hampered with engagements to churchmen deeper than could be imagined, but that he would serve me as soon as possible. My brother was then going to specify the particular preferment he wanted for me, when a person came in and interrupted the conversation, so that he was forced to drop that subject for the present, but intends resuming it again the first opportunity. Afterwards he mentioned the affair to Stone, who said he was glad I did not pitch on Windsor or Westminster, as they were full of young lives and deeply promised. Alchurch he said was more open, that there were *two* canonrys only promised, and that the third he might depend upon for me; that he should be upon the watch to prevent all solicitations to the Duke before I was served, and that there was the greatest likelihood in the world that 3 vacancys would happen within a 12 month; *Trevor* being to be removed to the first good bishoprick that falls (except Durham or Winchester); *Peterboro'* very old, and *Friend* and *Folkes* not only very old but very infirm.

To this letter Dr. Lyttelton added an N.B. :

The Archbishop has offered to recommend me to the King whenever I shall think it will be most for my service. When my brother told Mr. Stone that I could have persons of the highest rank in the church to bear witness to my character, he was pleased to say that I was too well known to stand in need of it. I wish he was not *a courtier* in this, for his master the Duke knew not that there was such a person existing when my brother named me to him.

Archbishop Potter duly fulfilled his promise; there is a note written from Lambeth, August 31, 1746,

saying : " Revd. Sir, I heartily wish your success in your present undertaking, and shall be glad if my endeavours may in any way contribute to it, who am, Revd. Sir, your affectionate friend Jo : Cant : " A week or so later Charles writes :

Yesterday my brother carried me to the Duke of Newcastle's, but he was not at home, so we *left our names*, which my brother says is sufficient, as he was with his Grace the day before, who promised him the Deanery of Worcester for me in case it falls before there be a third vacancy in Alchurch. If the King should object to Lord Cornbury's man, (which very probably he will, as his Lordship's conduct has been so disagreeable to the Court since the promise was made) in that case the Duke will put me second, so I hope my chance is not a very bad one.

Lord Cornbury had voted and spoken against employing Hanoverian troops in British pay; the question cropped up year by year when the estimates were discussed.

Richard Lyttelton was also seeking promotion. Charles tells his father :

Coll. Dick complains a good deal of Conway, Lord Bury, and others, being put over his head, and talks of resigning in case one Napier (who is much junior to him) be preferred before him. He grumbles a good deal at my brother that he does not exert *all* his interest to serve him; which by the way is not very kind to me. However, I know my brother will do what is right on my side and serve him too, when he has an opportunity.

For some time no lives fell, and Dr. Lyttelton was still trying for preferment in the following February, and Richard was still "solliciting for the rank of Colonel." His eldest brother supported him, "and

as the Duke of Bedford will do the same I think he will succeed," wrote Dr. Charles, adding dolefully, "but it is unlucky for me, as my brother cannot with so good a face press my interest should any preferment fall, either while he is solliciting for him or immediately after he has carried the point for him." He went on to give Sir Thomas some ecclesiastical news: "The Archbishop's great living of Wrotham worth £900 a year is fallen, and he has given it to his son Dr. Potter. This has made a pretty *sine cure* in Sussex for my friend Milles,¹ of £200 per ann.: which he is now going to take possession of." The brothers' efforts were at length in part rewarded, for towards the end of 1747 Charles was appointed one of the King's chaplains. It was thus announced to him by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain:

SIR,

Having appointed you one of His Majesty's chaplains in ordinary, these are to give you notice that you take the month of December for your month of waiting, and every year upon the first day thereof to attend at Court, prepared to preach as often as it shall come to your turn. Hoping you will not fail therein, I remain Sir,

Your loving friend,

GRAFTON.

¹ Jeremiah Milles, afterwards Dean of Exeter, married the Archbishop's daughter.

CHAPTER IX

DEATH OF LUCY LYTTTELTON—GEORGE LYTTTELTON'S SPEECHES AND WRITINGS

ON January 19, 1747, George Lyttelton's beloved Lucy died after giving birth to a second daughter; she caught a chill a fortnight after her confinement, and to the end there were hopes of her recovery. "Poor Mrs. Lyttelton has left a most disconsolate mother and an afflicted husband," wrote Mrs. Delany. "She was happy in this world according to our notions of happiness, and was an agreeable and deserving woman, which makes her much lamented. Her own great imprudence, it is thought, occasioned her death." On hearing the news Sir Thomas wrote in much sorrow to Charles, terribly anxious about its effects on his best-loved son :

As much prepared as I was for the fatal stroke, I never felt so great a shock in my life as the news of my dear daughter's death gave me. You may easily judge then how necessary it is for my dear George (as far as my life is of value to him) to continue to fortifie himself that he may not sink under this severe affliction; a misfortune I am confident I should not survive one hour. I hope he will, as soon as he possibly can, force himself into business, which, next to religion, I know by experience is the best antidote to grief. I pray God poor Mrs. Fortescue may follow his example, that she may be able to fulfil her dear daughter's desire in regard to pretty Lucy;¹ and as to my dear boy and the little infant,

¹ Mrs. Lyttelton wished that her elder girl should be left in her mother's charge, so as to make up in some measure for the loss of herself.

either or both of them shall be wellcome to me as my son shall think proper for his pleasure or convenience. He is and shall be as much master of Hagley as long as I live as myself.

Hollier has had the vault at Arley¹ opened and says there is room for at least 4 more coffins, and that a good road may be made through the grounds for the coach, etc., to pass; therefore I have determined the poor creature shall lye there, as I think it will be better on several accounts than bringing her to Hagley, and I will follow her when it shall please God to call me. The undertaker, etc., may lye at Kedderminster or Broadwaters as he pleases on Tuesday night, but the latter has the best accommodation and is but a quarter of a mile distant. I will send a person early in the morning to shew them the way from thence to Arley. The Vale is exceeding bad, therefore you will do well to advise the undertaker to hire a pair of horses at Morton to help the coach as far as Evesham. The herse will not require more than six. . . . I suppose the six men that attend will take the corpse into the church, as you don't mention my providing for that purpose.

One of George Lyttelton's greatest friends was Dr. Philip Doddridge, the eminent dissenting minister, to whom there is a broken-hearted letter from Lyttelton in the following June. Doddridge had written strangely enough still in ignorance of what had occurred :

Alass, Sir, soon after that time I lost that dear wife of whose health you enquire. She is dead, Sir, she is dead, and has hardly left her equal upon earth for every excellence that could adorn a woman; I might say, that could adorn human nature. . . . What I suffered during her illness and at her death no words can express; Your own feeling heart will

¹ For some years after the house at Frankley was burnt, the family had lived at Arley, some seven miles from Hagley.

represent it to you. How I have been able to bear up against it and to recover [my] usual strength both of body and mind after so dreadful a blow, religion alone can instruct you; that religion which satisfies me she is gone to more happiness, infinitely more, than even the fondest wish of my love could have given her here, if my power to make her happy had equalled my will. This, Sir, is my comfort; this, and the hope that, unworthy as I am, I may, by the mercy of God and merits of my Redeemer, be united to her again in a better state and a more perfect love, which nothing can ever render unhappy or expose to those pangs that have torn my heart in this our mortal separation. . . . Adieu, dear Sir, my heart is too full to let me write more, though at the same time I could wish to write volumes to you about my dear wife, that blessed angel, who was almost one here and of whom I could tell you such things as would make you honour her memory more, I persuade myself, than any woman's you have ever known. But I restrain myself; indeed my tears quite blind my eyes. . . .

The next day he added a long postscript, having in the meantime received a letter of sympathy and consolation from Doddridge. After commenting on it he continued :

In spite of myself my thoughts return to her sick bed, to her last tender terms, to her dying looks, words and actions; and then all my fortitude dissolves in tears; all the joy I ought to have in her happiness turns to anguish for that I have lost in losing her, and I am forced to do violence to my mind and turn it to some other subject, instead of dwelling with complacency upon the idea of my dear saint exalted now to her proper state and made perfect. But time perhaps may enable me to do better hereafter, especially if I can improve in virtue and piety, the want of which I am sensible is the

chief cause that keeps down my mind from rising, as yours does, to those noble and divine consolations.

It was sad that Lucy Lyttelton died just before her husband's reputation rose to its greatest height. In April 1747 he made a speech in the House which even Walpole declared was "the finest oration imaginable." He spoke on a Bill introduced by Lord Hardwicke, to regulate the laws of Scotland, "and to make more effectual provision for the administration of justice . . . by the King's Courts and judges there." William Lyttelton wrote to his father, bursting with pride :

. . . And now, Dear Sir, give me leave to wish you joy of the prodigious honour your son has acquired by one of the most eloquent and judicious harangues that not only he but almost any other man ever made in Parliament. The general encomiums with which it is mentioned in every company in the city by people of all denominations, far exceed what one would have imagined the malevolence of opposition and party spirit could admitt of. . . . In short, Sir, so much has been said of it to the King himself that he has desired to see it, and Mr. Pointz carries it to-morrow to the Princess's, where His Majesty will have it given him. Mr. Pelham, the very night he made it, begged him to recollect it and give him leave to have it printed that it might be sent down to Scotland, because he believed it would be more efficacious to reconcile the minds of the Scotch to the Bill it was made to support,—I mean that for the Regulation of the Highlands,—than any thing could be. . . . But this is not yet all; for the next morning my Lord Chancellor sent his son to return him thanks for the great abilities he exerted in defence of a Bill he had had so much at heart, and begged him to tell him that he was at a loss which to honour him most for; his virtue, or his eminent talents. I myself

had the misfortune not to hear it, for the Speaker, though my brother asked him, would not suffer me to come into the House.

George himself wrote to his father with his wonted simplicity :

Whatever compliments have been made me about my last speech, (which indeed have been more than I ever received upon any other occasion) I can very truly assure you they did not give me the thousandth part of the pleasure which I feel from the satisfaction you express on that account. To have you pleased with my conduct and to contribute in any manner to your happiness, is the supreme joy of my heart and the best object of my ambition. Your affectionate prayers for me will, I doubt not, draw down the divine favour upon me and bring consolation to me in that affliction which still hangs heavy upon me, though I do my utmost to bear up against it. I pray God to enable me to deserve your blessing, and to consider both the good and the evil of this world as of no very great moment, except in the use that we make of both. . . .

A month later George Lyttelton published a work that brought him even greater fame. Among his contemporaries was a cousin, Gilbert West,¹ and to West's pleasant abode at Wickham in Kent, where they found, says Dr. Johnson, "books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation," Lyttelton and Pitt often repaired. The three friends discussed many things besides literature. At one time they had all, according to Johnson, "listened to the blandishments of infidelity"; but they finally became convinced of the truth of Christianity, and West and

¹ Gilbert West (1703-1756), son of Dr. Richard West, Prebendary of Winchester, by his wife Maria Temple, eldest sister of Lord Cobham. Gilbert was brother of Molly West.

Lyttelton each embodied their thoughts in a theological treatise. West's *Observations on the Resurrection* "gained him some notice at the time, but are no more than a naïve recapitulation of the ordinary argument,"¹ but Lyttelton's *Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul* made a great sensation. Dr. Johnson, years later, said it was "a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer." Charles Lyttelton wrote to Sir Thomas, May 29, 1747 :

It is almost inconceivable what compliments he has received on this occasion. People of all denominations speak of it as a most masterly performance, and you will see by the enclosed what a high opinion the learnedest men in the Church have of it. Indeed, my brother's character as a politician, a divine, and a great writer is as high at this time as 'tis possible for a man's to be, and 'tis hard to say whether his private character is more amiable than his public one.

Sir Thomas wrote to George in deep joy and pride :

I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of Kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye witness of that happiness which I don't doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such usefull talents, and giving me so good a son.

Dr. Doddridge in the course of a long letter on the book said : "Though there are few subjects with

¹ *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*: Leslie Stephen.

which I am more fully acquainted, I freely confess many of the thoughts contained in this discourse are entirely new to me, and many which were most familiar received a new beauty and force from your elegant and lively manner of propounding them." He went on to inquire whether a report that Mr. West was "going into orders" was true. "The resolution, if indeed he has taken it, is what everyone ought to impute to the noblest and most generous principles. Yet the world is so suspicious and censorious in such cases," that Doddridge was troubled at the report for fear it should be thought that West had "any secular motives to byass him in defending Christianity." Mr. Lyttelton replied that there was no truth in the report; "were there no other reason to hinder it but the one you mention, I am sure he would not, but it has never been in his thoughts."

Your approbation of my little treatise gives me great satisfaction, as there is no man in England whose judgment upon a work of this nature I more esteem. . . . My only hope in publishing it was that it might bring some people to think a little more deeply and candidly than they are apt to do upon a matter of so great importance, by the conciseness of the argument, and by being writ in a style perhaps more genteel than books of controversy generally are. But especially from its being known to come from a layman, and one of some rank in the world. I am sorry to say that these two last particulars should signify anything in such a point, but it is certain they do; too many imputing a motive of interest to the writings of the clergy in defence of religion, and taking opinion upon authority rather than reason.

I am far from supposing that by declaring myself a believer in Jesus Christ will be of force to alter the mode of infidelity, or balance the credit of its admired partizans; but every man of any figure in life that appears on this side of the question is in so far of

use, that he shews all in that rank are not infidels, as some would gladly suppose them to be; and may excite others of higher authority to take the same part with greater effect. It is of some consequence, even, to shew that one is not afraid of that ridicule which deters many from owning their faith, though they are fully convinced of the truth of it. These were my motives to write and publish the little book you were pleased to commend, and if it shall please God to assist it with as much of his Grace as to make it a means of bringing one man to faith in Jesus Christ, of confirming any who doubt, or establish any who believe, it will be as great a joy as my mind can receive.

It seems strange that a divine writing a theological work should lay himself open to an accusation of self-interest, as might a tradesman for puffing his wares; but the suspicion was often well founded. Countless works on religion were published for the purpose of gaining preferment for their authors, if in orders, while in the lay world indigent authors, however little qualified, found a means of livelihood by writing attacks on, or vindications of, Christianity, their arguments not infrequently punctuated by scurrilous abuse of those who disagreed with them; but this habit was not confined to Grub Street. It was the age of theological controversy. Christians and deists of all shades of opinion fought tooth and nail.

There were even pitfalls into which a lay writer, not in need of money, might fall. The University of Oxford conferred the honour of LL.D. on Gilbert West for his treatise, and at the same time offered one to Lyttelton; but he refused it "in a handsome manner, by saying that he chose not to be under particular attachments; that if he should happen to write anything of the like kind in the future, it might not appear to proceed from any other motive but a

pure desire of doing good." In other words, that he might not be suspected of a wish to please the University, and perhaps to obtain some further honour.

Readers of the *Observations on St. Paul* to-day would find in it little to appeal, beyond the obvious sincerity with which it is written. The arguments once so vital are now obsolete, and they are set forth in a style that quells emotion; but that was the writer's primary intention, and one of the reasons why his contemporaries found it so satisfying. Common-sense was then a fetish and men sought to explain everything by the cold light of reason. Mr. Lyttelton followed this line of thought in his argument, but by nature his was a mystical mind, and in his summing-up there is a certain spaciousness, which, together with the qualifications he spoke of to Doddridge, must have appealed to those who were seeking to find a concrete answer to every question.

Mr. Lyttelton's object was, first to show that St. Paul's conversion was alone proof of the divine character of Christianity; secondly, that St. Paul was no impostor, but through Divine guidance worked miracles. This, he said, was proved by his working without confederates or "dupes," but in the presence of "disaffected persons" who were only too anxious to expose him. Lyttelton then went on to argue against the view that St. Paul had any worldly motive in becoming a Christian: and lastly he dealt with the notion that St. Paul was an "enthusiast." To prove this was an unjust accusation, Mr. Lyttelton enumerated the various attributes of enthusiasm, to none of which St. Paul was subject; such as "Melancholy."

Though he was full of remorse for his former ignorant persecution of the Church of Christ, we

read of no gloomy penances, no extravagant mortifications. . . . His holiness only consisted in the simplicity of a good life and the unwearied performance of those apostolick duties to which he was called. The sufferings he met with on that account he cheerfully bore and even rejoiced in them for the love of Jesus Christ. But he brought none on himself. We find, on the contrary, that he pleaded the privilege of a Roman citizen to avoid being whipped. I could mention more instances of his having used the best methods that prudence could suggest to escape danger and shun persecution, whenever it could be done without betraying the duty of his office or the honour of God. Compare with this the conduct of Francis of Assisi, of Ignatius Loyola, and other enthusiasts sainted by Rome. . . .

Other characteristics of "enthusiasm" the author proved that St. Paul did not possess: one being "ignorance," as St. Paul was master "not of the Jewish learning alone, but of the Greek"; and the other—

Vanity or self-conceit which leads men of a warm temper and a religious turn to think themselves worthy of the special regard and extraordinary favour of God, and the breath of that inspiration to which they pretend, is no more than the wind of this vanity which puffs them up to such extravagant imaginations. This strongly appears in the writings of some enthusiastical heretics, in the mystics both ancient and modern, in many founders of orders, and saints, both male and female, among the Papists, in several Protestant sectaries of the last age, and even in some of the *Methodists* now. But St. Paul was free from it. . . . When he mentions the vision he had of Heaven, how modestly does he do it! . . . And if vanity had been predominant in him, would he have remained fourteen years in absolute silence upon this so great a mark of the Divine favour? No, we should

certainly have seen his epistles filled with nothing else but long accounts of these visions, conferences with angels, with Christ, with God Almighty, mystical unions with God, and all that we read of in the works of those sainted enthusiasts whom I have mentioned before. But he only mentions this vision in answer to the false teacher who had disputed his apostolic power, and comprehends it all in three sentences, with many apologies for being compelled to make any mention of it at all.

The author then went into the question of religious beliefs in general, showing that insoluble mysteries were not confined to Christianity :

There are, in deism itself, the most simple of all religious opinions, several difficulties for which human reason can but ill account. Such is the origin of evil under the question of an all-good and all-powerful God. . . . Such is the reconciling the prescience of God with the free will of man, which, after much thought on the subject, Mr. Locke fairly confessed he could not do, though he acknowledged both. And what Mr. Locke could not do in reasoning upon subjects of a metaphysical nature, I am apt to think few men, if any, can hope to perform. . . .

Are then our intellectual faculties of no use in religion? Yes, undoubtedly, when rightly applied. They should be used to distinguish its genuine doctrines from others erroneously or corruptly ascribed to it. . . . But first of all to examine the evidence by which religion is proved. If the external evidence be convincingly strong, and there is no internal proof of its falsehood, then surely no difficulties ought to prevent our giving a full assent and belief to it. It is our duty indeed to endeavour to find the best solutions we can to them; but where no satisfactory ones are to be found, it is no less our duty to acquiesce with humility, and believe that to be right which is above us and belonging to a wisdom superior to ours. . . .

If the glorious light of the Gospel be sometimes

overcast with clouds of doubt, so is our reason too. But shall we deprive ourselves of the advantage of either, because these clouds cannot, perhaps, be entirely removed while we remain in this mortal life? . . . Indeed not even in Heaven itself, not in the highest state of perfection to which a finite being can ever attain, will all the counsels of Providence, all the height and depth of the infinite wisdom of God, be ever disclosed or understood. Faith even then will be necessary, and there will be mysteries which cannot be penetrated even by the most exalted archangel, and truths which cannot be known by him otherwise than from revelation, or believed upon any other ground of assent than a submissive confidence in the Divine wisdom. What, then, shall man presume that his weak and narrow understanding is sufficient to guide him into all truth without any need of revelation or faith? . . . True philosophy, as well as true Christianity, would teach us a wiser and modester part. It would teach us to be content within those bounds which God has assigned to us, "casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

The essays of the two cousins met with their due share of abuse. Lyttelton and West were answered by a deist named Annet, who contradicted all their assumptions and roundly contended that St. Paul was a liar and an impostor. In the following year Warburton, who considered Lyttelton's work "the noblest and most masterly argument for the truth of Christianity that any age has produced," wrote to the author in a blast of indignation :

Only to tell you that I have just run over a very dull and very foolish pamphlet, which, to make it sell, is called remarks upon yours. The man talks of running to Scripture for a knowledge of Christ,

yet knows no more of it than what he has picked up out of Clarke and Hoadly. He criticizes your remarks both on deism and revelation, without having any conception in what those difficulties consist. He thinks the origin of evil is all cleared up by the concession of man's free will. Whereas the face of it lies here, which is indeed not so generally understood;—God made man free, but he had the foreknowledge of his actions. He saw then the evil that the *abuse* of this freedom would produce; but what he saw and would not prevent, and which He might have prevented (according to our natural notion of things), must *be imputed to him*: and as God foresaw which of his creatures would and which would not abuse it, had he only brought those into being who would not have abused it, evil had been prevented, and prevented without entrenching upon free will. And as we see no reason for his not doing this, his not doing it will be a mystery, and which as it reflects on his goodness, will be a *difficulty* beyond the reach of human wit to solve. This is a difficulty I had long ago formed to myself in reflecting upon this matter. And I have occasionally communicated it to the most able and thinking men I have met with, and such as were most desirous of renouncing all difficulties of this kind; and their solutions have been such as have convinced me that it is a thing above human comprehension. The *system of the best* is a good poetical solution of the matter but nothing more.

But this pamphleteer grows more stupid and absurd as he advances, in affirming there is no difficulty at all in reconciling prescience and free will, or that if there were that, Clarke ¹ has done the job. But his own solution surpasses every thing. . . .

Warburton enlarges upon this and continues :

He is full as knowing when he comes to the difficulties of revelation. He takes no notice of the greatest ;

¹ Clarke was the chief intellectual light of the Low Church party, and stood midway between orthodox and deists.

the hypostatic union of the two natures, divine and human, in Christ. The most stupendous of all mysteries; and this, not divines, but Scripture teaches us. Yet I have observed that it has strengthened knowing men in their disbelief of revelation more than anything else.

But the chief purpose of this letter and perhaps as needless as the rest, is to express my hope that neither you nor any of your friends will ever think of taking any publick notice of so absurd and contemptible a writer. From the whole manner of it I am inclined to think the writer is one Bott,¹ a retainer to Sykes and Hoadly,² and who has spent his whole life in the kind of employment.

In the intervals of business and pleasure, Mr. Lyttelton was plodding away at his history; he told Doddridge in November 1750 :

You who write 60 or 70 letters in a month, besides preaching twelve sermons, must think it very strange when I assure you that I have scarce time to write one, but if you were engaged as I am *fluctibus in mediis et tempestatibus urbis*, you would find that, exclusive of business and politicks, the indispensable duty of doing nothing in the best company seven hours out of twelve is a heavier burthen than all your pastoral functions. While I was at Hagley I stole some hours from my company there to give to my history; but instead of advancing I have only gone backward, having been wholly taken up with correcting some parts of my first books, and with critical examination of some difficult points, which I had too superficially past over before. Indeed our whole history in those remote times is so full of these difficulties that it almost disgusts me of my undertaking; for everything in it is a matter of contro-

¹ John Bott is said by Leslie Stephen to have been the only writer who attempted to answer Butler's *Analogy*.

² Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor.

versy, and the pains that are necessary to come at the truth are more than perhaps the subject deserves. Nor are people willing in this age and country to give up any prejudices they have imbibed; so that by telling the truth one may sometimes offend the warm heads on both sides, which it is hardly worth while to do in a dispute upon our ancient constitution, when one is forced to do it so often in debates on the present of much more importance.

There was at that time but a limited conception of the value of historical truth; the quaint caution given by Sir Walter Raleigh more than a century before still held good: "Whosoever in writing a modern history shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth."¹ Men liked to picture heroes in stained windows and villains eternally burning, and woe befell the historian who attempted to crack the glass or throw cold water on the flame.

The Nonconformists had broken away from the Church of England nearly two hundred years before, but they still remained in touch with it, and Doddridge and other moderate dissenters were not without hopes of some day coming together. As far back as 1668, Archbishop Sancroft made an effort to bring about a "Comprehension," which had come to

¹ This idea of historical truth was not confined to modern history, or to England. In a letter to an Archbishop on preaching, St. Francis de Sales gives a similar warning. "As to the introduction of profane, *i. e.* secular history, such may be good, but it must be used sparingly, like mushrooms in cookery, and carefully handled. St. Jerome says that such illustrations should be treated as the Israelites treated those captives whom they wished to marry, cutting their hair and paring their nails, *i. e.* stripping them of their heathen character, and subjecting them to the Gospel and to Gospel truth. Thus we should separate Cæsar's valour from his ambition; Alexander's greatness from his pride; Lucretia's chastity from her self-murder."—*Spiritual Letters*, October 5, 1604.

nothing; and in 1748 there seems to have been a faint attempt to consider another. Doddridge sent Lyttelton an account of this on March 14, saying :

All I know of what passed between the bishops and Mr. Chandler ¹ concerning a Comprehension, is contained in the following abstract from the letter of a friend, who had his account from Mr. Chandler himself, so that I conclude it may be depended upon.

“As for the Comprehension, so much talked of in town and country, the utmost of that matter is this. Mr. Chandler last summer made a visit to his friends at Norwich, and there heard the Bishop (Dr. Gooch) give a charge to his clergy which he thought not very candid. One expression appeared to him invidious : viz. That the heads of the Rebellion were Presbyterians, as appeared by those Lords in the Tower sending for Presbyterian *confessors*. Upon Mr. Chandler’s return to London he wrote a letter to Dr. Gooch, complaining of his charge, and particularly of that expression. This letter was writ very handsomely, and it brought a very civil and respectful answer. After the Bishop came to town, Mr. Chandler at his desire made him a visit in which there was much discourse, and among other things there was talk of a Comprehension. This visit was followed, at Dr. Gooch’s desire, with another where the Bishop of Salisbury was present, who among other things said :

““Our Church, Mr. Chandler, consists of three parts—doctrine, discipline and ceremonies. As to the last, they ought to be left indifferent, as they are agreed on all hands to be. As to the second, our discipline is so bad that no one knows how or where to mend it, and as to our doctrine—where is your objection ?”

“He answered, ‘Your articles, my Lord, must be

¹ Edward Chandler, a notable dissenting minister, author of many theological works.

expressed in Scripture words, and the Athanasian Creed must be abolished.'

"Both the Bishops answered they wished they were fairly rid of that creed, and had no objection to the altering the articles into Scripture words; 'but what should we do about re-ordination?' "

To this Mr. Chandler made such a reply as he judged proper; he said, "None of us would renounce the Presbyterian ordination; but if their Lordships meant to impose their hands upon us, and by that rule recommend us to public service in their society or constitution, that *perhaps* ought to be submitted to."

The two bishops at the conclusion of this visit, requested Mr. Chandler to wait upon the Archbishop of Canterbury; ¹ which he did, and met Dr. Gooch there by accident. The Archbishop received him well, and being told by the Bishop of Norwich what he and Mr. Chandler had been talking on, viz. a Comprehension, said, "A very good thing," he wished it with all his heart, and the rather because this was a time which called upon all good men to unite against infidelity and immorality, which threatened universal ruin; and added, he was encouraged to hope from the piety, learning and moderation of many dissenters, that this was a proper time to make the attempt.

"But may it please your Grace," said Dr. Gooch, "Mr. Chandler says the Articles must be altered into the language of Scripture."

"And why not?" replied the Archbishop. "It is the impertinence of men thrusting their words into Articles instead of the words of God, that hath occasioned most of the divisions in the Christian Church from the beginning of it to this day."

The Archbishop added that the Bench of Bishops seemed to be of his mind, and that he should be glad to see Mr. Chandler again but was then obliged to go to Court. And this is all.

¹ Dr. Thomas Herring had succeeded Dr. Potter as Archbishop in the previous year.

Dr. Doddridge added :

I will not trouble you with my friend's reflections, nor with my own, upon these facts. I will only add that I sincerely pray and honestly labour to promote peace; and though I am a Dissenter on principle, and as the terms of conformity at present are, dare not comply with them; yet I always avoid, both in sermons and writings, and private conversations, what tends to irritate.

I have sent out sixty dissenting ministers,¹ who had their education under me, of which not one (who then went my whole course) ever conformed, yet not one of them is a bigot against the Establishment. And of considerably more than 15,000 souls, I might perhaps have said 20,000, under their ministerial care, I am persuaded no one learns from his minister to wrangle or to censure; but all are taught to make candid allowances for the different sentiments of their brethren, and thankfully use their own liberty without either judging or despising others. And though perhaps on the whole most of these congregations increase rather than decay, yet I have great reason to believe that a generous and catholic temper has been very much spread in these parts within the twenty five years I have spent here, or in Leicestershire. . . .

To this letter Mr. Lyttelton replied :

The account you give me of the conversation with Dr. Chandler gave me great pleasure, as it shews such sentiments in our Bishops as I extreamly approve, and as may in time produce a Comprehension. Yet I have my fears that if an attempt were made to carry it into execution, it would meet with difficulties which from these fair beginnings one would not expect; for there is a great deal of difference in things of this nature between *talking* and *doing*.

¹ Dr. Doddridge kept a noted training academy at Nottingham.

Another time he wrote upon a proposal of a friend of Doddridge, to found "a society of catholic Christians": "I can only say that these sort of societies appear to me to be very liable to the charge of affectation, which I very much desire to avoid. I think it best to go on as a quiet member of the Church of England, without any distinctions or new names, which I have seldom known to produce any good." Holding this view Mr. Lyttelton naturally looked with disapproval on the Methodists, as the followers of Wesley and Whitefield were beginning to be called. In a letter to Doddridge, planning to meet him and Gilbert West at Wickham, he mentions the new sect with mild disfavour.

When I am there with you two, I think myself escaped out of the world, *from the rank vapours of this sin worn mould*, as Milton expresses it. I have a great honour too for that gentle angel to whose house you say you are going, the good Lady Huntingdon. Her virtue and piety are very respectable, but perhaps would be more so if she was not called a Methodist.¹ Some of that sect have printed such follies as give the whole an air of enthusiasm, and nothing can hurt religion more than that air.

The world seemed in a poor way in the year of grace 1750. In a letter to Doddridge, Lyttelton draws a dismal picture of fashionable life in London.

I join with you in sorrow for the poor Dryads of Boughton, and thank you for the regard and concern you express for those of Hagley. They are at present pretty secure, but I sometimes tremble to think that

¹ Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, a leading light in the sect of "Calvinistic Methodists" founded by George Whitefield, after he had broken with Wesley on the question of the doctrine of predestination, which Wesley rejected. Lady Huntingdon made Whitefield her chaplain, and the sect is still known by her name.

the rattling of a dice-box at White's may (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see not only there, but in almost every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play ! The time, the fortunes, the honour, and the consciences of our nobility and gentry, both male and female, are all falling a prey to it ; and what is worse, the force of the laws has been tried against it and proves ineffectual. Those laws are broke every day by the legislators themselves. We are now trying what sermons can do, but I fear this one vice will be too hard for all our preachers, assisted by yours and three or four earthquakes besides. The superstition of the great, vulgar, and small, upon the late famous prediction, was very astonishing and shews how well the greatest excess of credulity may consist with religion. The Bishop of Oxford ¹ said, " Well, to me these people believe everything but what they should believe, and fear everything but what they should fear." The ague fit is now over and I don't doubt but a hott one of debauchery and profaneness will soon succeed.

There were several shocks of earthquake early this year, and it was prophesied that the last would "swallow up London." Walpole wrote to Mann, April 2, 1750 : " You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgements* ; and the clergy who have had no windfalls of a long season have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations ; Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode."

In the autumn of this year Mr. Lyttelton published a poem to the memory of his wife, and told Doddridge

¹ Thomas Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the few really zealous prelates of that time.

that "some very good judges tell me it is the best of my compositions, at least in verse; and if I did not think so myself I would not let it be seen by the world; but still it appears to me so much below what the subject requires that I am by no means content with it. Nevertheless . . . I send it to you, as I would a picture imperfectly drawn of her, in which, though it does not do justice to the original, yet some resemblance there is, enough to give it value in the eyes of a friend."

Though published anonymously the author was instantly recognised, and the poem greeted with mingled praise and abuse; Smollett set to work to parody it, which even its admirers thought quite natural. "There was something accountable enough to me in their burlesquing Mr. Lyttelton's *Monody*," said Shenstone. "He is, you know, engaged in a party, and his poem, though an extraordinary fine composition, was too tender for the public ear." Mrs. Delany thought the verses "very pretty and *very just*"; Horace Walpole sent a jeering criticism to the poet Gray, who answered:

I am not totally of your mind as to Mr. Lyttelton's *Elegy*, though I like kids and fawns as little as you do. If it were all like the fourth stanza I should be excessively pleased. Nature and sorrow and tenderness are the true genius of such things, and something of these I find in several parts of (not in the orange tree). Poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpose, for they only shew a man is not sorry, and devotion worse, for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing.

The stanza admired by Gray runs thus :

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground

My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky.
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found;
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

The orange tree stanza found an admirer in Doddridge, and he wished the rest of the poem, which he admired but thought too simple in style, had been written like it. The author disagreed and wrote in answer to his criticism :

Simplicity, if it does not descend into *vulgarism*, is the chief excellence of all kinds of writing, but above all of those in which the heart is to speak. Without the utmost simplicity both of thought and diction, the pathos cannot be preserved, and I would admit no ornament into such a work but merely as pauses at proper intervals, to relieve the reader from the emotions of grief which are excited by the more passionate parts. . . . Perhaps when you read it again and consider not only the pastoral scene, but the pathetic subject of it, you will change your opinion and think that the high colouring, which did very well in the *simile* which you say you admire, and in some other parts of it, would have been very improper in those where grief alone could find room to speak.

But let the *simile* speak for itself :

So where the silent streams of Liris glide
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
 From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it and th' Idalian queen.

But in the midst of all its blooming pride
A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows;
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

Such a stanza does indeed fulfil its mission "to relieve the reader from the emotions of grief," but there are others which, as Gray said, "are as truly tender and elegiac as one could wish"; and a later poet, Thomas Campbell, said, too, that "by a felicity very rare in his [Lyttelton's] attempts at poetry, the kids and fawns of his *Monody* do not entirely extinguish all appearance of that sincere feeling with which it must have been written."

A great friend, though an unworthy one, of George Lyttelton's, was Archibald Bower. Scotch by origin and a Roman Catholic priest by profession, Bower had lived for many years in Italy, where he studied and taught at a Jesuit College. He then left Italy and joined the Church of England; and in 1726 he became tutor to the children of Lord Aylmer, Lucy Lyttelton's uncle. In this way he came to know her husband, who remained his constant friend, and in later years almost his only one when his nefarious doings had been made public. It was proved that Bower had fled from Italy to escape imprisonment for a sordid crime, and that he only pretended to change his religion. But in 1747 he had not yet been found out. In October this year Bower wrote to Charles Lyttelton, describing a visit he had paid with George to Mrs. Fortescue at Ebrington in Gloucestershire. They were accompanied by Thomson, who, as Lyttelton said, "loved my Lucy and was loved by her."

Dear Doctor . . . we got safe to the end of our first day's journey in the close of the evening. Mr. Lyttelton seemed to be in good spirits all the

morning, but in the afternoon they sunk in proportion as he drew near Ebrington, and in the end quite forsook him, so that he was obliged to quit his horse and come into the coach. That evening, and the next morning, when he read the Monody to Mrs. Fortescue, he continued exceeding low, but the two other days he passed tolerably well. The two children were a great relief to him. . . .

[On their return journey] at Auster a good honest country clergyman came to the inn to wait upon Mr. Lyttelton and thank him for the good he had done for Christianity. He told him that he hoped the Convocation would not meet, for it had always done a great deal of mischief;¹ but if it met, they ought to return him thanks for his excellent and inimitable performance. At Ebrington Mr. Andrews told Mr. Lyttelton that he had been charged by two Worcestershire clergy-men to let him know that if he ever set up again for that county, they with many of their brethren had entered into an association to support his interest to the best of their power.²

But to pursue our journey. From Ebrington we were attended to Oxford by Mrs. Fortescue's coach and six. We got to our inn before it was dark, and immediately from thence went to see the Ratcliffe Library. As we were then near the Coffee House, which is chiefly frequented by the Fellows of Queen's, I proposed their going to see there the daughter of the house, who is reckoned the greatest beauty in Oxford. I did not doubt but I should meet some of my acquaintance there, and was very sure that they would invite us all to pass the evening with them in the Common room; and so it happened. . . . As for the Beauty, they both agreed that she had a just claim to that title. I had said great things of her, and Jammy no sooner saw her than he

¹ Convocation had not been allowed to meet for about thirty years.

² It is said that the clergy voted against Lyttelton in 1741 on account of some flippant references to religion in his *Persian Letters*, which he had written when about twenty-five years old.

cried out in a kind of extacy, "Je m'accorde avec vous!" As she sat opposite to him in the bar, he continued staring at her as in a trance, as long as we stayed. At 8 o'clock we went all three to Queen's, and there found Dr. Shaw, with whose company as well as with that of the gentlemen of Queen's, Mr. Lyttelton was so taken that he did not think of coming away till past twelve; nay he would fain have persuaded Mr. Tomson and me to stay the next day. As we had taken our places in the Flying Coach we did not chuse to stay.

Jammy and I set out at three in the morning and reached London about seven [in the evening]. We had one very agreeable young gentlewoman with us, but the rest, a carpenter, his sister, near twice as big as Tomson, and a she-stroller going with her taber and pipe to a fair, were downright *bestia balezzata*. The fat woman, taking Tomson for a Scotch rebel, and me for a Frenchman, was very reserved, lookt sour, and would speak to neither the whole morning. But in the afternoon, understanding from our talk that we came from Hagley, she all at once changed her countenance and behaviour, saying that if we had been at Hagley she was sure we were of the good sort; which neither of us understood till she herself explained it. There had been all the morning a constant contest between her and me. Our quarrel was about the window, she pulling it down as fast as I pulled it up, and I pulling it up as fast as she pulled it down. [She also made some unprintable remarks about Thomson's corpulent figure.] But after she knew that we had been at Hagley, she never offered to pull down the window, "for fear the gentleman should catch cold" [and withdrew her remarks about Thomson]. This honest Lytteltonian Whig is of Worcestershire, but I have forgot and never shall remember the name of the place she came from. I would fain have treated her and her brother with a pint of wine, but they would not accept of my offer.

Mr. Lyttelton writing from Hagley to Doddridge about this visit says :

I suffered greatly in the first sight of Ebrington, where my wife spent almost all her virgin years, and where every thing recalled her to my mind. . . . I came from thence thither, and though the objects here did not affect me so painfully as those at Ebrington, yet they raised many a sigh, and I believe I should have been quite cast down if my friend Mr Pitt had not carried me with him to see the Peak, and make a visit to my Lord Gower at the end of our journey. This change of objects, together with exercise, has made me quite well; and now, upon my return to Hagley, my mind only retains that tender impression of melancholy which I think I would not lose if I could.

In the December after the visit to Ebrington, Thomson wrote to Lyttelton, who had suggested that some lady whose name is not mentioned would be a suitable wife for him. The poet says that he had given the matter "mature and deep consideration; but the result of my consideration is not what you could wish" :

My judgement agrees with you. You know I first impressed yours in her favour. She deserves a better than me, and has as many good and worthy qualities as any woman; nay, to others and I hope to men of taste, she has charming and piquant ones. But every man has a singular and uncontrollable imagination of his own; now, as I told you before, she does not pique mine. I wonder you should treat that objection so lightly as you seem to do in your last. To strike one's fancy is the same in love that charity is in religion. Tho' a woman had the form and spoke with the tongues of angels, tho' all divine gifts were hers—yet without striking the fancy she does nothing. . . . But we shall discuss this matter more fully when I have the happiness of seeing you at full

leisure. What betwixt judgement and fancy I shall run great risque of never entering into the holy state. In the mean time I wish to see you once more happy in it. Forgive me if I say it would be an ungrateful frowardness to refuse the bounty of Providence because you have been deprived of former enjoyments. If you cannot again love so exquisitely as you have done, so much the better; you will not again risque being so miserable. To say that one cannot love twice is utterly unphilosophical, and give me leave to say, contrary to my own experience. . . . The truth is it is not a former passion that prevents a second; it is only a hardening of the heart from years and harsh untender business. If you could get so much master of your own just grief as to think of a second match, I may be tempted to try and be happy along with you. I wish you joy of the sun's turning his all-enlivening and beautiful face towards us. May the genial spirit of the returning year animate and chear you, and yet again make you happy! Than which nothing can ever give greater pleasure to yours,

J. THOMSON.

These rosy dreams never came true. Lyttelton indeed married again in an untoward hour, but the poet, that "right friendly bard," as Shenstone called him, died in August 1748. George wrote to Doddridge in much grief at the death of "one of the best and most beloved of my friends," and in another letter he said :

Thomson I hope and believe died a Christian. Had he lived longer I don't doubt but he would have openly confessed his faith, for he wanted no courage in what he thought right; but his mind had been much perplexed by doubts, which I have the pleasure to think my book on St. Paul¹ had almost

¹ He had written his book on St. Paul at Thomson's cottage in Kew Lane.

entirely removed. He told me so himself, and in his sickness declared so to others. This is my best consolation in the loss of him; for as to the heart of a Christian, he always had that in a degree of perfection beyond most men I have known.

Two years after Thomson's death Lyttelton sent Voltaire a set of his works, in a new edition, which had been compiled under Lyttelton's superintendence; in return Voltaire sent him his own, with a scathing dissertation on English taste in dramatic art.

A Paris, 17 Mai, 1750.

You was beneficent to Mr. thomson when he lived, and you is so to me in favouring me with his works. I was acquainted with the author when I stayed in England; I discovered in him the poet and true philosopher; I mean the lover of mankind. I think that without a good stock of such a philosophy, a poet is just above a fidler, who amuses our ears and cannot get to our soul. I am not surpriz'd yr nasion has done more justice to Mr. thomson's Seasons than to his dramatic performances. There is one kind of poetry of which the judicious readers and the men of taste are the proper judges; there is another that depends upon the vulgar, great or small. Tragedy and comedy are of these last species; they must be suited to the turn of mind and to the ability of the multitude and proportioned to their taste.

Yr nasion two hundred years since is us'd to a wild scene, to a croud of tumultuous events, to an emphatical poetry mix'd with lose and comical expressions; to murthers, to a lively representation of bloody deeds, to a kind of horreur which seems often barbarous and childish; all faults which never sully'd the greak, the roman or the french stage. And give me leave to say that the taste of yr politest countrymen in point of tragedy differs not much from the taste of a mob at a Bear-garden. 'Tis true we have too much of words if you have too much of action,



[From an old print at Hagley.]

VOLTAIRE.

and perhaps the perfection of the art should consist in a due mixture of the french taste and english energy. Mr. Adisson, who would have reach'd to that pitch of perfection had he succeeded in the amorous part of his tragedy as well as in the parts of cato, warn'd often yr nasion against the corrupted state of the stage; and since he could not reform the genius of the country, I am afraid the contagious distemper is past curing.

Mr. thompson's tragedies seems to me wisely intricated and elegantly writ; they want perhaps some fire, and it may be that his heroes are neither moving nor busy enough; but taking him in all methinks he has the highest claim to the greatest esteem. Yr friendship, Sir, is a good vouchsafer of his merit. I know what reputation you have acquired. If I am not mistaken you have writ for yr own sport many a thing that would rouse a great faime to one who had in view that vain reward called glory. I have by me some verses that pass under yr name and which you are suppos'd to have writ in a journey to paris. They reflect very justly on our nasion, and they run thus :

a nation here I pity and admire,
whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
to serve with pride, and boast the yoke they wear;
in courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band,
from priest and tax-jobbers content receive,
those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give,
whose people vain in war, in bondage blest,
tho' plunder'd guai, industrious tho' oppress'd, etc.

These verses deserve a good translator and they should be learn'd by every frenchman. Give me leave to send you a little performance of mine; 'tis but a pebble I do offer you for yr pretious stones. I am with the highest respect,

Sir, yr most humble, obedt. servant,

VOLTAIRE.

Lyttelton's correspondence with Bolingbroke seems to have ceased with the hectic days before the fall of

Walpole, except for two letters which show they were still friends. Bolingbroke came back to England in 1746, and two years later told Lyttelton that he intended to publish a work entitled *The Patriot King*, which he had written some years before. It was intended to be a guide for the Prince of Wales when king. Bolingbroke's idea was that a patriot king should "espouse no party, but to govern like the common father of his people," and that he should choose his ministers merely to carry out his own views.

Bolingbroke had entrusted the work to Pope in confidence, but after Pope's death he discovered that the poet had clandestinely printed an edition of *The Patriot King* and distributed it among friends. Bolingbroke was furious and resolved to publish an authorised version, with a statement as to why he was doing so. The pamphlet had been written in the form of a letter to Lyttelton. "I being then in the Prince's service," explained Lyttelton. "I have it in manuscript in my Lord's own hand." Times had changed since then, and great was his consternation when he learned that the author proposed to publish it in that form. He wrote in haste to protest.

Any publick mark of your Lordship's esteem and partiality for me, as it would be the highest honour, so it would be the greatest honour to me [but he was compelled to decline this one], as I am now in the most intimate connection of friendship with many of the best and dearest friends of the late Lord Orford, and have even received obligations from some of his family, who would be extremely offended at a work which so severely reflects on his memory being now published and addressed to me.

He went on strongly to advise Bolingbroke "to defer the publication of it till another time. There

is a great difference between an imperfect copy of it being stole into print and this avowed and authorised publication which will draw the attention of all mankind. But on this point your Lordship must think for yourself."

Bolingbroke replied :

I would not answer your letter that came yesterday to my hand, till I could tell you as I can now do, that every word will be left out of the papers which have given you such much uneasiness, and out of the introduction to them that may even seem to have been addressed to you. I have had my uneasiness too; that of being forced to reveal the turpitude of a man with whom I had lived long in friendship, and that of being obliged by your commands to suppress any marks of my esteem and affection for you. I have obeyed you, and it was reasonable I should; but I cannot take your advice, nor think it eligible for me to defer the publication of these papers to a more proper time. They should not have been made public at all if I could have helped it. But since they must be made so, what time can be more proper than the present? . . . If any use disagreeable to others be made of this forced publication, I shall be sorry for it. As to its consequences and effects relative to myself, I am under no concern. For though age and infirmities press me hard and I am almost alone in the world, yet I find vigour enough remaining to defend myself against any attack, with truth, reason, and the cause of the country on my side. Thus I think for myself, and I hope, not unreasonably.

As to you, I shall continue to think as I have always thought, with true esteem and a pure affection in whatever situation you are, and shall profess myself as long as I live, Dear Sir,

Your faithfull friend and most
humble obedient servant,

B.

Another distinguished author who had been a contemporary of Pitt and Lyttelton at Eton was Henry Fielding, whose first novel, *Tom Jones*, was published in 1749. There is a tradition that the three friends had met at Sanderson Miller's at Radway the year before, and that Fielding read the manuscript to them there. Through Lyttelton Fielding had been made a magistrate at Bow Street, and he dedicated *Tom Jones* to him because, as he said in it :

To you, Sir, it is owing that this history was ever begun. It was by your desire that I first thought of such a composition. So many years have since past, that you perhaps may have forgotten the circumstance, but your desires are to me in the nature of commands, and the impression of them is never to be erased from my memory. Again, Sir, without your assistance this history had never been completed. Be not startled at this assertion. I do not draw on you the suspicion of being a romance writer. I mean no more than that I partly owe to you my existence during great part of the time while I have been employed in composing it; another matter which it may be necessary to remind you of, since there are certain actions of which you are apt to be extremely forgetful; but of them I hope I shall always have a better memory than yourself.

Lastly, it is owing to you that the history appears what it now is. If there be in this work, as some have been pleased to say, a stronger picture of a truly benevolent mind than is to be found in any other, who that knows you, and a particular acquaintance of yours, will doubt whence that benevolence has been copied? The world will not, I believe, make me the compliment of thinking I took it from myself; I care not; this they shall own—that the two persons from whom I have taken it, that is to say, two of the best and worthiest

men in the world, are strongly and zealously my friends.¹

Fielding went on to record "the princely benefactions of the Duke of Bedford," and that he owed to Lyttelton his introduction to that peer. Towards the end of the dedication he said :

From the name of my patron, indeed, I hope my reader will be convinced at his very entrance on this work, that he will find in the whole course of it nothing prejudicial to the cause of religion and virtue; nothing inconsistent with the strictest rules of decency nor which can offend the chastest eye in the perusal.

Mr. Lyttelton was also acquainted with Fielding's great rival, whose *Clarissa Harlowe* was published in the same year as *Tom Jones*. The poet Young, writing to the Duchess of Portland about Richardson's novel, says, "I think your Grace knows Mr. Lyttelton. He, Mr. Fielding, Cibber, all of them, pressed the author very importunately to make his story end happily, but does not your Grace think it is infinitely better as it is?"

With the third great novelist of the day Lyttelton had not had a very happy acquaintance. Smollett, while still unknown as a writer, sent him a tragedy. It was a bad play, and Lyttelton, who did not know him, "not caring to point out its defects, civilly advised him to try comedy." Smollett took his advice, and, comedy in hand, asked Lyttelton to "recommend it to the stage." This Lyttelton refused to do, but promised to help on the play as far as he could, if it was accepted. Smollett in a

¹ The character of Squire Allworthy in *Tom Jones* was drawn partly from Lyttelton and partly from Ralph Allen of Prior Park, Bath.

fury retaliated by burlesquing the *Monody*, and in *Peregrine Pickle* drew a scurrilous portrait of Lyttelton under the name of "Sir Gosling Scrag"; but he repented later and removed the character from the second edition, owning that he had "in one or two instances given way too much to the suggestion of personal resentment, and represented characters as they appeared to him through the exaggerating medium of prejudice."

In August 1749 Fielding wrote to Lyttelton on behalf of a needy poet, one Edward Moore:

Whom I love, and that more perhaps from the esteem I know he bears you than from any other reason. This man is in love with a young creature of the most apparent worth, who returns his affections, and nothing is wanting to make two very miserable people extremely blessed but a moderate portion of the greatest of human evils; so philosophers call it, and so it is called by divines, whose word is the rather to be taken as they are, many of them, more conversant with this evil than ever the philosophers were.

The name of this man is Moore, to whom you kindly destined that laurel which, though it has long been withered, may not, probably, soon drop from the brow of its present possessor. But there is another place of much the same value now vacant; it is that of Deputy Licensor to the stage. Be not offended at this hint; for tho' I will own it impudent enough in one who hath so many obligations of his own to you, to venture to recommend another man to your favour; yet impudence itself may possibly be a virtue when exerted on the behalf of a friend. At least I am the less ashamed of it as I have known men remarkable for the opposite modesty, possess it without the mixture of any other good quality. . . .

In the previous year Moore had written "an ingenious poem" called the "Trial of Selim," with

an adulatory portrait of Lyttelton as Selim; Mr. Pelham too came in for much praise, and had the Laureateship become vacant, Moore's claim to it would have probably been assured. As it was Moore obtained through Lyttelton a post which proved very remunerative; he became editor of a magazine called *The World*, to which all the notable amateur writers contributed papers; Chesterfield, Walpole, Bath, and Lyttelton himself, while Moore drew all the profits. He got £3 from the publishers for every paper, whether he had written it or not.

George Lyttelton's thoughts gradually turned towards a second marriage. He was not made for loneliness, and in marrying again hoped to find a helpmeet who would in some measure replace the companion he had lost. That no one could replace her in his heart made a second marriage easier to contemplate. In March 1749 he told Doddridge: "You are much in the right to prefer such a wife as you have got and I have lost, to any wealth. . . . If ever I should make a second choice it will be such as will answer that end." Shortly afterwards he became engaged to Miss Elizabeth Rich, daughter of Sir Robert Rich, at one time Governor of Gibraltar. She had been one of Lucy's greatest friends, and to make doubly sure that his choice was a wise one, he sought the advice of mutual friends, who encouraged him to the venture. Gilbert West, however, seems to have had some doubts; writing to Doddridge about Miss Rich, he says:

She was a dear and intimate friend of his first wife, which is some proof of her merit; I mean the goodness of her heart, for that is her chief merit which Mr. Lyttelton esteemed, and I hope that in this she will not disappoint his expectations. In all other points she is well suited him, being extremely

well accomplished in language, music and painting, and very sensible and well bred.

There was not, it is likely, much love on either side, but that would have mattered little if they had not been poles apart in tastes and temper. Mr. Lyttelton's family took the line that "he was duped into believing himself in love by the artifices of a designing woman who was already so well known to Sir Thomas Lyttelton that he said he did not care who his son chose to marry so as it was not a Rich." ¹

It is a pity that Lyttelton's letter to Doddridge announcing and explaining his marriage is not in existence, but Doddridge's reply, though it contained but a perfunctory allusion to Lyttelton's happiness with his "new lady," gives a pleasant insight into the friendship between the two men, who in faith and simplicity somewhat resembled each other.

Northampton, June 3, 1749.—Dear Sir, The great candour with which you express yourself in your last letter could not indeed surprise me, because I have known, honoured, and loved it, as a most charming part of your character, ever since I had the happiness to know you. But it greatly delighted me, and seemed to bring an obligation upon me in conscience to use the utmost freedom in my correspondence with you, where the interests of virtue and religion are concerned. I believe no man makes your concerns more truly and cordially his own; but Providence has fixed me in a station of life in which I know not that I can be in any way useful to you, but by praying for you, and by suggesting from time to time—not matter of new instruction, for that were arrogance to pretend—but such hints relating to a seasonable recollection of what you well know, as may keep a

¹ Camelford MSS.

sense of the most important things warm in your mind. . . .

I esteem this the best return I can make to that kind Providence which has so unexpectedly blessed me to such a share in the friendship in the heart of one so very much my superior. . . . Let this, my dear fellow soldier in this glorious warfare to which we are called out—let this be an apologetical preface to all the freest letters in such a strain which you may now and then receive from me. And let me for the future, when I can rescue, or collect by scattered fragments, an hour for this sacred purpose, fall plumb upon any thing that is in my mind, and speak to you with as little ceremony as I do to dear Mrs. Doddridge. . . . And do you the like to me, and let this be the pledge and fruit of our friendship. . . .¹

A congratulatory letter came from Fielding, who wrote from Bow Street, August 29, 1749 :

Permit me to bring up the rear of your friends in paying my compliments of congratulations on your late happy nuptials. There may perhaps be seasons when the rear may be as honourable a post in friendship as in war; and if so, certainly must be every time of joy and felicity. Your present situation must be full of bliss, and so will be, I am confident, your future life from the same fountain. Nothing can equal the excellent character your lady bears among those of her own sex; and I never yet knew them speak well of a woman who did not deserve their good words. How admirable is your lot in the matrimonial lottery! I will venture to say there is no man alive who exults more in this, or in any other happiness that can attend you, than myself, and you ought to believe me from the same reason that fully persuades me of the satisfaction you receive from any happiness of mine. This reason is that you must be sensible how much of it I owe to your goodness;

¹ Dr. Doddridge died in 1751.

and there is a great pleasure in gratitude, tho' it is second, I believe, to that of benevolence; for of all the delights upon earth, none can equal the raptures which a good mind feels in conferring happiness on those whom we think worthy of it. . . . I beg you will do me the honour of making my compliments to your unknown lady, and believe me, etc.,

HENRY FIELDING.

CHAPTER XI

THE SISTERS LYTTTELTON—OAKHAMPTON ELECTION— DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

CHRISTIAN LYTTTELTON had long been married to Thomas Pitt, but her two surviving sisters were spinsters still. Hester, the youngest, was born about 1720; she was pretty and had, says Camelford, "an excellent heart and no bad understanding, but with a roughness and coarseness of manners that her friends only knew how to make allowance for." She seems to have had intelligent interests, to judge from a letter to Charles from a college friend in 1744.

I remember when we were at Hagley Miss Hetty was expecting a microscope of the last improvement. O Charles, I have often thought, especially since I have seen some contrasts to her, how vastly it would contribute to the domestick happiness of this age, did all young ladies spend some of their leisure hours in the country in those employments which such an instrument, a study of books, and a cupboard of medicines, etc., can furnish them with; and yet not forget the more ornamental parts of the female education. I long to hear what new discovery she has made in the minute creation.

Hetty's brothers were much more concerned about her chances of matrimony. Richard, writing from Flanders in 1745, hoped to find her in London upon his return. "You haven't too much time to lose," he said with brotherly frankness, "and must not bury yourself another winter upon any account." She seems to have won some transient attentions from

William Pitt, or so it appeared to the watchful eye of her brother Charles. "What you tell me of Hetty's conquest I am pleased at, and long to hear more of it," wrote her mother in December 1737. "I am afraid if P. goes to travel before he sees her again he may change his mind. I wish the affair of Swallowfield may keep him."¹ But Hester's fate was not sealed for many years to come.

Her sister Anne was born in 1712. She "certainly had neither beauty nor grace to recommend her" (says Camelford), but at the age of twenty-nine was sought in marriage. There is a letter docketed "Sir Thomas Lyttelton to Mr. Wilmot, Lord Dudley's chaplain, on a proposal of marriage between Lord Dudley² and his daughter Anne. Hagley, Oct. ye 7th 1741."

I am very sorry Mr. Lea appeared so ill satisfied with the answer I gave to the proposal he was so good to make by you, and shall always be very sensible of the obligation I and my family have to him for it; but indeed I think I should have made him a very ill return to have accepted it. His Lordship may, I daresay, if he will look about him, find a match much more suitable to his circumstances, and I shall be very glad to use my best endeavours to assist him in so good a work. A peerage is the most valuable thing in this country, and I am confident there are numbers of rich men who would be glad to secure one to their family. I confess that a great estate is out of the question in a marriage state; but a competent one, according to the quality of the persons, is absolutely necessary to render that life happy. I don't think

¹ Swallowfield belonged to Thomas Pitt, who was trying to sell it, and did so before long by Act of Parliament with the consent of the parties in the entail, of whom his brother William was one.

² Ferdinando Dudley Lea, fifteenth Baron, died unmarried 1757. Sir Thomas was a trustee to the family.

his Lordship's, together with what I am in a condition to add to it, such as I have described; and therefore flatter myself I shall be excused and justified in not giving any further encouragement to so generous and disinterested a proposal.

Besides all this, I doubt the world would be very apt to believe my friendship and poor service to the family were with a view to my own interest, should I come into it. Nay, I daresay you are not ignorant that some insinuations of that sort have been already suggested; and it is my desire and, I assure you, will always be a pleasure to me, to continue my best offices for their service as sincerely as if I had the honour to call his Lordship my son.

Sir Thomas made no mention of what would seemingly be the chief obstacle to Anne's marriage with Lord Dudley—that her affections were already engaged. George Lyttelton's tutor at Oxford had been one Francis Ayscough,¹ and after he went abroad, George wrote to beg his father “to ask poor Ayscough down to you; I have letters from him expressing an affection which cannot be feigned.” The affection then expressed was doubtless for George, as two years later Ayscough proposed to Anne Pitt, who refused him with scorn.²

After this rebuff Ayscough turned to Anne Lyttelton, and for ten years there was an understanding between them, though perhaps no definite engagement from lack of means to marry on.

Thomas Pitt gave him the living of Boconnoc, when Ayscough was obliged to leave Oxford after preaching a sermon “which drew upon him the resentment of that Tory University.” Through the

¹ Pronounced Askew.

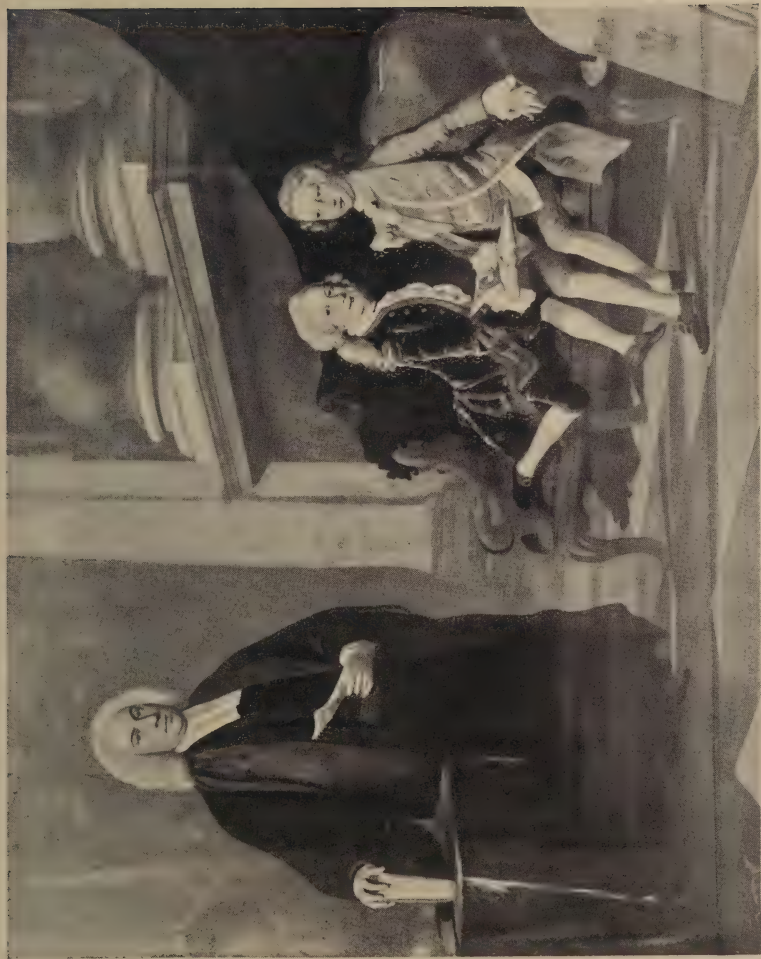
² Anne Pitt never married. She was not beautiful, but clever and fiery-tempered. Horace Walpole said she resembled her brother “comme deux gouttes de feu.”

influence of Pitt and Lyttelton Ayscough was made Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales, who eventually presented him with the living of Northchurch, Berkhamstead, and in 1744 made him tutor to the little Prince George and his brother. These two preferments made his marriage possible, and Mrs. Lyttelton writes delightedly to Captain Smith in the autumn of that year :

You have, I daresay, heard long ago of the Doctor's good fortune. I heartily congratulate you upon it. I am sure it must give you great pleasure. It did me I own, for I so much wish Nanny's happiness that I can't help being glad that this mark of the Prince's favour has hastened it by 4 months. She is to come up with Hetty in January, when there will be an end put to her long ten years' courtship. I wish you may be well enough to be amongst us at the wedding.

Smith certainly was aware of the news, for he was a great friend of Ayscough's. It was to him Smith gave the money Grenville had sent for the purchase of a seat in Parliament, Ayscough having easily persuaded him that it would be much better spent in promoting his marriage than in getting Smith into Parliament. It was probably on this occasion that Lady Lyttelton wrote to Charles : " Captain Smith's generosity and goodness to my children fills my heart with gratitude and I long to thank him in person, but doubt he can't come to us." The marriage, however, did not take place for some months; it is thus announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1745 : " The Rev. Dr. Ayscough to a daughter of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley, Worcestershire, with £6,000."

Camelford gives an unattractive description of the bridegroom, " of low extraction . . . his wit and learning and worldly cunning raised him; his person mean, with bad features, a dirty sallow complexion



[Richard Wilson.]

THE PRINCES GEORGE AND EDWARD, WITH THEIR TUTOR, DR. AYSCOUGH.

From the picture (now divided) in the National Portrait Gallery.

which he did not assist by any great attentions to cleanliness. He had, however, a lively eye and a good deal of countenance." Dr. Ayscough soon proved as disagreeable an acquisition to the family as this description would augur. A year after his marriage there was trouble over some money matter, which, however, he managed to tide over, and his father-in-law wrote to assure him that

Your very affectionate and respectfull letter could not fail of having all the effect you could possibly desire, even upon a mind much more apt to resentment than, I thank God, mine is; and you may be assured that whatever misunderstandings and differences (from misrepresentations or otherwise) have been betwixt us, shall on my part be cordially forgiven, and that I shall always have the greatest pleasure and satisfaction in contributing to the happiness my daughter and you may enjoy in each other, by shewing you every mark of paternal kindness in my power.

But before long a much more serious affair occurred. In the General Election of 1747 both George and Richard Lyttelton were candidates. The younger brother had an easy time at Brackley, a borough in the interest of his stepson, the Duke of Bridgewater. He wrote from there to Sir Thomas, who had promised to lend him £100 in land towards his qualification for the seat.¹

The Duke of Bedford has promised to qualify me, if it were out of your power, by adding £200 a year to my qualification, which is indeed more than I shall have absolute use for, [and] which were it not for the delay of the lawyers I should have no occasion

¹ A candidate for a borough had to show possession of land to the value of £300 a year (a knight of the shire had to have £600 p. a.). Landless men got over this difficulty by obtaining temporary or fictitious transfers of property, mortgages, etc.

for. I have the promise of almost every voter in my favour, but as there may be 2 or 3 litigious men in the corporation, it is good to guard against the worst that can happen. If you can let me know by Wednesday's post in what county and what part thereof the £100 lyes, it will be time enough; if not, there is a cross post from Shelford which I believe may be depended upon.

I am to have the pleasure of dining with all the ladys of the town to-day, to whom the Duke makes an entertainment, having already had the honour of their husbands' company; and this, with a dinner the day of the election, some drink to the common people, and 30 or 40 pound for extraordinarys, will be the principle expence of the election, unless an opposition should arise, which nobody, I imagine, will be mad enough to attempt.

George Lyttelton was having a far less halcyon time over his old seat at Oakhampton. In this election the Prince of Wales made a tremendous attempt to retrieve the Opposition from its moribund state. "They say the Prince has taken up two hundred thousand pounds to carry elections which he won't carry," wrote Walpole to Conway in June. "He had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen."

There were more rotten boroughs in Cornwall than anywhere else, and Frederic as Duke thereof employed Thomas Pitt, whom he had made Warden of the Stanneries, to obtain him seats. Pitt, a more detestable man even than Ayscough, placed his many boroughs at the Prince's disposal, including Oakhampton. He intended to stand there again himself, but instead of Lyttelton, Frederic wished to have nominated one Mountague, who was about his Court. Lyttelton had gone so far to oblige his old master as to promise to take no steps for re-election

unless the borough asked him to stand. Oakhampton wanted him; but before the burgesses had officially declared themselves, Pitt was busy there. On June 19, he wrote to Ayscough, who was pulling the strings in London : ¹

Now for Oakhampton. As yet there is no appearance of any stir at all, and I believe as to myself I am very secure, but I must not venture directly to set up anyone with myself. I find Luxmoore does not quite heartily give into it, and believe that a person in the Treasury is agreeable to them; and therefore am apprehensive that if Lyttelton should offer himself it would not be easy to turn him out. If he does not, something may be done. I speak very uncertainly . . . and have not had time to talk John (Luxmoore) over. You know he is not very open; perhaps the argument of £1000 may be convincing. I am to go round the town to-day, and when I have endured their noise and drunkenness of some hours, I shall know more of their disposition. Mr. Mountague must be put here provisionally.

A few days later Mr. Mountague himself wrote to Ayscough, evidently feeling, poor man, that he had got into a hornets' nest :

The agitation of mind I was in yesterday hindered me from sleeping a wink last night. . . . I will, with an aking head but chearful heart, endeavour to recollect what passed between Mr. Lyttelton and me. He expressed himself first to me with as much civility as I could expect of him. I thought he talked high of his interest at Oakhampton, that he could carry it if he chose; but considering the circumstances he was under he believed he should give me no trouble. He made no promise, but I did conclude from all he said I should have no opposition from him. You will

¹ These election letters are from the *Dropmore Papers*, Hist. MSS. series, except Lyttelton's, which are at Hagley.

pardon me if I give you my John Trott opinion upon this affair. I have never been intimate with Mr. Lyttelton, but from the little intercourse in business I have had with him, I have these many years looked upon him as a gentleman of worth. I am persuaded he would not act the part he does but from the necessity of getting into Parliament. If that is the case your advice will avail but little. An ambitious man in the Treasury, with very great parts, must stake his all to be in the House. Therefore if the Prince's honour is not too far engaged I wish the two brothers would make up this affair between them. I am ready on all occasions to obey his Royal Highness's commands; to come into Parliament, to stay out of Parliament, if it is his pleasure I should.

Oakhampton chose Lyttelton, and Mountague stood down; other boroughs also refused to be coerced, and Pitt wrote to Ayscough on July 1, enclosing a list of returns up to that date: "With heaviness of heart I send this. . . . Now for Oakhampton, which I feel great resentment about. I suppose you expect nothing, but that the villainy will succeed. That rogue Luxmoore is all submission, but Lyttelton is to be chose there with myself to-day."¹

The Prince's campaign was a sad failure. Out of eighteen seats he won seven, and he had spent £1,800 upon Oakhampton alone. Pitt was mad with fury; "I am vexed to the soul!" he raved to Ayscough, "I am most damnably mortified at the enclosed list. I shall hide myself at Boconnock, for I am ashamed at making appearance in the world." Frederic, nearly as angry, wrote to thank him for the

zeal and trouble you have shewn the enemy; a better generalship than they can boast of; and though I

¹ Correspondence between Pitt and Ayscough over the expenses of the election went on for two years, and ended with marks of strained relationship between them.

could have wished to have carryed Bligh, Drury and Moreton, who so handsomely deposited their money, yet one at Grampound is more than I hoped for. Ayscough is to tell you my intentions upon another matter which makes me very sore, for I never will forgive treachery. My first rule is to reward and to punish, and with that maxim much may be done. When you have settled matters in the west, I hope to see you at Clifden ¹ with your gunn, and you will always find me, as you deserve me, a constant friend.

The Prince's allusion to treachery is explained in a letter from Lyttelton to his father from Oakhampton announcing his success, July 14, 1747 :

I was elected here on Wednesday last without the least opposition, Mr. Pitt having been obliged to desist from his design of recommending Mr. Mountague one of the Prince's servants, by the unanimous resolution of the whole borough to adhere to me. This very great variation of the state of the case from that of a *contest* between him and me, in which, out of a scruple of honour to him and respect to the Prince, I had promised not to engage, set me quite free as I thought, and dare say you will think, from any difficulty or doubt of accepting the choice of the borough when it was thus left open to me; or rather put me under the necessity of doing it, as I could have no punctilio of honour or any rational cause to plead to the King and Administration for acting a contrary part. But by the monstrous misrepresentations and vile proceedings of Dr. Ayscough, I find the Prince has been made to think that, notwithstanding the apparent distinction of circumstances, I have broke my word in this affair. I have writt him an answer which is both a clear justification of myself and heavy reproach to him for his most unfriendly and dishonest behaviour. Perhaps it may fright him into a change of his conduct, and make him

¹ The Prince owned Cliveden, near Maidenhead.

state the case to the Prince in a different light, agreeable to truth and his duty to me; but for fear it should not, I have also accompanied it with one to Mr. Mountague, which I have desired him to shew to the Prince.

If it were not for this vexatious *démêlé* with H.R.H. which the Doctor's villainy has brought upon me, I should have great reason to be pleased with my journey hither; for I do verily think it has so fixed my interest that nothing will be able to shake it hereafter. I believe the expence will not be great, but I thought proper not to be niggardly on this occasion, as I look upon it to be decisive for the future. . . . I would not have poor Nanny know how angry I am with her husband, and how ill he has behaved to me, while there is any possibility of his mending his conduct.

Meanwhile Ayscough obtained permission from the Prince to hurry down to Hagley and put his case to Sir Thomas. He meant to stay a fortnight, but the baronet's reception of him probably curtailed his visit. George when he heard of it wrote in great anger :

Had I not heard of the Doctor's being gone to Hagley, I could not have imagined it possible he would have so much impudence as to shew himself there after what has past, for which it seems he resolves to make no atonement. He must certainly depend upon my not having writ to you any account of it, or flatter himself that he can deceive you by his sophistry, as he has done poor Smith; but by this time I dare say he has found the difference between your understandings, if he has dared to talk on the subject. I am only sorry you have had so disagreeable a visit and pity poor Nanny as well as you, since I fear it will be hardly possible for you to hinder yourself from shewing him so much resentment as must make her very uneasy. Indeed I must absolutely

break with him, and refuse so much as to see him again, if he does not do me more justice than he as yet seems disposed to do. But I would take this part as late as possible for his poor wife's sake, as well as other considerations.

Lyttelton then quoted a letter he had just received from Mr. Pelham about the election.

As nobody was named as a candidate by Mr. Pitt, nor was the choice of you at your own solicitation, but from the goodwill of your friends and called for by the town, I think clearly you should have no uneasiness about you; for all men whose opinions you value must be on your side. Will Pitt and I have talked it over, and he is as clear in this opinion as I am.

Will Pitt, who was now at daggers drawn with his brother, and in this election left Old Sarum and came in for a borough of the Duke of Newcastle's, had also written to say "The state of your interest at Oakhampton gave me infinite joy. Nothing can be more reputable than being chose as you are. The honour it throws upon you is the principal cause of the resentment shewn against you."

Mr. Lyttelton continued :

I was chose at Downton before my election at Oakhampton. My expence at the latter place will amount, including my journey, to about four hundred pounds, but I do verily think it has fixed me in the borough for the rest of my life. . . . I have made my journey very agreeable by the sight of many fine places, particularly Lord EdgECumbe's, which has the finest sea prospect imaginable; but neither that nor any other place I ever saw comes near to this.¹ It

¹ Castle Hill, where he was staying with his first wife's step-brother, Hugh Fortescue, Earl of Clinton.

has all the romantick beauty of Hagley with the magnificent grandeur of Stowe. Lord Clinton has been prodigiously obliging in his reception of me, and I believe will contribute to undeceive the Prince when he comes to talk with him about my election. . . .

Ayscough received from Lyttelton "a most passionate and abusive letter," and sent a philippic in reply. The result of his machinations was a complete rupture between the Prince and his former secretary. Lyttelton wrote a dignified letter upon this occasion.

SIR,

In obedience to your commands I return your Royal Highness the papers which you did me the honour to leave in my hands, and which I should have been happy and proud to have retained as memorials of your former favour to me; which I endeavoured to merit by the most faithfull services, and which my conscience assures me I never did anything to deserve the loss of in any one act of my life. But it has been my misfortune to have my conduct much misrepresented to your Royal Highness, and by one from whom of all mankind I had least reason to expect such ill offices. I dare assure myself that time and truth will get the better of those misrepresentations and absolutely clear me to your Royal Highness; but however I may continue to suffer under your unmerited anger, I shall always continue to preserve the most gratefull, sincere, disinterested zeal for your service, being with the most profound respect and veneration, etc.,

G. LYTTELTON.

The breach remained unhealed. "Dr. A. still acts the same bad part," Lyttelton told Doddridge in August, "and the influence he has over his master has hitherto hindered him from opening his eyes; but

I hope time will open them, with the assistance of Dr. Lee and other men of honour about him, who are disposed to tell him the truth."

Dr. Lee, afterwards Sir George Lee, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, was now one of the Prince's Court. Apparently he was waiting for the Prince to speak first, for a few months later Lyttelton told Doddridge that

Dr. Lee has not been spoke to about my affair, and did not think fitt to speak of it himself to *that person*, so it remains in statu quo. Only I have the satisfaction to find that all whose judgements I value out of that house, and most even *there*, not only acquit me but approve my conduct.

Mild and forgiving as Lyttelton was he did not take the Prince's treatment of him quite without retaliation. Frederic sometimes attempted poetry, and wrote a set of verses upon his wife, entitled "The Charms of Sylvia," in which he enumerated the various qualities that endeared her to him. Two of the verses run : ¹

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth so white,
As new-shorn sheep equal and fair;
Nor e'en that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare.

No, 'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
So kindly answering my desire :
That grace with which you look and speak and move
That thus hath set my soul on fire.

The temptation must have been irresistible; Lyttelton parodied these verses : two of his lines ran :

No, 'tis that all-consenting tongue,
That never puts me in the wrong.

¹ The complete poem is to be found in Walpole's *Memoirs of George II.*

Nobody had any illusions left about Frederic, inside his Court or out. Pelham, writing to his brother about the Prince and Duke of Cumberland in 1750, said : " The eldest loses esteem and confidence every day, and the other does not conduct himself so prudently with regard to the temper of this country and constitution as to make amends for the unfortunate turn of the other. Our whole dependence at present is upon the King."

The Prince's minion Ayscough too had few friends. Walpole describes him as " an insolent man, unwelcome to the clergy on suspicions of heterodoxy, and of no fair reputation for integrity," who " had been placed by Lyttelton and Pitt with the Prince, into whose favour he had worked himself, chiefly by partialities to Prince Edward, and managed his privy purse and his election affairs." His tutorial duties were neglected in consequence, and the Princess, who always disliked him, though powerless to dismiss him, engaged a second tutor on finding that Prince George at eleven could not read English ; " though Ayscough to make amends assured her he could make Latin verses."

The quarrel between Ayscough and his wife's family continued for nearly three years. William Pitt had also broken with him, but early in 1750 renewed his friendship, and in February, George Lyttelton wrote to tell his father of an olive branch held out to him by his brother-in-law. The letter is interesting in the picture it gives of the parental control of those days. Lyttelton, now forty-one and a man of some weight in the world, and Pitt at whose name a few years later Europe was to tremble, were both in favour of a certain step. Their friends concurred with them ; yet nothing could be done till an invalid old gentleman in the country had given his consent.

You have had some intimation from Admiral Smith ¹ of a reconciliation between Mr. Pitt and Dr. Ayscough; and that the former in consequence of it had likewise endeavoured to bring about one between the Doctor and me. A very proper and satisfactory language was held by the Doctor upon this occasion. . . . He declared the highest opinion of my virtue and honour, and that he would go a hundred miles bare foot to meet me in order to have a reconciliation. . . .

All this Mr. Pitt repeated to me some time ago, but nothing was said to him in return on my part. However on Thursday last he thought proper to come and make me a visit. I was not at home but he saw my two brothers. J. Berenger ² happening to come in at the same time, nothing but civilities passed between them and the Doctor's visit was very short.

Ayscough also promised to bring about a reconciliation with the Prince, and Lyttelton went on to say that "after much counsel" with friends whose opinion he relied on, he was persuaded that he ought to return the visit and so end the quarrel, "but I would not take a step of this kind without your permission, and therefore shall defer returning his visit till I have your answer." He evidently expected it would be an unfavourable one, and enlarged upon his reasons for wishing to end the quarrel.

If I reject him now I see no possibility of any future accommodation. He must continue our enemy as long as he lives, and an enemy greatly exasperated by our having contemned such advances as his pride would not have allowed him to make, had he not very earnestly desired to live with us upon good terms for the future. . . . Nothing now will need to be said concerning the original cause of our

¹ Smith had become a Vice-Admiral the year before.

² A cousin; one of Lady Lyttelton's sisters married Moses Berenger.

quarrel, either to the Prince or to the world, both having fully acquitted me, and the affair itself wholly forgot.

He begged for an answer by return of post, and to strengthen his case William Lyttelton added a postscript endorsing his brother's views. "I should not, however, have troubled you with my poor sentiments," he ended deprecatingly, "did I not think they were less likely to be wrong upon this than upon most other points."

Sir Thomas at first was obdurate, and Ayscough wrote to Smith :

You say nothing of the affair of the reconciliation. I guess where it trips; I know Mr. L. has wrote to Hagley for permission to renew his acquaintance with me; I suppose it is denyed him. Be it so—I have done everything on my side—and so rest content—and always yours, F. A.

Sir Thomas was finally induced to sanction the reconciliation. The pleasure he took in it can be gauged by a letter to his son Charles, announcing an impending visit from the forgiven one and his family.

April 4, 1750. We want fair weather but are not likely to have any soon. I am afraid the roads will be so bad I shall have great difficulty to fetch my two daughters from Woodstock the end of this month. Nany brings her angellick boy with her, which I could have excused; and the dear Doctor will come to fetch her back, which I could likewise be content to save him the trouble of.

It is a pity there is no record of how the visit went off. Ayscough duly performed his promise to bring about a reconciliation between the Prince and Lyttelton, but it took some months to accomplish, and then was frustrated by Frederic's unexpected death. In

connection with this negotiation an incident occurred which raised much talk at the time. Walpole gives one version of the story, spiced with his usual malice.

Soon after the Prince died an unlucky discovery was made. George Lyttelton had written a lamentation on that occasion to his father, an antiquated baronet in Worcestershire, telling him that he and his friends had just renewed their connection with the Prince of Wales through the mediation of Dr. Ayscough; which though not ripe for discovery was the true secret of their oblique behaviour this session in Parliament. This letter he had delivered to a gentleman's servant who was going into that country; but the fellow having some other letters for the post, had by mistake given in the private negotiation which was only subscribed to *Sir Thomas Lyttelton*. It was opened at the Post Office and carried to Mr. Pelham. Had it been seen by no other person the secret had been safe and the treachery concealed as carefully as if he had been in the conspiracy himself, instead of being the object of it. But it was talked of at the Post Office, though obscurely for some time, till at last it was carried up somehow or another and arrived at the King's ears, who grew outrageous and could not be hindered from examining Shelvocke, the secretary of the Post Office himself. Here he got very little light, for Shelvocke had been instructed to affirm that the letter had been sent back to Mr. Lyttelton unopened. But Lyttelton, who was not so well instructed in his own secret, avowed it, and, as if there was nothing to be ashamed of but the discovery, he took pains to palliate no other part of the story.

For the very good reason that there was nothing to palliate. Lord Shelburne tells the same story, but in kindlier fashion, and slightly different in detail. He attributes the blunder to Lyttelton having sent the wrong letter to the post; "he being the most absent

creature living," adding, that "among a thousand good qualities he had great filial piety," which made him anxious to tell his father of the affair. Shelburne further said that when the letter was sent to Mr. Pelham, he "after some consideration" desired Mr. Nugent,¹ a mutual friend, to ask for an explanation from Lyttelton. Nugent went accordingly, and opened the question with as much delicacy as he could; but he found Lyttelton's chief concern was that "William Pitt, with his unreasonable temper, would call it absence; and repeatedly asked Mr. Nugent, as a reasonable man, if he saw any absence in it?"

Pitt was included in the reconciliation affair, and, annoyed at his clumsiness, taxed Lyttelton with a point he was very sensitive upon. In Nash's *History of Worcestershire* the story is again told, as an instance of Lyttelton's absence of mind; with a marginal note added, in the copy at Hagley, by his brother William :

The truth is, he wrote at London to my father at Hagley to acquaint him with some overtures which had been made from Leicester House to himself and his friends. The letter was delivered to the bellman.² A few minutes after, being informed that he might send it by a friend who was to leave London the next morning, he very imprudently despatched a servant with orders to overtake the bellman and get it from him. If he could not, to go to the General Post Office with a similar intent. The earnest application the man made there excited suspicion. The letter was opened and laid before the King; but it does not appear that its contents proved any obstacle to his

¹ Robert Nugent, afterwards first Earl of Clare, a good-natured, jovial Irishman, often used in delicate negotiations such as these. In after years he was a friend of Goldsmith, who addressed "The Haunch of Venison" to him.

² Letters were then collected for the post by a man who went round ringing a bell to announce his approach.

future favour with that Prince. There is nothing of absence in all this, but he may very justly be censured for indiscretion.¹

That this was the true version of the story is borne out by Lyttelton's indifference to its being made public. He could with perfect loyalty to the King and Government renew his intercourse with the Prince, such as it had been up to the time of the election, when he had already been a member of the Government for some years. That he could be suspected for a moment of treachery was due to the general suspicion for everybody that prevailed then. What gave colour to it was, of course, the Prince being Heir Apparent and the King old.

Fortunately for England Frederic died first. In March 1751 he was suddenly taken ill, and died on March 20. His wife was broken-hearted, and dismay seized his Court; no one else cared in the least. King George, when the news was brought him, remarked, "Why, they told me he was getting better."² Cumberland said with a sneer, "It is a great blow to the country, but I hope it will recover it in time." What the country thought was expressed in the famous elegy that was "cried about" everywhere:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.

¹ According to Walpole, soon after the Prince's death Lyttelton asked to be Cofferer if the then holder resigned. "Mr. Pelham told him that from his and Pitt's behaviour this winter the King would do nothing for him."

² Walpole's *Letters*. But in his *Memoirs* he says the King looked "pale and shocked," when he heard the news.

Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Then there's no more to be said.

One result of the Prince's death was the immediate reorganisation of his Court. Among other changes, Thomas Pitt lost the Wardenship of the Stanneries, and Ayscough was dismissed by the King, with the Princess's "entire inclination as well as with everybody's approbation," says Walpole, "except the Cobham cousins, who had just patched up their peace with the Prince by his intervention." Lyttelton felt bound to intercede for him with Pelham. "Mr. Pelham answered, 'I know nothing of Dr. Ayscough—oh, yes, I recollect; a very worthy man told me in this room two years ago that he was a great rogue.' It was Lyttelton himself."

There was never again more than formal intercourse between Lyttelton and his brother-in-law; but with William Pitt the friendship was quite restored, and three years later Ayscough officiated at his wedding.

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